

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

DORA'S DEFIANCE.

CHAPTER I.

... the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet;
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside,)
The sea whispered me.—WALT WHITMAN.

DORA never would listen to me. She said I could not understand things—I was too old-fashioned, too unlike other people. Perhaps she meant that I was already too far on in age, beyond that glory of youth which encircled her, and must ever encircle such as she, with its crown of gold. The bright gold glints, and shimmers, and pleases us; we are all glad to be dazzled.

And if, in the midst of the shimmer, there is a vision of a shock of curly brown hair with the sweetest, rosiest, most babyish face in the world, why, then, must we not—weak and impotent beings that we are—bend down and give in on all occasions, eager merely to be trampled on by the pretty feet of so sweet a conqueror?

Dora explained to me more than once how glad she was that she had been christened Dora, and not Theodora.

"Because you see, Milly, my dear," she asserted, "I am merely a gift, nothing but a gift; not God's gift, but only an ordinary kind of gift. I won't say where I hail from; that's as you will. Anyhow, I am not uncomfortably bound to be a good gift or even a middling gift. I'm merely a gift; always remember that; and you're the only person I belong to, just now. So here I stay, as bad as I choose to be. You've got to make the best of it."

I was shocked, and I told her so.

"Don't be shocked, dear," she retorted, imperturbably. "Don't look a gift-sister in the mouth. Perhaps I'm not quite so bad as I suggested, being possibly only a fairy gift,—an uncanny kind of creature, born among the water reeds, taught to ride on a goose's back, intended to whistle and shriek down chimneys and frighten honest

folk, popped into your arms one day when you were asleep. An imp, mischievous, uncanny."

"No, you're not uncanny," I answered, tears coming into my eyes, somehow.

But, when I spoke like that, Dora shrugged her shoulders and danced out of the room. Literally danced. For she had studied skirt-dancing, though where and how I cannot tell. I never took her to any of those horrible places where such things are to be seen. Nevertheless, she had learnt the trick. She assured me that the newspapers were sufficiently instructive. Illustrations of Lottie this, and Lena that, showed her the positions; in fact, all she wanted. I really do believe she was an imp,—a blessed, darling, dear of an imp, but still an imp. How she used to frighten me when she bent her back in one of her attitudes! Many a time I thought it would crack. "Of course you do, Milly," she said. "In former times, young ladies were forced to have straight backs; now we call ourselves independent women, and consider the most pleasing thing is to be as boneless as possible,—like a 'Sole Colbert,' don't you see?"

Dora and I were half-sisters. Who would have thought it? In face and form we were as unlike as in mind and heart. No, I won't say heart. Dora's heart was a heart of gold, and always in the right place, to my thinking. But she shut it up somewhere and somehow, and kept the key, and drew forth occasionally an artificial thing that passed for a heart and had to do the duty of one.

So some people were pleased, and others were not. I have heard that many grand London ladies wear paste instead of diamonds, sometimes perhaps a sample or two of both, and nobody knows the difference. Well, my inherited pearls are not over-large, and my mother's ring has stones at which people who have big shallow Cape diamonds nowadays might turn up their noses; still, what I possess is real, not counterfeit, and to me that makes all the difference in the world.

One day I was talking of this with Dora.

"But why?" she argued. "What on earth can it matter, Milly, whether women tie tin kettles round their necks or sham diamonds, so long as they—the women—look nice? Looks are everything, after all; aren't they?"

What on earth can it matter? Yes, just that: on earth. Only we don't live for earth, but for something higher, better. I did not like to yield up my thoughts to Dora just then; she was in one of her crazy moods. She would only have made fresh fun of me. Perhaps I should have been wiser to risk the ridicule—who knows? As it was, I stayed silent.

I remember that we were close by a cornfield at the time. Half the grain was cut and gathered into sheaves; the other half, still standing, glowed in the setting sun, or thrilled at the whisper of a light wind. Dora was lying, school-boy fashion, at full length, resting her face on her hands, and her elbows on the dry ground. I am half ashamed to acknowledge the fact, but she was certainly kicking her heels, though there was nothing really reprehensible in her attitude. She looked up at me with big, defiant, blue eyes. I was sitting on a

camp-stool. I could not help noticing how like the color of the sea were those eyes.

The sea made a background to her horizontal figure: we were near the edge of the cliff. I seem to smell the clover now. There was a narrow ridge of it between us and the blue of the ocean, and beyond, like white birds,—this is no new simile,—the broad-sailed ships crossed each other, passing on their different ways, floating upon a great clear expanse.

We had almost always lived near the sea, Dora and I. I never felt that I could make my home anywhere else. The sea becomes a companion to lonely folk, more especially to those who, like myself, are reticent and cold.

Some persons—even some who have children—are fond of pets, and can give out much superfluous tenderness and energy to dogs or cats, content when the kindly quadrupeds wag their tails or purr in reply. But other human natures seem by instinct to need the wild roughness and grandeur of sea and sky and such broad effects of firmament and atmosphere as are seen only where the horizon, unchecked, alone bounds wide sea-views or flat desolate landscapes. To these people the ocean is a never wearisome companion; however variable itself, it cannot fail to answer their own moods, to sympathize or soothe, almost to argue. Think of the sea, the roar of the sea, the mighty swelling depths of the sea!

The sea is a wise and ancient sage to whom we take our troubles. I have spoken of lonely people. Dora and I lived a lonely life; I especially, for she was a child, and children, I fancy, dwell in some remote happy world of their own, which is always full, always wonderful, and not to be understood or entered into by their elders. Yet she was much to me,—far, far more than I can say. If she seldom attempted to read my mind, I, at least, made ceaseless efforts to comprehend hers. Poor child! I always felt that I could not do enough for her. My own mother had been so much to me in my childhood. Such great advantages had been mine. Any good qualities that I may possess were nurtured and cherished by my mother, my faults were repressed, and, could I always have followed her sweet and gentle example, I might have been a wiser and a better woman. That example has ever been before me; it lives with me now, animating and comforting me through many trials.

Dora's mother, my father's second wife,—a pretty, impetuous creature, with whom I had but little in common,—died, as did my father also, when Dora herself was still a little child. Then she, Dora, became altogether mine, daughter rather than sister to me. My heart went out to her, and I spoilt her shamefully, as elders are apt to do under such circumstances. She—as is also usually the case—rewarded me with smiles and naughtiness alternately, carrying her babyish coaxings, and likewise her queer tantrums, into girlhood.

For she never was a conventional "girl" that I can remember, never a gentle, well-behaved maiden, anxious to be grown-up and dignified; but always a baby,—a dear, tyrannical, whimsical, and adorable baby. She brightened my existence, and I tried to brighten her child-

hood. I suppose it was owing to that babyishness of hers that I forgot to count the years. For the first time in my life—on that very day, as I recall—for the first time I noticed that Dora was grown up. The day had begun to fade into the tints of late afternoon, when we had picked ourselves up and were turning slowly homewards.

Dora caught me eying her.

"What's the matter, Mill? You make me quite nervous," she said. "True, I've torn my skirt in two places and fastened it with a whole boxful of safety-pins; but that's nothing out of the way. And I've no gloves, and my hat has been twice in sea-water; but that's what the Germans call '*alte rede*.' Confess, Milly; yes, *you* confess! What are my new sins?"

"You are very tall," I stammered.

"And, like the Greek giant, you want to lay me on a bed and clip my toes."

There was metaphorical truth in what she said. Her height, her womanly development, filled me with sudden dismay. Are not all hens apt to feel qualms when their ducklings grow up, even though the pond be not quite at hand, and in fact hidden down the next lane?

"I don't wish to clip your toes," I murmured, foolishly.

Dora laughed outright.

"That's a comfort, anyhow, dear. I couldn't walk home without the full ten of them. And how those poor travellers of old continued their journeys after the operation, I really can't think."

Dora, uninterested, apparently, in further self-criticism, strolled on in front of me along the narrow path that skirted the cliff. Walking thus in single file, we must have seemed, as she herself stated, like Scottish villagers on the way to church. Our conversation progressed most jerkily, meanwhile.

"Who knows what your life may be?" I meditated dreamily, though aloud. "Not that I expect our present life to change. But in a few years—who knows what the future may bring?"

"Ah, who?" repeated Dora, dryly. "If you ask my opinion, I should say the future will bring nothing at all. But that's the worst of being grown up; one is expected to be so excited about everything. Now when one is a child it's delightful to be told, 'Run away, my dear, and play. Nobody wants you.' That saves such a lot of trouble."

"Trouble, Dora, trouble! I believe you think more of that than of anything."

"Naturally. Look out, Milly, here's a horrid place,—a deep hole, and you could tumble right over the cliff, right into the sea, which, fond as you are of it——"

"How lovely it is! What a wonderful light in the distance! Like an opal, shining, many-colored. And here, right below us, the little waves creeping up the cliff."

"Bound to," said Dora, curtly. "Nearly high tide."

"Does the sea never speak to you, Dora?"

"No; not as it does to you, Mill. I'm too prosaic, I suppose. That everlasting beat, beat, beat, seems more like the structure of music than music itself,—like bars, and staves, and counting one, two,

three, four,—things all cut and dry. It wants a musician to come and write the melody."

"Or a poet."

"No, not a poet. There would pop up grammar again, and nouns and adjectives. You see I am not really out of my school-room days, Milly."

"Don't you want to be?"

"Oh, no."

"Are you so contented, dear child?"

Dora shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps it is rather that I am not discontented," she said. "Why should I be? I don't believe that anybody's happy, specially. We ought to browse quietly, like that little white goat out there tied to the paling, and not try to get beyond our tether. What's the use? And what would be the good if we were to get beyond?"

"I hate that mood of yours," said I, briefly.

Dora shrugged her shoulders again.

She looked very beautiful as she wandered along,—the ill-used hat swung in her hand, her simple cotton gown, which she had considerably outgrown, showing off the lithe and graceful lines of her figure, and her hair, wherein burnished red gold was here and there accentuated among the darker browns, with picturesque disorder framing her sweet oval face. It was as though a young sea-goddess had temporarily condescended to don cheap nineteenth-century garments, to prove how much, so to speak, could be made of them.

CHAPTER II.

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.—THOREAU.

THE old town and the new town are divided by nature as well as by man. A great dip between two cliffs forms a barrier to part the aristocratic west from the more lively east. The sheep of the former district dwell in lately-built tall stucco houses, which resemble one another so closely in balcony and portico that when Mr. A. goes to see Mrs. B. it must be a mere chance that he does not turn accidentally in to Mrs. C.'s equally hospitable-looking mansion. There is a stagnation akin to grandeur about the new town,—about its clean broad streets, its politely named terraces and gardens. Give me the rambling old town, with semicircular-fronted houses and green verandas that remind us of the time of the Georges, when sweet damsels of the Waterloo period—damsels like Thackeray's Amelia—must have leaned their slender bare arms and shoulders against the green-painted woodwork and gazed out at the quiet sea, dreaming perhaps of brave hearts that would never recross it to return to the girls left behind them.

The sea gleams impartially below both cliffs, lying still like a sleeping army now; to-morrow, perhaps, wind-tossed and crested,

dashing up against the land in fierce attack,—white horses everywhere, roar, bustle, movement, conquest, or at least struggle and violence.

The west cliff owns a pier, a somewhat dreary and spectral kind of place, where only invalid new-comers who listen to the voice of the tempter, *i.e.*, the bath-chair man, are ever to be found during the day. But at night in the summer the scene changes. For such hours of revelry "dancing" has been duly advertised on many placards; yellow and red lights twinkle in rows, reflected in the long ripples of the still water, and presently crowds congregate. Overhead Dame Selene sometimes peeps out, like an anxious chaperon (from soft white clouds that look as though all Cytherea's doves had been plucked to make a cushion), and shines calmly on the gimcrack scene, on little specks of human beings revolving in the polka, on the weary cheap German band, on the two or three pairs of lovers who prefer to pace slowly apart, arm in arm. Then the whole scene is glorified; there is a path of silver on the sea, suggesting thoughts of Jacob's ladder. The moon and her beams are, I have often thought, like the presence of a really pure and beautiful mind in some ugly home of sin and blasphemy. The Queen of Night has the power of beautifying all about her, forcing into darkness what is ill, and bestowing grace infinite on what is commonplace.

Our cliff—the old cliff—needs no veil of mystery to win admiration. I, like many other people, have always thought it picturesque in the extreme. The steep ascent from our fine old harbor, through a maze of busy narrow streets if you please, or by tortuous steps and wind-swept paths if you so prefer, is arduous to the knees, but delightful to sight and mind. Delightful also is the briny scent which the fishing-boats seem to bring when they float in from the open, letting brown sail drop about the mast as they make for their moorings in the quiet harbor, like tired children who throw off cape and cloak and fall asleep almost before they reach bed. Breath is short; we must pause once and again ere reaching the top of the cliff. There, on the heights, when we stand panting after a last frantic climb, we are sure to find one of those old salts in blue jerseys who are forever scanning the horizon with their telescopes, ready to talk over the weather with any and every wayfarer.

But the loveliest hour is sunset. Oftentimes then the wide expanse of sea and sky seems bathed in rose-color; the foreground has a golden glow; there is a gleam of greenish gold on the wooded borders of the distant bay. A kind of mellow happiness drops upon our world; the very urchins paddling in great shallow lagoons that glitter between broad strips of sand, the tiny skiffs bobbing up and down in the harbor, all seem to recognize the joy of the hour and to profit by it.

On that day when Dora and I left the cornfield to go homewards, we had a long walk before us, for it was far away beyond the new town that we had wandered, where as yet the speculator and the jerry-builder's ruthless hands had not cut up fragrant fields into lots, to run up their lath-and-plaster houses.

When, tired and dusty, but with the pleasant feeling of a country walk upon us, we finally reached home, my feet were weary and sore,

and Dora did not seem sorry to swing open the garden-gate of our residence—we owned a front garden of some ten feet by six—and make, with a momentarily quickened step, for the house. A little later I found her stretched at full length in the veranda, in the American rocking-chair which her soul loved. She had already been reading, but when she saw me she laid down the book, open, on her lap.

"Milly," she said, "I have really found something I like at last."

"That is an unexpected blessing."

"Well, it is. A book which coincides with one's own views is almost as agreeable and certainly as rare as a person who takes that kindly line. Now this is a German book—you know you want me to study German, because of all the *ders* and *dies*—not that I'm ever the least likely to overcome them. Well, the gentleman in this book expresses my thoughts to a tee."

"Yes, Dora, and your thoughts——?"

"Summed up in a single sentence, Milly. '*Alles ist mir Wurst.*' Everything is sausage to me,—that's it, isn't it?"

"Perfectly right as to translation," quoth I. I was standing beside her, gazing down into her upturned face. There was still light enough from the after-glow of sunset for me to note the brightness of her eyes and the flush of radiant color on her cheeks. As she herself often remarked, she obeyed St. Peter's injunction, and wasted no time on the braiding of her hair. Her locks, even more dishevelled than they had been an hour ago, floated out over the back of her chair. A "pretty negligence of dress" belongs to youth, and to youth alone. Dora never looked so well as when she was untidy. And yet I should have taught her better.

"My dear," I began, "how can that nonsense be true? What do you know of the world?"

"As much as I know of sausage, Milly. You never will allow us to eat it, you remember, because of its being made of rats and mice, so I must needs surmise. And perhaps German rats resemble their English cousins, so I can stretch my imagination and conjure up the foreign dish. At any rate, the sentiment, differently worded, has long been mine. It is a good thing, Milly, to encourage philosophy. You should encourage me."

"That is not philosophy," said I, shaking my head.

"Why, what else could it be? Sit down, Mill; here's a chair. Now listen. When we have reduced all things to the level of sausage, we don't care about them; we cease to be anxious about them; they become indifferent every-day food. Sausage is our every-day food. That is, the German philosopher's, from whose point of view we speak. A good victual in its way, not wildly exciting or appetizing, but excellent—that is to say, the German sausage—excellent for ordinary fare."

"My dear Dora, how you do run on!"

"Can't you follow me? Don't you see that 'I am the precaution one,' as the Portuguese reading-book says, to provide myself early in life with sure comfort? You sometimes think me discontented, capricious even. Well, now I have laid this German axiom to heart,

I can never be so any more. I will say, 'Everything is sausage to me.' Everything, dearest Milly, *shall* be sausage. I am convinced that the happiest lives are those which are as colorless as possible."

"Nature is not always gray," quoth I.

"No. But look! It is now getting quite, quite gray,—twilight, sweet beneficent twilight. How cool and lovely!"

"Evening, Dora, devoid of the beauty of morning or noon."

"It seems funny," said the girl, meditatively, "that you, who are older, should argue in favor of garish heat or storms, whilst I——"

"Yes, you——?"

"Well, whilst I think so highly of my sausage," Dora retorted, laughing.

She sat up and leaned over the balcony, resting her chin on her hands.

For a few moments, her dreamy gaze seemed to be taking in the whole beauty of the scene which, like a panorama, lay spread in the clear soft light. There was nothing but a road between us and the outline of the harbor, though the latter was so distant from, as well as so far below, our level that the hulls of fishing-boats looked like those of toy boats, and the masts and rigging of larger ships, the sails being furled, formed a delicate tracery against the faint gray of the water, as though some cunning pen had limned them on a miniature scale.

Suddenly, Dora gave a start.

"Look, Milly, look!" she exclaimed. "There's a yacht, a beautiful little yacht! She must have come in to-day. I never noticed her before. Look, Milly, look! what lovely masts! What a graceful little thing she is! What a sweet yacht!"

In her eagerness, Dora had risen to her feet, and she now stretched out a finger impetuously in the direction of the harbor. As I stood up close beside her, trying with less keen vision than hers to perceive the cause of excitement, and shading my brow so as to concentrate my sight as much as possible on an almost painfully diminutive point in the distance, I became suddenly aware of a pedestrian moving just beneath our veranda. It is said that women, like flies, have eyes in the backs and sides of their heads, as well as the two commonplace orbs in their faces. Certain it is that sometimes we see things by feeling, as it were. I was gazing steadily at the harbor, and at the different masts which stood up yonder—some tall, some short, some thick, some thin—like a collection of pins. But at the same time I became distinctly aware that a man, a passer-by, paused for a moment on his way to look at Dora. Then I looked down. He was young, slight, tall, fair, clad in a well-cut simply-made suit of dark serge which gave him a semi-nautical air. A smile was on his lips.

I glanced quickly at Dora. She was looking down also. She saw the stranger; for one instant their eyes met. Then she drew back into the veranda, coloring.

I found myself frowning, but the stranger had already passed on. Why had he smiled? He must have heard Dora's words: it was really very indiscreet of her to talk so loud. "What a sweet yacht!" she said. Yes, that was what she had said.

CHAPTER III.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
 The ghost of a dead and gone bouquer,
 Is all that tells of her story; yet
 Could she think of a sweeter way?

BRET HARTE.

EROS disposes of his victims in more ways than one. Some he wounds slowly,—imperceptibly almost, at first. The poison works, the wound spreads, surely but gradually. As time goes on, the sufferer finds himself or herself dangerously ill, and by and by joins the association of Love's incurables,—a patient army of martyrs, regarded by their friends as helpless lepers, or viewed with contemptuous and irritable tenderness (according to the various natures of friends), perhaps even more often ignored and misunderstood as devoid of feeling because of the silence in which they suffer.

Other victims Dan Cupid treats with awful suddenness. He draws his bow at a venture. Strange to say, his twanging arrows, hurtling fast, have sometimes power to wound simultaneously a couple of hearts, and to lay not only one, but two or more innocent creatures low, as though stung by the self-same deadly weapon.

Dora was again leaning over the veranda when, a few moments after his first passing, the stranger repassed our house. He came clearly in sight because of the narrow plot of garden which kept the road some six or seven feet aloof from our walls and windows. I could see him well, though I stood in the background of the veranda and evening shadows were gathering fast.

It may have been a fancy of mine, but it seemed to me as though an unexpected after-glow of sunset shone on his frank ruddy face, with its open brow and uplifted eyes, and on curly light locks, cut very short, and square beard.

He had been struck by Dora's beauty, of course; struck by her negligent grace of attitude and glorious richness of youth. And so he passed by us again. I guessed, and, as I guessed, an odd pang shot through my heart. It was like a painful catch in my breath; nothing more nor less; a sudden pull-up of my thoughts which had gone out for the first time in my life, like impetuous steeds, to a stranger, almost dragging the reins of quiet reason after them. And yet I was a staid serious-minded body. Glad was I of the sheltering twilight: I verily believe I blushed.

And Dora,—it was Dora, of course, of whom it was needful for me to think; she so young and inexperienced. How positively impertinent of the fellow to look up at her a second time as he passed! And yet he had a nice good face,—a true gentleman's face. There was nothing vulgar or impertinent about him. Well, never mind. He had gone out of sight now.

"Milly!" (the child was positively yawning.)

"Yes, dear?"

"Isn't it a long time till supper? I'll go in and sing?"

"Will you?"

"Yes." (Another yawn.) "I've had too much fresh air to-day. I want to go in-doors and stuff in the back drawing-room."

"All right."

I was left alone in the veranda. I took Dora's place, almost her attitude, and leaned over, looking out into the gathering night. I stayed there a long time. The scent of mignonette came up from the patch of garden. I can never smell the perfume now without remembering that evening. My heart was full of bitterness, my mind in unaccustomed revolt. Must I always be the shade to Dora's sunshine, the foil to her loveliness, the unnoticed colorless contrast to her charms?

It had been but a small thing. The glance of a mere stranger,—a glance which had passed me over while it sought her out. Well, I should be used to my life by now. Even as a child, Dora attracted attention wherever she went, and now she was a girl, almost a young woman, whilst I——

Well, I had better look my future in the face calmly and as cheerfully as might be. I was a good many years older than Dora, and, because of a certain sombreness of character, considered older even than was really the case. I had never been good-looking; I was too reticent, cold, and unconversational to please. I could never be a favorite with any one.

That scent of mignonette! It floated up—sweet, passionate, enervating. And Dora was singing. Bang, bang, came the first few chords of symphony from the long-suffering wheezy piano. Then the fresh young voice burst out.

I listened, mentally following, I think, the intention of the author of the words rather than their reading by the fair young singer:

"Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

"Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll
Die Möwe flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebevoll
Fielen die Thränen nieder."

Surely Heine is a locked volume to the very young. It may be argued that Schubert was himself never anything but young, and he set his weird melody and that wistful mysterious poem to go hand in hand from thenceforth, so that the one can scarcely suggest itself to our minds without the immediate companionship of the other. His scheme of harmonies, often repeated with a strange slight difference, similar to the repetition (varied in gradation) of one color in some fine picture, thrills with a subtle undertone of beauty,—an undertone that haunts the ear like the swell of the sea on the beach when the wind and rough billows of storm have died away.

"Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin auf's Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand
Die Thränen fort getrunken."

Yes, Schubert was young. But the youth of man—the youth of genius more especially perhaps—bears but slight resemblance to that

calm protected youth of ordinary English girlhood, which, as it has never felt the storm, cannot understand the "inward agony" of quieting down.

How blithely the notes went up! Then a pause. Then, after a few harsh chords, the last verse was given out, more tremulously than the rest; and the song came to an abrupt end:

"Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergiftet mit ihren Thränen."

And, meanwhile, the harbor lights came out one by one in the dark blueness of mid-distance; some white, some yellow, some tawny, almost red by contrast,—shining like glow-worms. Is it true, I wondered, that fact in natural history of which I read but yesterday? Do only the lady glow-worms carry a light, to attract and lure the darkly-coated males that follow after? I laughed almost aloud.

What curious turns our thoughts can take at times! Even when inclined to utmost seriousness or sadness, they may be suddenly illumined by a flash of actual nonsense in the very midst of the darkness,—a flash of no more consequence than the glimmer of a glow-worm itself. Nay, why not a gleam of something higher, better, like a star? Here is the evening star, shining down from the heavens, putting the harbor lights to shame. My poor little Dora; I must go to her.

I found her, elbows pillowed on the piano-keys, hair rumbled more than ever, eyes suspiciously bright, with wet tell-tale lashes.

"What is it, Dora, child? what is it?"

"Nothing," she answered, petulantly. "I hate singing, that's all." Then she laughed an uncertain laugh. "Sausage, like the rest, Milly, I suppose. '*Mir ist alles Wurst.*'"

Oddly enough, her foolish pessimism jarred more with my own thoughts than anything else could have done. Then I reflected again how childish she was.

"A few lessons, Dora, dear," I began, in a propitiatory tone. "Signora——"

"Oh, botheration!" said Dora, rudely, jumping up and shutting down the piano with a noise that made my head ache.

CHAPTER IV.

O Love! unconquerable in the fight. Love! who lightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and 'mid the rural eots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor of men the creatures of a day; but he that feels thee is that instant maddened.—*The Antigone of Sophocles.*

I CAN scarcely realize—it seems so long ago—the actual beginning of our friendship with Ned Wilmington; we jumped so quickly and easily into intimacy with him. It was down by the harbor that a mutual acquaintance introduced us.

"Miss Carpenter, Miss Dora Carpenter—Mr. Wilmington. Yes, that's his yacht over there—a sweetly pretty creature—see? You do call yachts creatures, don't you, Milly? With the charming tall spiky masts I admire so much. So clean, too. The whole thing beautiful,

just perfection. Undergoing some repairs—dear me, what's the technical expression, Mr. Wilmington? Isn't there one for the mending of boats?"

Mrs. Claxton, the speaker, was so used to monopolize conversation that her tongue often outran not only her discretion but her perspicacity. Had she been a trifle less eager on this occasion to show off her friendship with the yacht and its master, she might have seen the hot blushes which mantled in Dora's cheeks as well as in mine. True, the wind was high, and consequently trying to the complexion; so high, indeed, was the wind that day, I remember, that we could hardly hold on our hats or manage our skirts. Even Mr. Wilmington,—who had been walking with Mrs. Claxton, and with her had come to a standstill in front of us in order to allow of the above introduction,—even Mr. Wilmington was obliged to dash off suddenly after his hat, which was blown out of his hand at the very moment that he was raising it in polite greeting to us. All this concatenation of circumstances seemed most mercifully arranged for our benefit, as was also the delay caused by a little ragged boy, who captured the hat in the gutter and stood holding it tightly while its owner, his short yellow curls uplifted in the breeze like those of some classic Greek shepherd, fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for a sixpenny piece.

Mrs. Claxton never knew that we had all three tacitly introduced ourselves to one another before now. Nor, strangely enough, were any of us tempted to refer to that twilight glimpse which, speechless and momentary as it had been, yet seemed to have brought us three into a quick acquaintance, truer and deeper far than the conventionality of the present moment.

Mrs. Claxton took to herself the credit of a good stroke of business.

She dropped in to tea with me that same afternoon. She was most obligingly confidential.

"My dear, you and little Dora have so few opportunities, and the child is really improving in strides. '*Elle embellit à vue d'œil.*' Like a flower, my dear Milly, absolutely like a flower. And one can't begin too early with girls, after all, can one? Well, what was I going to tell you? Oh, yes. One of the Wilmingtons of Wilmington, my dear. You remember old Harry Wilmington? No? Oh, ah, I suppose not. Well, he married late in life—one of the Joyces of Tarra-bridge, whose mother was a beauty in her time, Lord Snigton's daughter—at least one of his daughters. The eldest, I remember perfectly, married Sir Thomas Twyford, a red-haired baronet with a blue nose: she died, poor dear, after three sets of twins, but her sister—ah, another sister died in her teens; a lovely girl—Geraldine, she was. Well, where was I? Oh, yes, the second married Harry Wilmington. Nobody ever thought he would marry; he was so rich, you know, and so incurable—I mean, as a bachelor. At least, so the world thought. I remember poor dear Mrs. Ransom—you know who I mean, one of the Lochiels of Strathpie—she said to me once—I was quite a girl at the time, my love—'It's no use to set your cap at Harry; none at all; mere waste of time.' And I was so angry with her, oh, so angry! Because of course I wasn't dreaming of setting my cap at anybody,

much less such an old tartar as Harry Wilmington. Rich men, so the world says, know when they're well off, and stay bachelors. Dear me, I'm sure I saw the other day there's going to be a tax on them—the Chancellor of the Exchequer's a married man, I suppose—and Professor Bumblebee told me that in Egypt—yes, I'm almost sure it was in ancient Egypt—they were held in great estimation; bachelors, I mean, like turkeys and things, kept in a temple. Well, where was I, Milly, my dear? Oh, yes, this young fellow's mother, poor dear, she died young, and his father old, so he's no encumbrances, as people say, but he's his own father, and rich, and well-born. That's why he has a yacht, I expect, to get away from all the manœuvring mammas. And now, my dear, I wonder what my little friend Dora will think of Ned Wilmington?"

The ruthless fly-eater, the mantis, tears off the wings of its prey and apparently observes it closely before falling to with gusto to make a comfortable meal. Thus Mrs. Claxton, having carefully torn away all romance from the subject of her discussion, looked forward to munching him at leisure.

The following, as I thought, might be a fair synopsis of that piece of which she desired the performance.

Scene, a moderately dull sea-side town. Time of year, the summer. *Dramatis personæ*: a young man, a young girl, confidantes, supernumeraries, etc. Useful objects at hand: a yacht, some sailors in spotless costume, a picturesque expedition or two along the coast.

First act. Introduction of the hero and heroine, the latter well guarded by two chaperons, who should conveniently converse with each other and ward off all suspicions, while judiciously keeping one eye apiece on their puppets.

Second act. Flirtation in various forms and phases. Possibly, a slight respite from hard work for both chaperons.

Last act. Autumn setting in. Approaching departure of yacht and owner. Tears and pallor of heroine. Sudden discovery of ardent love on both sides. Elder sister's blessing; trousseau, bridesmaids; wedding march. Curtain.

Strange to say, it is not always "*l'imprévu qui arrive.*" Mrs. Claxton's expectations were destined in part to be realized, though none of the chief actors in her drama shared them with her then.

Meanwhile, and as I have said, Mr. Wilmington's acquaintance with us grew and rapidly turned into intimate friendship; it seemed as though we had known him all our lives. And for the existence of this friendship I was perhaps the most to blame, if blame there should be. I let myself drift into the happy ease of it. I speedily forgot—or at least I chose to put aside—the plot of Mrs. Claxton's drama. Perhaps for that very reason I did not sufficiently consider Dora. She still seemed such a child to me. I was not blind; I could see that our new friend admired her; his eyes were seldom turned away from her face. Yet it was to me that he talked the more, me to whom he appealed most often, mine the pleasure and convenience which he perpetually consulted. Thus I let myself drift.

It was a new and delightful sensation. Life had always been very

dull to me. I had enjoyed so little of the companionship of men, which—let women say or write what they will—is to most of us the elixir of life. I had never been my father's companion; he married a second time before I reached girlhood or could be anything to him but a plaything,—a serious one at best. Then his new wife was jealous. And I never had a brother. Nor did I, as some women do, form ties of intellectual or platonic friendship—a kind of comfort. Well, I gladly let myself drift now.

No day passed without a few words at least with our new acquaintance. In a sea-side place it is difficult to escape from friends, even when we are animated by the most honest desire to do so, whilst for those who are willing to encounter each other it is almost always possible to meet on the way to the east cliff or on the return from the west cliff, or *vice versa*. That yacht of Mr. Wilmington's must have been thoroughly unseaworthy, for she took a considerable time to repair. One day, quite suddenly, her owner pronounced her ready, and from that day forth much use was made of her. Edward Wilmington's weapons of love were a dingy and a gig, and other such marine implements. Sometimes, too, we met at Mrs. Claxton's. But, as time passed, I grew less and less cordial towards that lady. She was so perpetually singing Dora's praises that at last I wearied of them and of Mrs. Claxton herself.

For the new joy was springing up fast in the desert of my heart; first like a young green shoot, next like a fair shrub, growing rapidly day by day. I could not own it to myself, I could not put it into words, that consciousness of new sweetness which had crept into my life and was animating it. Dora herself had helped to plant it there.

Only a careless word she had sown; only a word, but, oh! how that word took root and throve!

We were walking home one afternoon hand in hand, having left Mr. Wilmington at Mrs. Claxton's.

"I am sure he is in love with you, Mill," said Dora. "I heard him tell Mrs. Claxton that you looked like a queen."

"He said so?"

"Yes. And do you know, in spite of old Clacky" (I regret to say that Dora had long ago thus dubbed our worthy hostess), "he seems much better suited to you than to me. He's ever so old, Milly,—over thirty, I'll wager."

"My dear, he is quite young. What is thirty, or even forty, for a man? He has a noble face. Such an honest, straightforward face, Dora."

"There! Didn't I say so? Why, you are in love with him, just as I thought. And he with you. I will dance at your wedding."

"No, you will not," said I, growing pale and cool again after my momentary warmth.

But her words lingered in my mind.

A day or two later, Dora caught a slight cold. Mr. Wilmington called and did not see her, but he asked me to take a walk with him.

I consented. Dora was not really ill, so I did not mind leaving her. We started off together,—he and I alone for the first time.

CHAPTER V.

Last night the sea-wind was to me
 A metaphor of liberty,
 And every wave along the beach
 A starlit beauty seemed to be!

To-day the sea-wind is to me
 A fettered soul that would be free,
 And dumbly striving after speech
 The tides yearn landward painfully.

WILLIAM WATSON.

It is very difficult for those who love the sea, yet do not reside permanently at the sea-side, to turn their backs on the changeful and fascinating ocean. The fable of the sirens seems simple enough. We are lured and lured again to the shore, within sight of mysterious slumbering depths, or restless crested billows, within sound of lapping murmurs on the sand, or threatening moanings before storm. He that dwells ever beside the sea may sometimes turn inland to the cornfields and green plains, but even he goes back before long, to hear the sea-maidens' song, while those who come but for a while from country or town linger at the water's edge, and cannot tear themselves away.

"Where shall we go?" I asked my companion.

"Oh, to the beach, don't you think? It is much nicer than any other place."

Of course I acquiesced. The whole world seemed a garden of Eden that day. No spot could have appeared other than perfect to me. Thus it was that, after a time, we found ourselves seated below a huge cliff, close to the boundary-line where wet dark sand touched without mixing with light dry sand, and where a thin garland of sea-weed was a legacy from the receding tide. We had been talking spasmodically, conventionally, as we walked, but now conventionalities seemed to drop from us both. My companion heaved a sigh of satisfaction. As for me, I was mute. There are times when to speak seems sacrilege towards our own thoughts.

He had thrown aside his hat. His sunburnt handsome face was in full view; the hair close-cropped, a little thin, perhaps, at the temples.

"I am glad you were good enough to come to-day," he said, smiling up at me. "I have been wanting to speak to you."

Nevertheless, he remained for some time absolutely silent.

But there stole into my veins an unwonted sensation of overwhelming happiness, quickening my pulses. I felt young, ah, so young! I was drunk, perhaps, with the sweet freshness of the air, and the glory of companionship with one on whose every word I hung—undisturbed companionship in those broad solitudes, for I could see but a shrimper yonder, knee-deep in silvery shallows, and some children paddling at a little distance, and two or three white pleasure-boats sliding out from the harbor like pigeons from the fringe of a copse.

"You have been so much to me," he went on presently; "there is no one like you."

Then he started off glibly telling me how happy he had been of late, how he ventured to think that he might hope—perhaps—in time

—might he not? Whilst I, God forgive me, sank yet deeper into the sweetness of my dream, and from the very fulness of my heart could give him no answer.

Why should it not be? I was old for a girl, old by contrast with Dora, yet not too old to own a woman's heart, not too old to understand and revel in the possibility of loving and being loved in return. I was more glad than I had ever been in my life. As I look back across interminable plains of gray dull days, that will-o'-the-wisp of the past dances before my eyes again, and I cry out, ready to follow, follow——

Suffice it that I was mistaken. Well, Love is blinded, as we all admit; yet who does not expect that, just for him- or herself, though certainly for no other, the kindly god may peep over that bandage of his, and see clearly for once?

His sight had not been more keen for me than for the rest of my kind, and now the truth came upon me all in a moment. Yet it must have been longer than I thought before I quite realized my fate, for the warm air had time to grow cold, and the beauty to fade out of sea and sky.

I could not speak now, any more than before, though for far different reasons. I felt stunned as by a blow, and through a curious veil of bitterness I saw my companion's eager honest face, and I heard him repeat his former question:

"I may hope? Do you think I may hope?"

Then I knew that I must speak.

"Surely . . . surely . . ." I said, as calmly as I could. Then I paused. Then, for I could not manage to be as self-restrained as I wished, I said, with some heat,—

"You must know, Mr. Wilmington, that you have a great deal to offer."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, looking at me with some disappointment—only a shade, but still a shade—on his frank countenance. The next moment he added,—

"You must remember that Dora is a girl in ten thousand."

"But why do you speak to me instead of to her?"

Was my tone resentful? I scarcely know.

"Because you are everything to her; you have so much weight with her," he answered, readily.

"Do you think so?" I asked, bitterly.

"Yes, indeed. Every second word of hers brings in your name. Ah!" he continued, "if you knew my opinion of her, of you both!"

Every one has, at some time of life, been the privileged recipient of a lover's raptures when he is lauding and sighing for his fair. Once his lips unloosed, they are not easily chained back to silence.

"If you would only say a word in my favor," my companion begged at last.

"I? Oh, Mr. Wilmington, you are not well advised. Speak for yourself; I cannot, indeed I cannot. I can do nothing to help you."

"Why not?" He looked greatly concerned. "You don't dislike me, I trust? Say you don't."

"No," I answered, steadily; "assuredly I don't dislike you."

It was one of the cruellest hours of my life, but it passed. All hours pass: why do we not oftener find consolation in this thought?

We sat under the cliff for a while longer. Edward Wilmington continued to talk; for the most part, I merely listened. Yet, when we rose to go home, I had pledged myself to help him.

I meant to keep my promise honorably, but my attempts in the execution of it were awkward. I began at once.

I found Dora in her room. She was, I think, after the manner of a child, rooting up a young geranium which she had planted in a pot but a few days since.

"Well, here you are at last! You and Mr. Wilmington have been a perfect age!" she exclaimed, when she saw me. "Talk of flirting! Goodness gracious me!"

"Dora," I said, sitting down beside her,—I was trembling so that I could not stand,—"Dora, it is not a case of flirting. Mr. Wilmington has been talking to me."

"And isn't talking one of the very first and best ingredients of flirtation, you dear old thing?"

She turned and looked at me as she spoke, but I could not see her face. The sunset was in my eyes.

"He loves you," I murmured. "I know it, I am sure of it. It is a good honest love, Dora."

"It is a gone coon," retorted Dora, laughing. "Milly, you would make me laugh at anything."

"So I see," I replied, in some anger. "Do you despise a true man's love, Dora?"

"Oh, dear, no. And you are sure of it, sister mine?"

"As sure—as sure—as that two and two make four."

"But do they always make four?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, almost in frenzy. "It is not funny, nor clever either, believe me, Dora, to gibe and jeer at everything that is good and serious. You are a woman, now."

"Certainly. And for a woman, two and two don't always make four."

"What then?"

"They make x , an unknown quantity. It is not at all safe to speculate on the unknown. And yet of course with regard to the known there is no need of speculation."

I had risen to my feet again. I could not argue with her in one of her wild moods.

I steadied myself by resting one hand on the table. I still felt shaken,—ill, almost.

"Dora, Dora——" I began, entreatingly.

"Milly, how can you blame me?" she said, laughing. "For you there can never be any sums of simple addition. You are fonder than I am of the unknown. You are so much more romantic, my dear. Now I have no romance. I had hoped for you—well, never mind; I was mistaken. But I am sure you have had no tea—not even a penn'orth of shrimps down by the harbor. I am going to see about it."

Why should I have expected her to be different? Why should she and I have resembled each other? We were only half-sisters, after all. Dora was the image of her mother, who was a light-hearted young creature, wayward of speech, winsome to look at, but wanting, sadly wanting, in depth and solidity of character.

CHAPTER VI.

Then said the priest very earnestly and very kindly, "My charming young maiden, truly none can see you without delight; but consider so to attune your soul that it shall always harmonize with the soul of your bridegroom." "Soul!" laughed Undine; "that sounds very fine, and may for most people be a most edifying and useful rule. But if any one has no soul at all, I pray you, what is there to attune? And thus is it with me."—*Undine*.

FOR all Dora's fine sayings, she was engaged. How it finally came about, I do not exactly know. I cannot write of this period of our lives. I remember nothing so much as that I struggled hard. The consciousness of necessary endurance overwhelmed all other thoughts and circumstances. The Spartan boy who allowed the fox under his cloak to feed upon his entrails was surely not a boy, but a woman. Most women sooner or later hug such a fox. Again and again I said to myself, "Victory is to him that overcometh." Yet there is that in our nature which longs sometimes for happiness rather than for victory. In the mean time weeks passed by, and at last Dora was engaged. Ned Wilmington pleaded his own cause more successfully than I had known how to plead for him.

Dora wore a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand: there was no other visible effect of her engagement. She was not, as are some girls, softened or subdued, nor yet was she apparently gladdened and elated. She was not changed in any way.

"Curious old remnant of barbarism," she said one day, twisting her ring round and round upon her slender finger; "funny that women need to be reminded beforehand they're going to be slaves. They're not likely to forget the fetters afterwards, anyway."

She had told me of her betrothal herself, and in her own manner.

"Milly," she said, "I've been a heap of trouble to you all my life, and now there's somebody wants to take me off your hands. Two and two make four, you have always asserted, and so I should have supposed that one and one make two. But Mr. Wilmington thinks differently. I never could see myself how one and one are going to dwindle into nothing but one; that's another arithmetical puzzle."

"Dora, Dora!"

"It's a man's reckoning this time, I suppose. He's the one, the only one, and the woman counts naught."

"Dora!"

"Well, dear, you said he was awfully good, didn't you?"

Quite suddenly the girl's eyes grew dim and serious.

"You are sure, Milly, quite sure, aren't you?"

"Sure of what, dear?"

"I wouldn't do it, even now," she said,—tremulously, as I thought,—
—"unless you were sure for me."

"Don't do it, never do it, child, unless you are sure for yourself."

Then she jumped up, with a change of mood.

"There you go, Milly, there you go! Of course everything's all right. Why, it's an excellent marriage! His great-aunt—no, his step-mother's aunt, or somebody of that kind—left him a real pearl necklace, a great big thing like eggs. How could I refuse him when I once learnt that?"

"He is too good to be played with," I put in hastily.

"There you go. Yes, again—don't you see?"

"But do you love him sincerely? Speak to me, answer me, Dora. You are like my child, you know. You give me a pain at my heart."

"I give you a pain at your heart?" she repeated, with quiet inquiry. "I think I am like Undine, Milly; I have no soul. But there's just this difference—I don't want a soul. You know I never did, and I never shall."

"Oh, hush!"

"I am not talking irreverently," said the girl, calmly. "I mean a soul as regards other people. I am not in the least likely ever to care really about anything. Isn't it a queer thing that we never will believe what people say about themselves? And yet they surely must know best."

"You simply don't know what you are saying."

"Thank you. But I keep to my own opinion still! Some people are born bored. I have often explained to you that everything is sausage to me. That is because I am bored. Not because I have had too much of life's pleasures, but because I don't want any."

"According to your own reasoning, then, you are ignorant."

"When ignorance is bliss . . ." quoted Dora. "I see and hear; perhaps I am not so ignorant as you think. Nobody is happy; *ergo*, there is nothing but sausage to be had. Everybody is more or less unhappy, because they feel; *ergo*, I don't want to feel. And the delightful part of it is I don't believe that under any circumstances I could feel."

"Dora, you talk like a child. You cannot marry in this spirit. You will wreck yourself."

Then she laughed.

Another time she said, petulantly,—

"Why do you always want to disturb me and rout me out when I am peaceably inclined? How much better it would be if we could sleep all our lives instead of only half through! And you know, Milly, there's a theory that the dream life is the real one after all. I don't dream myself; I only sleep soundly. Just fancy! I am eighteen, nineteen nearly. Allowing eight hours of slumber in every twenty-four, I have slept for six years already,—six delightful, untroubled years! But you want me to trouble more, not less."

"If you could converse sensibly, Dora, you would understand that I cannot bear you to waste your life. There are women with noble aims—"

"Oh, yes, but the men squash them. Haven't men preached from

time immemorial that we are mentally the most inferior creatures, our brains so ridiculously small in quantity and light in quality that they are, so to speak, not worth mentioning?"

"I think," said I, sedately, "these arguments have been disproved of late. Women so often distinguish themselves——"

"That men start on a new tack," quoth Dora, imperturbably. "I read some time ago in your favorite evening paper, Milly, that not only are we convicted of want of taste, so that we can't cook (I, for one, am not sorry: I hate kitchen ranges), but some American men of science—kind of vultures they must be—have been setting traps for poor women to prove that they—the women, I mean—can't smell. Now here again I wish to point out how blessed might it be not to smell at all. Even your favorite harbor, Milly——"

"Nonsense, child!"

"I only wonder," continued Dora, coolly, "that men don't say we can't see as well as they can. It would be so true. We should not be so often taken in by them as we are now, should we, Milly? The truth is, one ought to be brought up to be worldly,—thoroughly worldly. A girl brought up in that spirit, when she's eighteen, is shown a man. It doesn't matter in the least what she thinks of him. 'Do you see that charming fellow?' asks her mother or her elder sister, as the case may be. 'He will give you a carriage, my dear, or a diamond necklace; perhaps both.' 'Oh, he is a charming fellow,' says the girl. There, Milly, there's marriage in a nutshell."

"No, Dora, emphatically no."

"Not to you, perhaps. You approve neither of the girl who wants the necklace, nor of the one who thinks the necklace, the carriage, and all, made of sausage. And yet, if we took all philosophy to pieces, from Marcus Aurelius onwards——"

"I am tired to death of your sausage," said I, severely; "your only excuse is that you don't reflect upon what you say. You don't understand. What you call sausage the greatest and wisest of human beings would give the world to attain."

"Maybe," said Dora, calmly.

As I gazed at her, a great pain again tightened my heart. How beautiful she was! Leaning back in her favorite rocking-chair, her red-brown hair falling about her shoulders, a semi-pathetic expression in her eyes and brows which her words did not warrant, Dora was a vision of beauty. She reminded me, somehow, of an old German picture of Mary Magdalene which I had seen years before, and which suddenly recurred to my memory now. People often remind me of pictures, more than pictures remind me of people. I trust I shall not offend my artist readers because I say so.

Yes, often, when I looked at Dora, I grew angry and bitter. Her beauty jarred with her heartlessness. Her beauty, moreover, trampled on me. It was like a cruel goddess of war. Non-content with its triumphs, it must needs be vindictive also, and make me suffer. But for that beauty of hers, I might have been happy as other women are. It was comparison with hers that made my features appear so plain, my coloring so wan. And she had no soul! She did not value her

conquests! Had she loved Wilmington, I might have forgiven her more easily. But the gem which my soul longed for was a toy for her to break in her hard little fingers.

CHAPTER VII.

Those that go near Elephants, wear no garment that is white; nor those who manage Bulls, red; because it is found by experience that these Creatures are made fierce by these Colours, just as Tygers are made so raging mad by the sound of a Drum, that they will tear their own selves; and Jockies have particular Sounds, and Whistles, and Stroakings, and other Methods to sooth Horses that are mettlesome: How much more does it become us to use these Acts towards our Husbands?—*Familiar Colloquies of Erasmus.*

It seemed a strange thing for Dora to settle to go to Manchester in the very zenith of her engagement. Go she must, she said. She had promised: should not that be enough? She had made no exception, she argued, with regard to any possible matrimonial contract. What could her bridal engagement have to do with the fulfilment of a promise for a week's visit? Wilmington himself was perfectly free to visit his friends without consulting her. Had they not, in fact, both better make the best of the few remaining weeks of freedom left to them? Yachting was chilly work now that autumn had set in. Every expedition by sea and land was worn utterly threadbare, used up to the last rag, so to speak. If she and Edward were to exhaust all *tête-à-tête* conversation before marriage, why, they would have to fall back on the dreariest acquaintances for cheerfulness by and by.

Wilmington himself looked a little pained when Dora gave vent to such remarks within his hearing, for she did not spare him if he happened to be present. But the pain was as transient as it was light. A smile from his lady-love could always put everything right, and smooth away the unaccustomed pucker of his brows. The word which best described him at that time is "debonair." He was good-tempered to a fault; honest, well intentioned, transparent as glass; "a good fellow" in the opinion of men, "very nice" in the eyes of women. He was only too amiable, too yielding, too trustful. How it happened that he had never yet been snared by a maiden's glance was inexplicable to me. I so expressed myself to Dora one day:

"Inexplicable! Especially with such a fortune at his back!" she said, coolly. "Well, Milly, he hasn't had it long,—the money, I mean. As for looks——"

"Do you think he inherited them only with his income?" I asked, witheringly.

"Oh, dear, no! I can quite easily imagine him a pink-faced curly-headed little boy, singularly amenable to his nurses."

"Dora, you are not worthy—you really——"

"Who is worthy, Mill? Surely the worthy ones are passed over in the apportioning of the good gifts of this world. Well, I grant you that Edward is a good gift, and therefore unlike your humble servant. As to his looks, different people have different opinions, you know."

"Surely you think him handsome, noble-looking?" I asked, violently.

"Yes. Don't put yourself into a state, Milly. I think I prefer dark men. I can't help it. I suppose I was born so; my misfortune, not my fault."

"I simply can't think why——"

"Why I marry him? Girls seldom marry men for their looks, do they? I should be sorry—yes, I am sure I should be sorry," continued Dora, ruminating, "to marry a man whom I thought very, very beautiful."

"I cannot understand you," said I, as I rose to my feet and faced her for an instant.

"Poor old Milly! Poor old Milly!" she murmured, shaking her head at me. Something, I know not what, made me construe the look in her eyes. "I would willingly pass him over to you," that look said. But the lips did not speak. With all her hardness, Dora would not have wished to hurt me. Our tenderest, deepest feelings are often best left covered over and hidden from prying eyes or touch. I have heard that some of the most beautiful products of the deep sea—curious, lovely, living things—are prismatically beautiful in color, but the moment after they are brought to the surface and seen in the light of day their colors fade, and they become in appearance mere commonplace and sombre limpets.

There was never any painful misunderstanding between me and Dora as regards our position to each other. She loved me; I know that. And, above all, she was perfectly aware of my devotion to her. She knew that I would have laid down my life for her. Was I not, had I not always been, her best, perhaps her only, friend? If indeed, at that moment or at any other, she guessed that I had given my heart where it was not wanted, she never let me see that she had guessed my secret. I am not sure, to this hour, whether she guessed it or not. At any rate, she knew that there was nothing mean, nothing unworthy, about me, nothing dishonorable towards her nor towards Wilmington. The love which had, so to speak, seized and conquered me—my love for him—must forever remain hidden in unfathomed depths; but it was a good love, a beautiful love, one which would, if necessary, make me capable of unselfish deeds.

Dora may have guessed, to a certain extent. Wilmington did not dream of anything. I prayed that he might never know, just as I prayed that she might never put her possible knowledge into speech. For then, in either case, I should become useless to both of them.

Thus it was that I turned away from Dora, and that day argued with her no more. I went out of the room and shut the door as softly as I could, and went up to my own room, and sat there for a while.

I could not calm myself down at once. Shall we ever unravel the mystery of that hardest of all lessons, "To him that hath shall be given"?

One day—some time later—I spoke to Wilmington himself about Dora. I did it for her sake; for his a little, too, perhaps,—not for

mine. Oh, no! I knew too well that those who speak, who advise, do not go the way to win affection.

It seems simple enough to be popular, to earn the name of a "dear creature, quite a dear." Here is the recipe. Never contradict your friends in the matter of their own affairs, whether the matter be great or small. Never bestow advice if you can help it. If you cannot help it, then carefully find out what is most likely to "jump" (as the saying goes) with your client's own feeling. Put this into well-chosen words; they will be found palatable.

"Edward," I said,—we were sitting in the veranda, but the mignonette below was all dead, and the weather was cold; I wore a fur-trimmed cloak,—“Edward, you will take great care of Dora. You have thought, have you not, that she is still quite a child?”

"Yes, I have thought, Milly." (We called each other by our Christian names now, as befits those who are to become relations.) "Of course I have thought. I'm not good enough for her, nor quite young enough either, perhaps, and I know that. But I've never led a bad life, and I mean to be true to her always, and gentle, too, and kind. Why do you doubt me, Milly?"

"I don't doubt you," I answered, steadying my voice and looking out at the sea, which was gray and stormy that day, I remember: "it is only that I am anxious sometimes. But you do love her, Edward; you do love her dearly, don't you? You couldn't love any one else half so well even?"

"I love her with all my heart and soul," he answered, earnestly.

Then, stretching out his strong hand to grasp mine, he added,—

"And I may love you, Milly, may I not, for loving her as you do?"

I nodded. "Of course," I said, after a minute or two, "I feel about Dora as if I were her mother. She has always been in my care,—always been my child."

"I know that," said my companion, smiling brightly.

Still, I had not quite said all that I wanted to say.

"The great thing," I began, austere, "the great thing will be to make Dora love you as truly as you love her."

"Doesn't she now?" he asked, innocently. "Why, surely she must, or she would never have accepted me. You see," knitting his brows, "I have so little to offer her. Money, of course," he corrected himself hastily; "but I don't mean that. Dora is not the sort of girl to sell herself. Besides, she needn't. She could have offers by the dozen, if she chose."

We were silent for a few moments, and then he went on: "I know what you mean, Milly. There is always one who cares rather more than the other. I've heard French proverbs on the subject; I can't remember them. I'm sure of one thing: the caring one ought to be the man. It's all so different with a girl. I don't know how it is, but I really think I sometimes love her all the better for her being impassive; it's so sweet of her, don't you see? 'Phillida flouts me'—that's an old song I heard her sing only the other night. I dare say you think me an awful fool, Milly."

Whatever I thought him, I could not tell him. When people rush on their own destruction, it comforts us to warn them, perhaps, for that will save us future remorse, but we do them no good. Here was I, metaphorically running after Edward with ropes, ladders, Humane Society hooks, etc., while he skated on before me, positively glorying in the thinness of the ice beneath him.

Yet, after a long pause, during which he crossed and uncrossed his legs with a nearer approach to irritation than I had ever seen in him, he spoke almost gruffly.

"You're not as encouraging as you might be, Milly. Dora hasn't told you anything, I suppose? She doesn't hate me, does she?"

"No, no," I answered, hastily. "How can you think so? I only meant—you are so good to her, Edward. I feel a little responsible for her, too, don't you see? I want you both to be happy, and it isn't enough for a woman to be loved. She must love on her side."

"I'm not so sure about that," said he, thoughtfully. "We will argue it all out some day, Milly; perhaps when Dora and I are married. Still, that's a poor answer of yours to my question. Does she dislike me?"

"Oh, no, surely not."

"Has she ever told you so? No? Well, then, has she ever told you that she likes me? You smile. Ah, I see how it is. She doesn't say much to anybody. Dear little thing! From the very moment that I set eyes on her—perhaps you won't remember the evening—she was standing there, just where you are now, I can never forget—it was a perfect picture! Well, ever since, I have never been able to find a single fault in her. And yet we've seen enough of each other to know, haven't we?"

"Yes, you have. Well, Edward, may you both be happy! That is my prayer. And I pray for you both, often, often."

"You're a good sort, Milly. Shake hands again. Oh, I've no fear. If only I can make my dear little girl happy!"

That evening late, as I was undressing, Dora came into my room. She held a small parcel in her hand. She was laughing, and her eyes danced and sparkled merrily.

"I say, Milly dear," she burst out, "don't you go telling Ned that I don't care for him! First of all, it's not true; I like him just as much as is good for him. Secondly, it comes too expensive."

"How? Why? What has he said? Did he tell you?"

"He intimated, my dear. I saw how the land lay at once. And after we had talked it out he had to make a peace-offering to himself for having doubted me. And here it is. He had to buy it in the town, poor dear: such a hideous thing!"

"He gave you that to-day?" I asked, as Dora took a bracelet from its case and held it towards me. "What, to-night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Oh, Dora, and are you not rather sorry?"

"Very. It might have been so much prettier. The local jewellers are really not worth patronizing. We positively must get my trousseau in London, Milly."

"Is the wedding-day fixed?"

"Not yet. But it's got to come, I suppose. Wasn't it Scott who said,—

And comes it slow or comes it fast,
The wedding-day must come at last?"

"Dora! Do you know what that was written about?"

"Death, I think. Another ceremony. Are you afraid of death, Milly?"

"I cannot talk about it now."

"No, don't. I think I should be frightened of death if life were not so dull."

"Dull?"

"Well, I mean unexciting. Tasteless; sausage, in fact, I suppose."

"Dora, you will end by making me really angry."

"Do you mean you'll be angry for sheer excitement's sake? Pray don't, Mill. What have I done with that bracelet? Oh, here it is. I suppose I shall have to wear it. I can wear it at Manchester now."

"My dear, it is perfectly ridiculous to go to Manchester now."

"What, with such an invitation, and for only a few days! To hear such music! Why, half our friends would give their ears. Ears, I said, Milly, pray notice, not ear. They couldn't give what they haven't got, and a good ear is scarce, as you know. Good-night, you dear, and pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER VIII.

It requires experience, skill, and practice, for men civilly yet courtly to entertain and accompany women in visiting or the like. They must sit within a respectful distance with their hats off, and begin a discourse, but let the women follow it, which they will do until they are out of breath. . . . Neither must men contradict women though they should talk nonsense, which sometimes they do, but must seem to applaud and approve with gentle nods and bows, all they say. . . . Likewise they must seem to start at their calls and run with an affrighted haste to obey their commands.—*Letters of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.*

WILMINGTON was curiously averse to the Manchester visit, and yet he laid no positive injunctions on his betrothed. I doubt whether, had he done so, she would have obeyed him. She did not seem to care to consult his wishes, and, as he was satisfied with his position and hers, it was not for me to interfere. I did what I could from my own point of view. It seemed strange enough for me that the little girl whom I had reared and controlled, and who but a couple of short months ago was but half fledged as I thought, should defy us all now. Yes, but she was under my authority then; now, according to all appearance, being engaged meant being independent. Moreover, I had given permission formerly with regard to this Manchester plan; I could not easily rescind the permission.

"Why on earth can't I go now as well as before?" asked Dora, with apparent justice. "If it wasn't wrong in August, it can't be such a sin in October, or I should say November, which it will be soon. What's come over you, Milly? Are you getting purse-proud and stand-offy on my account? No use at all, believe me."

"Edward," I murmured, feebly.

"If he can't speak up for himself, you will only make him ridiculous by treating him on the hen and duckling principle; don't you see that? And if our affection can't stand one week's absence, it must be at straining point indeed. Pray don't let us argue any more, Milly. It seems such a little thing to make a fuss about."

So it did, truly, though Dora had contracted a haughtiness of manner lately, and her high and mighty conclusions did not altogether please me. Yet there the matter must stand. I could do no more.

As regards the plea of one week's absence, Edward himself had left the neighborhood for no longer than twenty-four hours at a time ever since the engagement. I felt for him in this reversal of things as they should be. Perhaps it was because of my old-fashioned tendencies that I would have preferred to see Dora sitting at home, solely occupied in writing eager foolish notes to a lover whose absence was occasionally and unfortunately inevitable.

But that is neither here nor there. It was settled that Dora should fulfil her promise to visit the Loireaus at Manchester. In the mean time, Mrs. Claxton was to give a farewell afternoon tea-party in honor of the young couple.

She persisted in calling them the young couple, except when she spoke of them as the young people. This last appellation always slightly irritated and annoyed me. It seemed an unnecessary morsel of spite when flaunted in my presence, Wilmington being scarcely younger than myself, if at all. But Mrs. Claxton not only accidentally trod on her friends' corns, but was apt to execute a joyful *pas seul* in order to alight on each and every one of those painful excrescences. She was aware of my pet corn, I suppose, and, though she had never directly alluded to it, she would not for worlds have passed it over.

"The dear young people simply must come and drink their last cup of tea with me," she said, with effusion. "Miss Milly, I think you told me you mean to take your dear Dora to London soon: how interesting for you to choose her pocket-handkerchiefs and shoes—pretty trifles—to say nothing of frocks. It will quite brighten you up. And I'm sure she'll set off the frocks. Young people love pretty things, and pretty things suit them. My dear friend Almeria Wynn was writing to me only last week—her daughter is engaged—you know her mother was a Colchester, one of those innumerable Suffolk Colchesters. I dare say you recollect Fanny Williams—she was another. Well, the daughter, Geraldine, is to marry a young fellow in the guards—Horsley, I think that's his name—a good family, I'm told—his grandfather—" etc., etc.

Mrs. Claxton's teas were all moulded after the same pattern. Indeed, it might have been difficult to make them otherwise, for the *élite* of our town was limited, and Mrs. Claxton was of opinion that at a party it is necessary to entertain the *élite*, the whole *élite*, and nothing but the *élite*.

I grieve to say that Dora was disposed to make fun of the tea-parties. She knew the *menu* beforehand, she said:

Potage: Baronet aux fines herbes.
 Poisson: Miladi, sauce douairière.
 Entrée: Fricassée à la bourgeoise.
 Rôti: Général farci, sauce tartare.
 Salade de lieutenant.
 Entremets: Macédoine de jeunes gens à la lawn-tennis.
 Glace: Biscuit de comtesse aigrie à la financière.

Many a time had I laughed at the naughty child's nonsense; now I was saddened by the thought, "This is the last time."

The last time! We grow so easily sentimental over the words and the thought, even when the circumstance itself—like Mrs. Claxton's tea-party—is not one we should otherwise violently regret.

"Moralizing again, Milly?" asked Dora. She knew me so well that she often guessed the ideas which floated through my brain, though I did not put them into words.

"Nonsense!" I retorted, half angrily. "Are you ready, child?" Then, as she acquiesced, we started off side by side, and presently I found myself in Mrs. Claxton's drawing-room, listening annoyedly while she convoyed Dora about, introducing her to various guests, and repeating her stereotyped phrases:

"Such a delightful match! I take a great share of the credit to myself, I assure you. I am always so interested in young people!"

The second young person, *i.e.*, Wilmington, looked somewhat bored, I thought. He leaned against a door-way, whilst an aged military gentleman held forth to him, despite interruptions caused by two damsels who—ostensibly singing a duet at the piano-forte—imitated the cries of Venetian gondoliers to their own, if not to our, complete satisfaction.

"My dear sir, the service is going to the dogs," said the colonel.

"Oh, ah, yes. I hope so," said Wilmington, thoughtfully.

"What?" roared the colonel.

"*Stali, stali*," put in one of the young ladies in a high soprano.

"I fear so," said Wilmington, recovering himself.

Later on, I saw him wearing a very different expression on his tell-tale countenance. Truth to say, in a man, I never saw so mobile and transparent a visage. He now sat beside his betrothed—they two in possession of a cosy sofa—and she was talking to him. No chance that he should mistake hopes for fears, or *vice versa*, now! He looked radiant and interested. As for Dora, I had never yet seen her thus confidential towards him. Every one in the room smiled in her direction, for it was pretty to see her face alight with happiness and excitement of the topic she was conversing upon. I could not hear her words, so I had no clue as to what that topic might be. I could only see that it was an engrossing one to her, and that, as she talked on joyously and fluently, she was oblivious of all else. She was addressing herself to her lover solely. She did not care for other people's looks or smiles of meaning, not she. I was a little surprised, I must confess, but none the less gratified. I was so delighted, in fact, that I somewhat abruptly left old Lady B., who was at that very moment recommending to me a first-rate London dressmaker, and I stepped out on the balcony. The windows were partially open, for the room

was full and hot, but the outside air was too chill for most people, and consequently the balcony itself was deserted. Certainly autumn seemed to have set in sharply. We might expect an early and severe winter, as had been already predicted.

The sky overhead was what is called a frosty sky, lovely with tints of pale blue and rose-color, deepening in the west to a gorgeous crimson. Sometimes, among all the littleness and pain of this world, it is a good tonic to take a steady look at God's pure sky. That sky is like His mantle spread over us. Perchance if we with our finite sight try, however feebly, to reach up mentally, seeking as it were to touch the hem of the divine garment, a virtue may come down from it to heal us.

It was late when Mrs. Claxton's entertainment came to an end. We walked home, four of us: a young captain (whose name I forget) marched on in front with Dora, Edward and I bringing up the rear.

It was a pleasant walk, along the esplanade of the new cliff and thence through the old town, with harbor sights and associations not disagreeable to me at any time, and specially fresh and invigorating in the frosty stillness of such a night. Next, up the steep ascent, through a labyrinth of badly-lit narrow stony streets. I could not see my companion's face except at stray intervals, and even then but dimly by the flickering gas, for there was no moon. But I seemed to feel and know that he was happy.

So we spoke but little. Every one knows that happy people do not greatly care to talk. Only those who are unhappy or at best partially happy need to bestow confidences.

Yet, just before we reached home,—

"I am glad it has been nice," I said, quite gently. "Dora and you have liked your afternoon."

"Yes," said Wilmington, with that cordial frankness which always delighted me. "I think I am getting to understand her better."

"Oh, that's all right," I responded.

"Yes," he said again, and then, after a pause,—

"We had quite a long talk this afternoon. She told me how she has often wished to start a magazine, something really modern and go-ahead, you know. I don't care much about it myself, but of course I would like to enter into her plans. She has got such marvellous energy! Wonderful, isn't it, in a young girl? Of course, till now the money has been wanting to carry out her ideas, but I can remedy that kind of thing. I dare say she'll tell you all about what we've settled when you two get into your own rooms. It was nice of her to talk to me like that, wasn't it? Good-night, Milly. I'm sorry Dora's off to those music people to-morrow, because of saying good-by all round. It'll be quite a break-up to all of us. Such a jolly time as we have had, too! But I don't really mind her going—not half so much as I did; so you mustn't think it. Dora's very intellectual, you see; not like an every-day kind of girl, and it would never do to fetter her in any way. Oh, that would never do, I'm sure. I dare say it'll be a little difficult to me at first; you see, I'm not much used to that sort of thing; I've always thought of shooting and riding and yachting, more than books and music. But I must try; of course I mean to try."

CHAPTER IX.

Quoi ! toujours, malgré nos remontrances,
Heurter le fondement de toutes les sciences,
La grammaire, qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois,
Et les fait, la main haute, obéir à ses lois !

Les Femmes Savantes.

MONSIEUR LOIREAU was a teacher of languages, of French especially, his native tongue, which he spoke with such accentuated and well-bred polish as to strike terror into the hearts of all listeners.

Had he wished—he could have wished only for the sake of argument—to send one of his pupils to the right about, he would have commenced somewhat in this strain :

“Mille pardons, chère demoiselle, mais il me paraît que si vous allassiez——”

He reminded me of the grammarian who murmured when dying, “Je vais ou je vas mourir : les deux se disent.”

I knew him, however, comparatively little. Dora had struck up a friendship with him and his wife in the previous year, when the old French couple spent some holiday weeks at our health-giving sea-side. It had been funny then to watch their elaborate preparations for bathing, their careful study of their digestions and all regulations connected with food, their courteous ways towards each other, and their horror of anything approaching to exercise or effort. They passed whole days on the sands, Madame clad in a fearfully and wonderfully made costume—a mixture of flannel hoods and shawls—and Monsieur, in white linen and Panama hat, forever reading his favorite Molière, with interludes of *Le Petit Journal*. Madame was somewhat of a naturalist, and searched for and continually found gluey marine treasures in or about the rocks, which treasures she popped—rapturously smiling the while—into a glass pickle-bottle. It was on one of these improving expeditions that she met and made friends with Dora.

It was an exceptionally low tide. Madame Loireau had ventured out farther than she knew, and suddenly she found herself on a small and slippery space of rock, every shallow channel about her filled, and yet faster filling, with flowing water. A stream two or three inches in depth was between her and another rock—a haven of safety she had once thought that rock, for on it she had placed her shawl and gloves. She waved her plump hands in despair ; “dégantée” she might be, but she would not willingly wet either her boots and stockings, nor yet her feet ; she gathered up her dainty frilled petticoats high above her trim ankles, her stout little person in dark outline against the invading blue sea with its long lines of rapid rippling wavelets. To save herself might still have been easy ; to leave her best green crape shawl—never ! Already it was in danger. Each rush of foamy water caused a light wind to lift the silken fringe, which fringe seemed to lean down towards the rising tide in willing self-immolation. What was to be done ? Madame screamed. Monsieur, from his comfortable hollowed-out seat in the warm sand,—where he lay bareheaded, and, in his linen suit, looking like a large and burrowing fowl,—heard, and, lifting his eyes, he saw.

"Ma chérie!" he cried.

He ran to and fro, gesticulating, having lost all composure, and beating his forehead with his open palm. I was not near enough to appreciate the choice language in which he doubtless expressed himself. Then he threw off his coat; he evidently thought that his wife was in real danger.

Neither of them had noticed Dora, who was paddling barefoot among the limpid slippery pools, not far from Madame Loireau.

It all took but a few moments. Dora, who realized the state of things better than the poor professor could do, partly owing to her being closer to the fateful spot, partly because of her feminine perspicacity, ran to the rescue. She leaped from rock to rock with the agility of a young goat, and, grasping the green shawl in one hand, she held out her other hand to the French lady's aid. By means of such unexpected support, and cheered by the sight of the captured shawl, Madame Loireau jumped, and landed in safety, though somewhat tottering, on the next rock. Then, with Dora's help, she pursued her homeward career, finding stepping-stones all the way, whilst half-way the Professor met her, tears in his eyes, offering her his coatless arm to lean upon, and bowing like a marquis of the ancient régime, so that Madame laughed and cried also, and thought herself quite a heroine standing betwixt her husband and the strong and lovely young being who had so unexpectedly appeared to her.

Monsieur le Professeur, as well as his wife, took kindly to my child after that day of rescue, and the queer trio spent many a happy hour playing like babies under the shadow of the big white cliff, which, though Monsieur Loireau addressed it as one of the steps of the gateway of "la perfide Albion," did not fall upon his head and destroy him in revenge.

But that had all happened last year,—long, long ago, as it seemed to me now. Dora was a mere child then; there had been no reason to withhold the promise that she should sooner or later spend a week with so amiable a couple as the Loireaus, in Manchester, their usual residence. The visit was, however, put off for one reason after another, till but a short time before our acquaintance with Edward Wilmington. Then an actual date had been fixed,—the last day but one of October. This date had been agreed upon and ratified, as Dora said, by every kind of solemn vow. The laws of the Medes and Persians were nothing in certainty of purpose to her projected arrangements relating to this visit. The Loireaus had been, alas! so often disappointed already; they were not to be disappointed any more.

In her own home, as I knew, Madame Loireau was a kindly housewife, with enough of Provençal blood in her veins and Provençal warmth in her bright old dark eyes to enable her to prepare a "bouillabaisse" or other savory dish for her lord and master, who, in the intervals of bestowing instruction concerning French classics on the somewhat refractory youths and maidens of Manchester, rolled his cigarettes with patient good humor, and sniffed the welcome odor of garlic in contented expectancy.

But there was a son,—a genius, according to his fond parents,—

Adolphe by name, though better known as Dodolphe. He was a singer of fair celebrity already, his talents being appreciated even in a musical and critical city, and his friends—well-known performers in many styles, the classical style especially—willingly frequented the Loireaus' house. It was the brilliant list of these stars which had so tempted Dora. To see world-renowned celebrities, to make their acquaintance at first hand, so to speak, when they doffed such metaphorical tinsel and glamour as might be fit for only the common herd, and came down from the garish and public platform,—this had captivated and fired her imagination. I had not said her nay; she was still a child when I promised! My refusal must have withheld the most unexpected and attractive chances of the highest musical education. Moreover, she led but a dull life with me, poor dear! I could give her so little enjoyment or pleasure! Finally, it was settled that when the week's visit should be over I was to join her in Manchester, sleeping for one night at the hotel, as the Loireaus had not sufficient accommodation for us both. Thus I should be able to see and judge for myself, and encourage or discourage, according to my innate wisdom, the progress of any acquaintance or friendship which she might make.

All this was last year's plan. Why, as Dora argued, need anything be altered by reason of her betrothal?

It seems difficult to go into the matter now. It was yet more difficult at the time. Edward and Dora were both satisfied. How could I urge my apparently groundless forebodings? Dora was a woman, in her own estimation at least, and therefore responsible for her own steps. Her future husband might have swayed her, but he did not, he would not. I must needs stand by, a mere spectator. Possibly I was to blame in that I so readily relinquished my tutelage. But in yielding I acted, as I had always done, in the hope of Dora's happiness. Let this be my excuse, now and always.

CHAPTER X.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

SHELLEY.

DORA's letters during her short absence were a great boon to me. Light and airy scribbles they certainly were, dashed off, one and all, "just in time to save post," filled with apologies and blots, yet comforting nevertheless. Home seemed so lonely to me now, without my child-sister, without Edward Wilmington! There was nothing to hope for in the days that passed slowly, nor did anything happen to contradict the expectation of utter dulness and emptiness; the so-called autumn "season" of our town was over; even the yacht, doubtless much to the delight of her crew, disappeared from the harbor where she had lingered so long and so patiently.

Dora gave me but scant scraps of news. Dear old Monsieur and Madame Loireau were as charming as ever. Their son was most amusing. (I had at last seen that young gentleman's photograph, and satisfied myself that he was one of the ugliest of his species.) Mon-

sieur Dodolphe, besides being amusing, sang delightfully, wrote Dora, though not in a style which greatly delighted her; it was a finished style, doubtless, but too slight and one-sided for her taste,—De Soria and water, in fact, or Oudin likewise combined with innocuous libations. Several great musical executants were friends of the house, however. Dora enumerated some well-known names. She herself had made friends with Lady Hallé, an adorable person, the queen of violinists. And Dora had heard Piatti in his own "Airs Baskyrs," also in a sonata by Locatelli. Her expectations were more than fulfilled. What she, Dora, would give for me to share such privileges! "Dearest Mill," the letters sometimes ended, "I wish I could send you a page of sweet sound by post!"

She said no word of Edward. I was left to imagine what I pleased regarding their correspondence. An absurd pen-and-ink caricature of Dodolphe at the piano made an abrupt termination to one of the letters. Monsieur Loireau had been reading aloud in the evenings, passages from "*Le Lutrin*," by Boileau. Certainly all seemed well and safe and happy. I had been wrong to grudge this pleasurable week to my dear girl.

When I myself finally set out for Manchester, I was in good spirits. The tension of the last two months had been beneficially relaxed. This peaceful week, alone with my own thoughts, had done me good. Face to face with my own soul, in quietude, I had solved many problems and formed innumerable resolutions. Is it not the most difficult of all problems to resign ourselves cheerfully to the inevitable? Is not the greatest of all good resolutions that of keeping a calm front whatever betide, neither wearing the heart on the sleeve nor in the eyes or looks or words?

I drove straight from the station to the Loireaus' house. I was in haste to see Dora. I thought I would leave all commonplace arrangements unmade for the moment, and let the cabman take my luggage on to the hotel.

A neat young parlor-maid opened the door of the house at which I alighted, and in answer to my inquiries nodded her head, smiling. Yes, they had only just dined; they had dined earlier than usual because Monsieur Adolphe had to sing at a concert in the evening. Yes, they were all at home. But indeed I might have guessed this last fact for myself, for merry peals of laughter and the hum of several voices greeted me as I crossed the threshold. The laughter and voices came from up-stairs, from the drawing-room, and a moment later, before I had time to deposit my bags and parcels on the narrow hall-table, there floated down to me from that same altitude a weird long-drawn sound,—a tone that thrilled me even as I stood there, weary and almost irritable from travelling, a stranger prosaically inclined, my mind filled mostly with thoughts of Dora, and just a little with hopes of five-o'clock tea.

The violin music went on; the voices and laughter suddenly ceased. The strain was more beautiful than anything I had ever heard. I stood dazed and entranced at the foot of the stairs, looking up vaguely. I did not notice that the parlor-maid left me, to run up—

stairs and announce my arrival. I only saw that a figure above came swiftly out of the gloom, and stood for an instant at the top of the stairs, looking down.

That was Dora.

And meanwhile the music went on, dreamily, thrillingly, and to my fancy wrapping Dora's slender figure round with a very cloud of melody till it seemed part of herself, just as Wagner's "*leit-motifs*" bring in and dominate the chief persons in the play, so that they cannot enter or move without the mystic message that is their attendant spirit.

I could not breathe for fear of breaking the spell; much less could I speak. Yet I was conscious, with a sudden consciousness that was almost pain, of a strange expression on Dora's face,—an expression utterly unknown to me, and very startling. It was not only that she, like myself, seemed to be listening, dazed and enthralled; it was not only that, though she looked down, she looked beyond rather than at me; it was that an inexplicable change had come over her face. What that change was I cannot describe, nor could I then comprehend.

We stood thus gazing, she and I, for a moment only—for less time, surely, than I have given to the telling of it. Then I rushed up-stairs, Dora rushed down, and we were locked in each other's arms. Then—I do not know if she was crying—perhaps only my tears had wetted her cheeks, but she rubbed her face as she said, gayly,—

"Milly, Milly, why didn't you let me know your train? I expected you later. I would have met you at the station."

"I know, I know, my dearest. But I did not want to spoil your pleasure,—your last day, darling."

"You dear old thing," said Dora, passing her arm affectionately in mine. "You must come in and see the Loireaus."

She was looking at me brightly and frankly enough now. But I could not forget, I could not blot out, the memory of the strange expression of her face as she ran out to meet me and stood on the landing gazing down. I can never forget that expression of hers even now. It haunts me, sometimes in my dreams at night, sometimes when I sit alone, in a waking dream, living the old days over again. And then I come to myself with a shudder.

The music that had so strongly thrilled me was actually Wagner's, though I did not know this at the time. I had not realized my own swift train of thought, nor understood why those particular harmonious progressions—which in truth I had heard before—should evoke in me a sudden recollection of the legend of *Tannhäuser*. For it was that legend which painfully flashed into my mind as I stared up at Dora. She—my sweet innocent child, Edward's betrothed—what had she to do with a look such as I had surprised on her face? It was as though, like *Tannhäuser*, she had seen the mysterious land, and had tasted the poison which Venus gives her votaries to lull their senses with a draught of *Lethe*; it was as though the glamour of some sweet but cruel power had touched and changed her and drawn her into a mystic web.

There is still a fairy-land belonging to our world, still a realm to

which those who have been touched by this relentless glamour of love wander away far from our ken. Ay, and some of our modern men and women are as lost to the realities of life, as deaf to those who would save or bring them back home, as were ever Thomas the Rhymer and his like, who strayed into elf-land.

An effusive embrace from Madame Loireau, a profound bow from the professor; a similar bow, slightly more modern, and accompanied by a click of the heels, from Monsieur Adolphe,—then Dora took my hand and led me across the room to where the violinist stood apart, in the twilight, near the window, still playing.

"This is Claudio," said Dora, in a low voice. "Signor Claudio, my sister."

Her fingers seemed to tighten a little on my wrist as she murmured the young man's name.

I gazed at him. She had never even mentioned him in her hasty letters. Why that silence? oh, why? He had ceased playing as we drew near, and now he lowered his instrument, and, bow and violin still in his hands, made me the same formal foreign salutation as that of Monsieur Loireau's son. I turned to look at Dora. There was an uneasy expression on her face. Her eyes sought mine questioningly, to my fancy almost entreatingly. I turned back again to Signor Claudio. His face was changeless. Perhaps it only seemed so to me because I did not know him, of course, as I knew Dora, whose every shade and expression were familiar to me. Yet that countenance of his was immovable, surely, betraying no sign of anything he might think or feel. A handsome swarthy face, with dark almond-shaped Jewish eyes, and an aquiline nose, and thick dark hair hanging loose over a remarkably white broad brow. His mouth—ah, that was hidden behind his jet-black beard! His hands, striking in appearance, marvellously flexible, impatient—they were never still—long, lithe, real violinist's hands, and the color of ivory—made me think that their owner's health could not be strong. He was a tall young fellow, with a willowy figure; he was not broad-shouldered, yet not unmanly in appearance, though to my mind—

"Are you not coming to have a cup of coffee? Madame is getting it ready for you," said Dora. It was she who stared at me now, with a reproachful look, her face afire.

"Yes, I will come," said I.

We crossed the room again, hand in hand. Madame was sitting at a small table that was covered with a snow-white cloth and laden with cups and cake. She was busy brewing coffee in a wonderful machine. Blue flames rose all round the metal pot, and a delicious aroma filled the air. (Strange, I had always been a lover of coffee, yet after that day I could not endure the perfume of it for a long, long time.)

Meanwhile, Madame kept every one alert and occupied.

"Voyons, voyons, my children," she said, cheerfully; "you shall have some nectar as you have never taste before. Mon petit chat,"—this to her husband,—"*fetch me, je t'en prie*, a little spoon from the kitchen—I want one more, a little one, *comme ça*. And my princess Dora—*mon oiseau bleu*—Mees Carpentaire, you are satisfied—you

think that l'enfant look well—hein? Ah! we all regret so much to part—n'est-ce pas, mon petit chou?"

Dora nodded and smiled; then, conscious, I suppose, that her silence evinced some coldness of feeling, she bent down and embraced Madame softly. Madame responded by taking the girl's fair face in both hands and kissing it with sonorous effusiveness on both cheeks.

"Voilà!" she exclaimed, looking round triumphantly at the company. The professor was hurrying into the room with the required spoon.

"Et toi, Dodolphe, tu ne fais rien, you are not a help at all!" cried Madame, turning to her son with amicable reproach.

"Mais si, maman, mais si."

"Mais non, mais non. He have lost his heart to Mees Dora—our dear Mees Dora—n'est-ce pas, Dodolphe?"

"But certainly, mamma."

Though he formulated this obliging answer, the young man's face, somewhat comical in its ugliness, was meanwhile a distinct protest against his mother's soft impeachment. His bright eyes, that were so like hers, danced and twinkled, and he showed white teeth freely as his cheeks puckered themselves into innumerable little hills and furrows.

The professor shook a reproving head at his wife.

Madame only laughed. She knew that her husband's language was too elaborately constructed for him to put thoughts into words with the rapidity of ordinary mortals. And so she rattled on. She was in the habit of easily out-distancing him in conversation. By the time the professor's well-rounded sentences were ready, Madame had metaphorically taken to her heels and was safe ahead. Thus it happened in the present instance.

"Dora, mon ange, sit yourself close to me—yes, that is right, bring a good seat for Mademoiselle your sister. Another cushion—not that one, Dodolphe, the pretty one with the cerise ribbon. Mees Carpentaire, je vous en prie to dine here instead of at your hotel. It would not be so triste."

"No, thank you, Madame Loireau. Many thanks all the same. I will have a cup of your good coffee, and then go on."

"Ah! You will join us at the concert; you and Mees Dora. But my petite cuisinière—you saw her just now—she would make you a bon filet, an omelette."

"Thank you, Madame Loireau. You are too kind, but indeed——"

"Dans un clin d'œil."

"Milly would rather we went to the inn presently, wouldn't you, Mill?" said Dora, coming to my rescue.

"Ah! If you prefer——" Madame shrugged her shoulders with affectionate resignation. Like those of many Frenchwomen, her shoulders were capable of expressing the most varied emotions.

"Ce serait pour nous le plus grand honneur," put in the professor.

"See, see, my coffee!" exclaimed, almost screamed, Madame. "Ah, what a delicious! Eh bien, Dodolphe, vieux fainéant, va!

Yes, it is time—souffle donc—mais vite, vite, dépêche-toi—so we put out the flames, the what you call the trick is done. Now you each must be served, Mademoiselle Milly the first. A cup to you—and to you, oiseau bleu. Pour toi, Papa. Dodolphe can wait. Comment, Claudio, you will not take coffee, *my* coffee? You are not ill, mon garçon? Allons donc!”

“No, no,” smiled the young man. “I am not ill, madame.”

He had been standing silent and apart. He took up his violin again as he spoke, and resumed playing. But the music savored more of practising than of performing now; it seemed a kind of undercurrent to our lagging talk, and the sound brought to my mind some autumn days which I have known in wild countries, where pine forests moan and sing, and the wind plays on the strings and sinews of great trees, under a sounding-board of heavy storm-clouds. Last, not least, the wailing tones, as they rose and fell, never loudly or shrilly, reminded me of the sound of the sea on our own beach. And there rose up before me a vision of Dora, as, a couple of short months since, she lay full-length on the cliff's green sward, with the harvesting close by, and the scent of clover about us, and the soft monotonous lapping of the sea below the cliff.

CHAPTER XI.

What tells thy song?

Of Love.

What, Love again?

Ay, and it shall be. Till the stars above
Drop down, or I bear hence my life and pain,
I'll sing of Love, and evermore of Love.

Time's Comedy.

I WAS not prepossessed by Signor Claudio. I should never like him, I knew that much already, and I grew sadder and sadder as I watched Dora's face, a clear page which told too legibly how he had stolen away the heart that Edward Wilmington had never reached. But Signor Claudio was a great musician. His art and genius were beyond contention. A man who holds magic rule over the soul of a violin has the advantage of another voice, a mighty friend's voice, beside his own, to speak for him. Orpheus was better armed than all the warriors of Troy when he set out alone with his lute, to face dangers known and unknown, in search of Eurydice.

I took Dora to London, and we commenced a dreary round of shopping. Dreary it was, mostly because of the girl's own indifference. If I recommended blue silk, she acquiesced instantly; if I veered round to rose-color, that particular shade of pink became for her the most perfect tint in the whole world. I could see that clothes were indeed to her a weariness of the soul,—i.e., a form of that sausage to which she had so willingly alluded in former light-hearted days, but concerning which she was utterly silent now. And meanwhile her face grew pale, and her eyes sad, though when any one was present she chattered with gayety—with levity, even—as of old.

I used at this time to lie awake of nights, miserably unhappy,

wondering what I should or could do. Dora resented any allusion to her Manchester visit. When I asked questions, she either answered dully, "Oh, yes, Milly, it was very interesting," or, "Oh, no, I think not. I am not sure. I have forgotten." But I was convinced that she had forgotten nothing.

She never wept. She was not a girl for tears, but she sat, dreamy and abstracted. Her spirit was in fairy-land, listening to the far-off luring music which still echoed in her ears.

Once I summoned up courage and catechised her regarding Signor Claudio. Who was he? Why, the greatest rising musician of the age. Where had she met him? Why, at the Loireaus', as I was aware. Had she seen much of him? No, not nearly so much as she wished. At last she flew into a rage. He had come to dinner twice; she had heard him at a concert; she had interchanged six words, no, perhaps eight, or maybe ten, with him. Now was I satisfied? What business had I to be always watching her, poking and prying and suspecting, and teasing her as a cat teases a mouse? Why on earth couldn't I let her alone? What a horrid mind I must have, to be sure, never to leave things alone! Wasn't everything all right, and serene, and comfortable? If she were pleased, and Edward were pleased, why on earth must I go out of my way to try and set everybody at sixes and sevens?

This last reproach I passed over in silence; it seemed too absurd. Indeed, I could not answer at all for a moment; my voice was crushed out of my throat. I could only gaze wonderingly at Dora, who sat glaring at me, white and furious.

"Is Edward satisfied or is he not?" she repeated, clenching her hand and stamping her foot.

Ah, yes, I knew well enough that Edward was satisfied—so foolishly, utterly happy was he. It was beautiful to see his love and trust; and yet just that love and trust often made me sad.

Then my mind turned back to Dora. I went down on my knees before her, and took her petulant little hands in mine.

"Darling," I murmured, "I am not thinking of Edward now, but of you. It is wrong to marry unless you love really. It is, Dora; and, what is more, you will have no happiness. You are endowed with a deeper nature than you think yourself, Dora, my child. I have not studied you and loved you all these years for nothing."

Her hands lay quite still in mine; she looked me straight and fearlessly in the eyes.

"Milly, you are a dear, but for all that I believe I have more sense than you. Don't bother your foolish old head about me; sometimes I think I'm not worth it. Anyhow, even you must own I can't do better than marry Ned; and as for him, do you fancy he would thank me for throwing him over, or you for persuading me to do it?"

Dora was right. I was not sensible. I could not seriously wish her to break off a prosperous engagement for nothing. I could not wreck Edward Wilmington's life and make hers desolate, all for nothing. What could I offer her instead? If Claudio had momentarily affected her young imagination by his charm of manner and wondrous playing, should I not be a born fool if I led her fancy to

dwell upon him, when the most ordinary parent or guardian would, on the contrary, strive to divert her from such dangerous contemplation, and assuredly urge her to rejoice in the excellent marriage which awaited her?

That very evening, strangely enough, Wilmington accentuated Dora's words. He and I happened to be left alone for a few moments.

"Milly," he said, in that deep tone of voice which emotion always brought forth, "Milly, what have I done to be so happy? Or, rather, what shall I do to propitiate the gods? Isn't there an old superstition that ill luck must follow when a man is absolutely and perfectly happy? I count the days till our wedding day, for fear something should happen; I positively tremble with fear when I think I've got nothing to wish for, no flaw in my content, no bitterness of any sort or kind in my cup—such a full cup, Milly!"

"Dear Edward," I answered, my own voice altered by emotion even more than was his, "if happiness is given to us, may we not believe we are to enjoy it? God bless you, now and always; may you always be happy! That is my earnest prayer, my one wish."

"It is sweet of you to say so, Milly," he went on, reaching out his hand to me. "One wants sympathy in joy just as much as in sorrow, I think. And I know how you feel with us both. Well, I will do my best that Dora may never regret having married me. If there's any promise wanted, I give it now, to you. I'll do my best—do you hear? always my best—to make her happy. That's as sacred a promise to me as the words I'll say in church next week."

"I believe it, Edward; yes, I believe you."

"It seems so wonderful," he went on, after a pause, "wonderful that a girl like Dora should throw herself away on me: that's what I feel. I think of it often: I wake in the night and wonder if it's true. Once, Milly, you gave me a sort of fright—do you remember? You hinted, I think, that she didn't quite know her own mind. Ah, but she does! I was right and you were wrong. Some girls—quite young girls—are so frightened of their own feelings that they hide them from themselves even. But that's what makes her—my darling—all the dearer."

There was another pause.

"Curious, isn't it," said my companion, "that men seem to understand women, when women don't a bit?"

"Don't what?" I asked, grimly.

"Don't understand any other woman. Do they now, Milly? Why, even the nicest, the best of you, are just a little dense with regard to the rest. That always disturbed me, do you know? I can't reason it out. It seems a pity. However, if women were made, as somebody or other says, to match the men, I suppose men were really made to understand the women."

Farewell to interference, thought I—farewell forever. From henceforth nothing but cheerful acquiescence on my part; no fears, no doubts, no tremulous questionings. And may my honest heart-felt blessing go with these two who have rigged out a white-sailed ship, and are hasting out together on the wide sea of life and matrimony!

CHAPTER XII.

Now there's a flower, she did say;
 Its name is heartease; night and day
 I wish I could that flower find,
 To calm and ease my love-lorn mind.

Old Song.

AFTER Dora's wedding, my life was dull and monotonous in the extreme. I made a pretence of re-settling myself in our old sea-side home, determined to make the best of things. I worked among the poor, I busied myself with household matters, I took up my long-neglected music, and practised regularly. But the isolation of that dreary time proved too much for me. As weeks passed, an intense fatigue took possession of me; depression followed suit. Next came weakness of nerves, want of tone, as the doctor said. Even my mind seemed strange and ailing.

I knew not which was worse, day or night: short ice-cold days, when the only change from my room was a weary turn in a bath-chair, or long silent evenings, when the curtains were drawn and the lamp lit, and the tea-table was placed ready for use, and my own thoughts and memories came rushing out of every corner, down the chimney and in at the cracks of the doors, like goblins of legendary lore, to sit upon the empty chairs about me, and climb up, and touch my hands, my shoulders, my head, till I could have screamed aloud for help. Then long hours of sleepless darkness, culminating in the terrible early dawn, with its strange power of magnifying every care or anxiety—who knows not the agony of such hours?

Dora was abroad all this time, but, even had she been at home, I would not have gone to her. Newly-married folks are sensitive plants. "*Il ne faut pas mettre le doigt entre l'arbre et l'écorce*," says a French proverb. I had tried my hand as family adviser sufficiently, methought, before Dora's marriage.

Meanwhile she wrote to me, and sometimes Edward wrote also. His letters brimmed over with delight and happiness; the very paper—a flimsy blue page—rustled out of its envelope in a perfect flutter of content.

Egypt was charming; ancient temples, grandeur, sunsets, bronze-like natives, all charming; yet what was Egypt compared with Dora? Thebes was wonderful; so were other places with outlandish names. But they were rather tame. (I am quoting Edward.) Now, Dora was never two minutes the same. That perhaps was her greatest charm. Everybody, on land or water, fell in love with her. She herself meditated the writing of a paper concerning antique cats, to be called "*The Tabbies of the Ptolemies*." It was wonderful weather; he, Edward, often thought how delightful the hunting must be at home, now that the frost had broken up. "And Dora sends love, and we both hope you are quite well."

No, I was not quite well, but I was not going to tell my travellers so.

All the same, I felt that I could not endure my lonely life much longer. Sometimes, when I got up in the morning, and stood out on

the veranda for a taste of fresh air, I rubbed my eyes impatiently because I could not see the graceful masts of a yacht in the harbor.

There is nothing like feeble health to make the present seem dim and the past clear and sharp. So does the spirit—the mind, the soul, the *ψυχή* of the Greeks, the shadowy part of us—grow in force and intensity as the body weakens and seems of less importance, till perhaps one day we shall find the parting which we all dread more or less may not be so dreadful as we think, for the husk will have grown wan and small, and the soul will stand alone and self-reliant, even before actual death. Who can say?

I began to get frightened for myself, however, as things of the earth occupied me less and less. I lay back in my chair for hours, watching the sea-line, and the growth of a few pale hyacinths in the veranda, and almost, like the saints in legends, seeing visions. Nothing mattered; nothing could rouse me. Even Mrs. Claxton's visits—she had come down from London for a fortnight—even Mrs. Claxton's conscientious little visits ceased to ignite my wrath.

"Good news from your young people?"

This was her usual first remark.

"Very good news," I answered, with languid content.

It was Dr. Brooke who stirred me up one day.

"My dear Miss Carpenter," he began, "I have attended you for years—you will pardon my impertinence, won't you? Suicide was highly thought of among the ancients, but it is out of date now. We don't plunge daggers into our breasts, nor open our veins in warm baths, nor——"

"What do you mean, doctor?" I asked, a little crossly.

I am afraid he quite rejoiced over this feeble outbreak of temper of mine. He rubbed his hands gleefully, took out his watch, opened it, looked at it, snapped it again, put it back in his waistcoat-pocket, rubbed his hands again, and said,—

"Nor do we sit down peacefully to be ill just for nothing at all except to fill the shameless doctors' pockets, and arrange everything comfortably for giving up the ghost when nobody is going to admire us for it or be the better for it—not even, then, the doctor."

"My dear Dr. Brooke!"

"My dear Miss Carpenter! What relations have you in the world, barring, of course, Mrs. Wilmington?"

"Nobody to speak of. One old aunt, who lives in Sussex."

"Admirable! She could not do better."

"You don't suppose I would trouble her?"

• "No, I will take the trouble."

"She wrote to me only last week," said I, laughing in spite of myself. "She wants me to go and stay with her."

"And you shall not disappoint her!" exclaimed the doctor, rising to his feet, and violently shaking my poor weak hand in his huge grip. "Didn't I tell you she was an excellent woman? Give me her address."

"Not now."

"Just you give me her address. Here's my prescription: An

ounce of aunt, a quart of the good air and water of Sussex—not but what our climate here's first-rate, and the water above reproach; only one may have too much of any good thing. What did you say was the address?"

"Dr. Brooke, I cannot."

"No, but I can."

I was too feeble to resist. After all, it was very pleasant to be arranged for, packed up, and sent off, like the bundle of clothes, with a poor little tired woman inside, which I had become. The kind doctor registered me, labelled me, saw me into the train, and gave directions to the maid who was my attendant. Tears came into my eyes from very weakness, and coursed down my cheeks, as I shook hands with him at parting and tried to thank him.

"You know I didn't really care," I murmured. "I should have passed away very quietly if you had let me alone."

"That's just it," he answered. "We men of medicine like a little more fuss made over these matters. When next you want to die, give me due warning, and we'll do the thing in grand style. Now she's off; good-by, and God bless you! Write to me in a month's time."

I did write. Ah, how my life had changed! My hobgoblins had shrunk away by then. I spent long dreamy hours among the hills, gaining new health and strength each day, watching the blackthorn burst into flower among the hedges, and listening to the young lambs bleating after their mothers. It was a new dawn of life, a resurrection. My kind aunt fed me up and cared for me. The delight of being loved and cared for by some one much older than myself, some one who had known me as a child and still looked upon me as young, brought back much of the youth which I had thought fled forever. For when those who have known us in childhood die, it is as though the lights of our special world are put out one by one and we are left to struggle on in the dark. I at last trod the Sussex hill-side with healthy elastic step. My mind chiefly turned to all-important problems of weather, food, or exercise. I was quite ashamed to write to Dr. Brooke. I felt as though I had fallen from a high mental estate. But I had not fallen; I had risen, only I could not realize it yet. I wrote, however, and a characteristic answer came—three lines—scrawled on a big sheet of letter-paper:

"My dear young lady, all's well that ends well. Only, this isn't an end, I hope, but a beginning. Bless you.

"Yours sincerely, CUTHBERT BROOKE."

And now a very strange thing happened. I, who had never received a proposal of marriage, was suddenly confronted by one—suddenly and unexpectedly. The vicar of the parish in which my aunt resided—a worthy man, a widower with two children—begged me to take pity on his loneliness, to cast my lot in with his, and marry him and be a mother to his little ones. I was taken aback, I was touched. There was love, genuine love, in his eyes; but I could not say yes. My aunt pleaded with me for him, for herself also. It would be so delightful, she said. The field at the bottom of the rectory garden and her paddock joined each other; there was a right of way across the

common from house to house. Would I not think of her as well as of the vicar? I had a shrewd notion of my own that the vicar had himself contemplated the fact that his property and my aunt's marched, as they say in the north, but I did not express myself to this effect. I could only shake my head and say no, no. All the same, I mused on the strange turns of Fortune's wheel. Was I, in my old age, destined to tread in Dora's youthful footsteps? When my aunt had finished her kindly exordium, I went up-stairs to my own room, and locked the door, and sat down at the table and gazed at my reflection in the glass. I gazed long and inquiringly. Alas! The remembrance of Dora's gorgeous young beauty was like an image standing at my shoulder to bid me by contrast more truly realize my own appearance.

As I gazed at myself, my heart sank. I sat meditating for a while, till my eyes filled with tears, and the reflection in the mirror looked out at me as through a mist.

* * * * *

"The mountain is coming to Mahomet," wrote Dora. "As you will not come to us, we mean to pounce down on you. Two mountains; Ned and I. Ask Aunt Joan if she can put us up for a day or two. If not, I suppose there is a village somewhere near, and in the village 'an hostelry.' Please get us rooms. I should like the best opera-box in the place, as the hapless Frenchman wrote when he was appointed consul at Leith."

My heart glowed at the prospect of seeing Dora. Aunt Joan was a little fluttered.

"Milly," she said, "when I last saw your sister she was a lanky girl with her hair down; I am not frightened of her. But Mr. Wilmington? He will expect all sorts of things."

"Such as, Aunt Joan——?"

"I don't know, my dear. That is just what I wish I did know."

"Aunt Joan, Edward is the simplest, kindest, honestest, best-tempered fellow in the world."

My aunt looked pleased.

"Ah, then, my dear, if that's the case! Young men are so spoilt at their clubs, nowadays."

"How have you learnt that, auntie?"

"My dear, I am not a savage," said Aunt Joan, a little resentfully. And then, after a moment, she added,—

"He can smoke in the study; and I will ask him to be very particular about keeping the door shut. And we must not forget to tell Mary to open the windows night and morning regularly."

Dora was not one bit changed in appearance. She was dressed like a school-girl and in age looked sixteen. It was I who startled her.

"Why, Milly," she exclaimed after our first embrace, "you do look flourishing! You have grown, I verily believe; and as for your color——!"

Edward echoed her exclamations.

"You look—my dear Milly—you look——! Why, I should scarcely have known you!"

"Is that flattering or not?" I asked, between laughing and crying, for I had not yet got over the excitement of our reunion.

"You are just the same dear old thing as ever," said Dora, pressing closely up to me.

"Our Sussex downs," put in Aunt Joan, conceitedly.

Next day Dora and I walked together on those same downs.

"Well," I asked,—I thought I might safely ask now,—“are you happy, little Dora?”

"That depends on what you call happy," she answered, more gravely than I had expected. But I did not want to be grave.

"Is marriage a failure?" I asked. She looked so bright and lovely that a comforting answer seemed a foregone conclusion.

"Ah, don't marry, Milly!" A frown crossed her fair face. "Before you marry, you seem to have all the world before you. Afterwards, there's nothing to expect, to hope for."

"Dora!"

There was a pause, and then I said,—

"Is it 'sausage' still, then? Oh, no, no, child! Shake yourself free of discontent. You have everything in the world."

"It is sausage most of the time," said Dora, quietly. "I suppose it must be, all through life."

"You are very ungrateful."

"You mean because, when I have sausage, others starve. Perhaps."

"Don't let us use silly similes. I am sorry now I recalled the word. I will never refer to it again."

I kicked away a stone in the path impatiently as I spoke. A bird was trilling its song overhead. The beasts and birds thank God more often than we do, thought I.

Then we walked homeward, both of us somewhat sullenly. Edward met us just before we reached the village, and we three strolled slowly on.

"What pretty cottages!" exclaimed Dora. "And look at that dear black kitten, Milly."

"How about the Ptolemaic pussies?" I asked.

"Oh, I began to make researches, and got horribly bored. There were cats enough and Ptolemies enough, I fancy, to stretch from here to Greenland."

"They hardly took that direction, I suppose," said I.

"Anyway, Dora didn't follow them long," said Edward.

"Fancy stalking an ancient Egyptian cat across a highland moor!" said Dora, who lapsed into her customary incoherent trick of speech.

"What jolly fun! And wasn't there a man who said that the first year of his marriage was cat and dog life, and the second all cat?"

"I hope not," said Edward, very seriously.

I threw myself into the breach.

"Your first year will be nonsense, Dora, and the second nonsense again."

"There's a funny old saying I read the other day," said Dora. "The first month is snick snack; the second hither and thither; the third thwick thwack."

"And the fourth?" asked Edward, puckering his brows.

"Oh, it's too bad to quote. His serene majesty Prince Lucifer is invoked."

Wilmington looked pained. How much or how little did he understand that young wife of his?

She was running backward and forward now, gathering primroses and dog-violets; bobbing up and down to pick and arrange her tiny posy.

She thrust a dainty bunch suddenly under my nose, and laughed outright because she startled me.

"Poor old Milly! Are you still lamenting my unorthodox notions of conjugal felicity? You brought me up on quite a wrong system, you see. Isn't it Mark Twain who says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will depart from it'?"

Her husband looked at her as if he wished to say something, but he nevertheless remained silent, walking along with a calm step, and swishing off the heads of any leaves or flowers that came within distance of his walking-stick. At last he said, with an odd kind of laugh,—

"I heard the other day that one of our great scientists has taught his son to smoke, on the principle that a son is certain in after-life to dislike what his father has pressed upon him, even tobacco."

Dora stopped short in the middle of the road, clapping her hands delightedly.

"That's the sort of man I admire!" she exclaimed, hopping and turning round so as to face us with her bright eyes and smiling mouth; and then she walked backward in front of us, adding, in a pleased way, "What a true philosopher! I'd like to write off and tell him how much I admire him."

"Would you?" asked Ned, smiling in spite of himself.

"Wouldn't you, Mill?" asked Dora in her turn.

"No, I think not," said I, feeling painfully that I was more serious than the occasion required. "I think——" I began once more, unsuccessfully trying to mend matters. "You see, Dora, we are all so mentally different. There are great differences between some of us, and little subtle differences between others. One can't explain, I suppose."

And therewith silence fell upon us three.

"I wish you were coming to us soon, Milly," put in Wilmington at last, quite irrelevantly. "Next week we are to have a jolly party. An interesting one, too. Dora has been clever enough to nail a young fellow she met at Manchester when she was staying with those French people. He's quite a miracle, I'm told,—the ladies all tearing their hair and each other's too, because he plays divinely. What's his name, Dora?"

"Claudio," said Dora. She had done her gathering of flowers now, and had taken her husband's arm, leaning on him as though she were very weary. She looked up at me hastily, furtively almost.

"Claudio?" I repeated.

"Why not?" answered my sister, defiantly as it seemed to me. And then she shook herself together, and stepped out actively and

cheerily, though still clinging to her husband's arm. Suddenly she broke loose again.

"Here we are at the gate. Oh, what a lovely plot of daffodils!"

She bent down, and plucked the flowers eagerly. She returned to us, Persephone-like, her eyes shining, her hands filled with the sweet yellow flowers. She laughed gayly.

"Here, put them in water for me, Milly. I love daffodils; they are such simple things.—Come along, Ned; let's take another turn—just you and me alone—before we go in to Aunt Joan and her tea."

They went off, she with a wicked triumphant glance over her shoulder in my direction, he supremely happy, and utterly indifferent to everybody and everything in the world except Dora.

CHAPTER XIII.

What, O wise man, is the tongue in the mouth? It is a key to the casket of the intellectual treasurer; so long as the lid remains shut, how can any person say whether he be a dealer in gems or in pedlary? Though in the estimation of the wise silence be mannerly, at the season of giving advice it were better to be explicit. Two circumstances cast a shade over the understanding,—that of silence when we should speak, and that of speech when we should be silent.—*Sadi's Gulistan: Translated by James Ross.*

I HAD no desire to meet Signor Claudio, though I did not wish to abjure all visits to Dora's home. Moreover, I was conscious of a strange repugnance to leave my Sussex downs, for I viewed them with the intense gratitude with which one is apt to view everything—medicine or medicine-giver, whatever it may be—that has brought about a cure. I had found rest here and peace, if not actual happiness. To be with the Wilingtons must somehow call back the unrest which had but lately left me. I would do much for Dora; still, she surely did not want me now.

Yet I went. I could not resist the pleading letters from her and from Edward which reached me almost daily. Their ordinary visitors had gone away; the house was empty now, quieted down to its normal soberness. Dora pined to show me all her new possessions.

I went; I was warmly welcomed by both host and hostess.

But I had not crossed the threshold before I was aware of the shadows that gathered about it. Dora was certainly more eager than I could have thought possible to pioneer me over the place; as the French saying is, "*Elle ne me fit pas grâce d'un oignon.*" Up and down we careered, over hill and dale, by the woods, along the river, and "in my lady's chamber." A curious feverish energy had taken the place of Dora's old indifference, and yet, though I would gladly have welcomed such an accession of interest with regard to the good things of this world, I dared not believe in it. I knew her too well. I followed her about, trying to please her to the utmost of her bent. I evinced an unnatural fondness for furniture and decoration; I asked really intelligent questions concerning the garden, and in walking and driving I was as untiring as herself. Nevertheless, a masquerade cannot be kept up without visible fatigue, if the actors must needs play all through the day, even were the audience as willing to enter into the perform-

ance as Christopher Sly himself. The prolongation of my visit, according to Dora's wish, made me but see more and more plainly that she was unhappy; I saw also that her husband suffered. None of her depression was lost upon him. Whenever, after one of our exhausting, carefully filled-up days, she sat down to rest and leaned her head upon her hand, or closed her eyes, every gesture was noticed by him; I fancied that he was always trying to read her thoughts. She seemed afraid of those thoughts herself; I could see her endeavoring to shake herself loose of them; yet they came back to her again and again, and she could not free herself from the trouble of her mind. Consequently, he could not be at ease. His face grew drawn and irritable with a vexation which he was unable to dominate, a suffering still too intangible to be frankly combated. He had got to look much older, I thought, though it was not a year since we had first known him. Dora never noticed the change; but his step lost elasticity, and he became more and more silent and reserved.

Yet nothing might be said or done. I felt for both husband and wife, but could help neither. I thankfully remembered that often—far oftener than we think—"silence is golden."

My visit was fast drawing to an end. The Wilingtons were to spend a couple of months in London. I had arranged to go back to my own sea-side home for at least a short time, although my aunt pressed me to return to her.

One day, Dora, as she sat at the window, asked me to find a letter for her in the drawer of her writing-table, and, in the search, I came upon a photograph. I knew it instantly,—the dark artist-face, with its broad brow and deep burning eyes. I had not needed to see the signature which was below, written in a small delicate hand. That was blurred, strangely enough: some one, not the writer, had changed the word "*Claudio*" into "*Caro*."

As I stood staring and puzzling at the portrait in my hand, Dora turned and saw me. She jumped up, and came rushing, and snatched the photograph.

"What business have you——" she began, angrily. Her face was aflame.

"Oh, Dora," cried I, "you should not! you should not!"

"Not what?" she returned, gazing at me with more than her old defiance of look.

Then she walked to the chimney-piece, and placed the portrait upright among a number of others, which—some framed, some unframed—littered the place.

"You are absurdly old-fashioned," she said, coolly. But I noticed that she so arranged the photograph that the signature was hidden from view.

At that moment, Edward entered the room. He made for the fireplace, as men will, whether the season be winter or summer. Even as he did so, the photograph caught his attention. He gave a sort of start, which he quickly repressed. Then, still silently, he turned his back to the mantel-piece, standing on the rug in his favorite attitude, his hands clasped behind him.

"It is a lovely day, Dora," he said, with perfect calm. "Are you not going out again?"

"I don't know," she answered, petulantly. "Surely I go out enough. I am sick of air and exercise."

"Well, you will soon exchange them for operas and balls," answered her husband. It seemed odd that she should not see the contraction of his brows, which spoke of a pain he was too proud to own, or that, if she saw, she should not run and clasp his neck and tell him that she loved him. For she did love him; I am sure, yes, I am sure that she did.

I gathered up some needlework with which I had been but lately occupied. I have a theory—old-fashioned, perhaps, like other thoughts of mine—that when husband and wife find themselves alone they turn affectionately to each other. But with Dora I could not always prove the truth of my theories.

"Don't go, Mill," said she, languidly, as I made for the door.

"No, don't go," echoed Edward; "or, listen, Milly, if Dora is so tired—she really looks like taking forty winks—come into my sitting-room. You are leaving us to-morrow, aren't you? And it would be jolly to have one last chat."

I could not refuse. Dora gazed after us a little suspiciously, to my fancy, but only for an instant, then re-established herself with an air of perfect satisfaction among her comfortable soft cushions. Probably she reflected that she knew us both too well to dread our speaking ill of her.

Yet Edward, as soon as we entered his own room, flung himself wearily into an arm-chair, and, letting his face betray the misery of his mind, spoke out his thoughts without reserve.

"Milly, I am very wretched. Can't you help me?"

"What is it?" I asked, gently. Then I broke out:

"Oh, if you need help, go to Dora, Ned! Go to her now!"

"Of course," he retorted, bitterly. "She is always a sympathetic and sympathizing wife."

I could only stare at him in sorrowful amaze. What had so changed his kindly honest love to gall?

"She never cared for me,—not a brass farthing," he went on, speaking rapidly, "and ever since that violin fellow was here, things have been going from bad to worse. There, now you know!"

"Do not blame her," said I, excitedly; "anyway, not to me. She is my sister, my child, my darling. I feared you could not understand her. But you said you would make her love you. I warned you, and you said it was all right. You said I did not understand."

It was his turn to stare at me.

"Go on," he said, after a pause. "You are quite right, Milly; you have every right to blame me. Except in this: that I have tried my utmost to please your Dora and make her love me."

His voice broke.

"And I have failed. Yes, I have. I know it too well now. Of course I ought to have known it sooner, and left her to build up her own life. She has so many ideas,—strange ones, some of them. But

she is so young: she should have been left to grow up and choose by and by, in her own way, and perhaps——"

"It is terrible, it is awful," I said. It seemed to me as though the earth were giving way and a deep dark pit of desolation had opened out at our very feet. We looked blankly at each other.

"Is it too late?" asked Edward, with the curious meekness of great affection. "I would sweep the streets if I knew how to win her love, Milly."

I could not answer him for a moment. Then I said,—

"I am certain that she does love you—in her own way."

"Ah! What way? There's only one kind of love worth anything, and you know that as well as I do. It shows itself in looks more than in words: silence sometimes is enough."

I was grieved to hear him, but I only said, somewhat stiffly,—

"You must take her as she is."

"Yes," he answered, sadly. "For better or for worse. Poor child, she has taken me too, and now I know that she's sorry. But this is why I wanted to tell you," he went on simply. "Because I thought you—who know her so well—might help me—put me on the right track—don't you see? Surely if she was willing to marry me she can't altogether hate me" (he was arguing against his own arguments now), "and surely I have not altered, though I feel dull and dreary sometimes from the very effort of always trying to make it jolly for her."

He stopped, from actual want of breath. He spoke quickly, and with a kind of catch in his voice every two or three words.

"Dear Edward," I pleaded, speaking as steadily as I could, "give her time. She is indeed very young, and things do change, and do get better, even when they seem at their very worst."

"I suppose so," he said, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders. He kicked away a stool at his feet. Then he softened again.

"Yes, she is very young. Poor little thing! Ah, you needn't tell me to be gentle to her, Milly! That's the very devil of it; the men who lord it over their wives, and bully them, get all the love. Women don't thank you for anything else. You must tyrannize, or they don't care."

"You are wrong, Ned,—you are wrong, indeed."

"Perhaps so," he said, sadly. "But somehow I think if I was wrong before I'm right enough now. Well, Milly, if you can't suggest a remedy for my griefs, we had better close the conversation. Forget it, if you can. I know you're a good kind soul."

"You know that I would do anything in the world for you and Dora."

"For me too? Ah, well, that is good of you," he said, bitterly, incredulously. And then he repented him. "If only Dora shared your sentiments!" he added, with a sad smile.

"What did Ned tell you?" asked Dora, waking from her nap presently. She looked like the sleeping princess, rousing herself with a lovely flush on her cheeks, her eyes like heavy drooping violets.

"He told me how he loved you."

"Ah, that's an old story, isn't it?"

"Dora!"

"Well?"

"There's nobody like your husband."

"So I believe."

"I hate that ugly man's photograph."

"Because you hate him."

"Yes, I do."

"And you think him ugly because you hate him."

"Possibly. Yes. No. Anyhow, that is not the question."

"And so," continued Dora, raising herself on her pink silk cushions and looking up at me laughingly, "and so you'd like me to share your opinion and impart a useful lesson on the first opportunity, like the boy who whipped the toad and said, 'I'll larn ye to be a toad!'"

Alas! thought I. It is difficult always to remember that silence is golden.

CHAPTER XIV.

L'homme n'est qu'un roseau le plus faible de la nature; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser; une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le tuer. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien.—PASCAL.

I RETURNED to the sea-side. I flatly refused Dora's repeated invitation to stay with her in Park Lane. London was delightful, she averred. Once she wrote that she was going to give a concert. She did not often mention Edward.

I saw in the papers many eulogies of the great player Claudio—a new light on the horizon, a star of wondrous magnitude and brilliancy. The critics were unanimous, or nearly so, which is the most that mortal man can hope for. Ah, if the critics had only felt as I did! They would never have been moved to tears by the young Italian's rendering of an adagio, nor raised to a pinnacle of bliss by his chromatic runs and delicate staccato. So true an intonation! Such superb and unprecedented bowing!

Pooh! Dora was right; I was unjust. Were I a critic, poor Claudio must have come off badly. Many a time have I angrily thrown aside the newspapers which chronicled his unparalleled successes, finding myself unable to read another line, even to take interest in safe and unexciting subjects such as politics, murders, foreign warfare, etc.

It was strangely pleasant to me to find myself back in my old haunts. My visit to the Wilingtons had been a painful interlude. Now I was free to plan out my own life, which must certainly be one of peace as well as of independence. I had regained my health. For the first time ever since I could remember, I had no one but myself to think of, and that self was no longer burdened with illness. The weather was fine; I could boast a few friends within calling distance, a new store of books; Mrs. Claxton was fortunately absent from home,

enjoying the zenith of the London season, and therefore unable to ask after my young people. I fell into regular, methodical, old-maid habits, the only flaw in my content being that Dora's marriage had not proved as happy as it should have done. There is a flaw in most earthly things; this one, which I could not always forget, sometimes threatened to break up and altogether mar the unclouded pebble of my life.

Which was worse? I asked myself again and again: Dora's passionate disbelief in everything, or Edward's incurable sorrow? Ah! who should say? When the troubled fit was on me, I wandered by the sad sea, and asked reason of it, as men and women have asked from time immemorial, and it answered mockingly, as it forever answers, with the murmur of its own unrestful and mysterious complaining.

Thus the weeks glided by. Surely it was want of tact on the part of Dr. Brooke to burst upon my contented quietude with an offer of marriage.

He made it in his own queer way; there was so much fun mixed up with the earnest that at first I scarcely believed him.

"You can't go on living all by yourself like this," he growled.

"Why not? Other women do."

"But you're not as other women are. Nature never intended you for an independent spinster. All very well when you had a kind of daughter to look after. Now you had better come and look after me."

"My dear doctor, we have known each other all these years."

"That's the best part of the whole thing. We know the worst of each other's tempers. You mean I never asked you before? Well, as I say, there was Miss Dora. And then—and then——"

"Well?"

"You are ever so much better-looking now. I haven't an idea what's come over you, but you are."

I threw myself back in my chair and laughed outright.

"You flatter me, doctor."

"Silvering the pill, do you mean? Well, you'd be a splendid advertisement. 'Look on this picture and on that!' Think what you were some months ago!"

"And you think you have cured me. So you have. Indeed, indeed, I am grateful."

"Don't be grateful," said Dr. Brooke, very gruffly.

He was walking up and down in my little drawing-room, taking long strides which brought him sharply against a door or window at every moment, and taking so little thought of his violent action that I trembled for any small table covered with china ornaments that might stand in his path.

"Dr. Brooke, dear Dr. Brooke, don't spoil our friendship—I don't want to marry."

He stopped his roaming suddenly and came and stood before me, looking down on me, and taking both my hands.

"There's no one else, is there?" he asked. "Tell me just that. I won't bother you any more."

I looked up and saw his face, his kind rugged old face. I saw then how deeply he was moved, how the nonsense of his former words was artificial, whilst the true feeling and pain were real enough.

I shook my head.

"No, there is no one else," I said, looking straight up at him.

Heaven help me, I was speaking the truth to the best of my own belief.

"No, there is no one else," I said, calmly, "but——"

"I understand," said Dr. Brooke, letting my hands fall back into my lap and turning away.

We always continued good friends, he and I, but the subject of marriage was never mentioned between us again.

And so time and I jogged on again; no more landmarks upon the level road.

A monotonous life passes quickly. My days were carefully cut out, one exactly like the other, pieced in from morn till evening with their small self-created duties, a crowd of unimportant trifles filling up each hour. "The daily round, the common task,"—do not these go to make up the average of a woman's life?

* * * * *

I think it must have been at the end of July when the great thunderstorm took place of which the inhabitants of our sea-side town still speak with awe and fearsome recollection. That fierce storm destroyed several buildings, annihilated much of the vegetation in the neighborhood, stripped our few trees of their leafage, and killed men and cattle by lightning. It is still mentioned in the district as "the great storm," all later storms being but contemptuously referred to.

It began with southern fury, breaking over the town suddenly, like a cyclone. Doors and windows slammed violently, the dust in the road flew up in clouds, the sky grew dark; a mighty flash cleft the sky, quickly followed by reverberation of thunder and terrific clatter of hail. It was not yet quite evening, but I rang for Mary and bade her close the shutters and draw the curtains. I have never been fond of watching a storm.

"A wonderful sight, mem," quoth Mary. "There's not been the like for years. All the ships in the harbor's rocking like anythink, and there's nobody as can stand in the streets."

When she was gone, I knelt down and prayed for those at sea. The wind that shook the house was like signal-guns. As night drew on, the storm seemed to increase rather than to pass over. I could hear the water in the veranda slopping off as from a water-spout. I sat in half-darkness, my lights burning dimly because of the conflicting draughts and dampness in the air.

Suddenly it seemed to me, in one of the pauses of the tempest, as though I heard a familiar voice. Only a word or two, still something of a well-known welcome tone. Yet no—that could not be! For every reason it was impossible. Besides, and in spite of the joyful thrill at my heart, the sound which had startled me was strangely harsh, rough, indescribably different, after all, from the voice I knew so well. Yet I leaped to my feet, and stood—hand to ear—listening

intently. The carpet of my room flapped, I remember, blowing up and down as though it were a mere piece of linen in the gusts of wind that forced their way under the door. Surely there was some one below; surely the adventurous Mary had unbarred and was re-barring the front door. I listened breathlessly. Ah, yes! a step on the stairs! I lingered no more, I ran out—to meet Edward Wilmington.

He was dripping from head to foot. He walked heavily, and nearly fell forward once. He did not even greet me. He walked as one in a dream. I took a step back as I saw his face,—white, strange, and set. Without a word, he went past me into the drawing-room, and flung himself down on the first chair he could find. I took one of his hands, and held it. It lay in mine like a stone. Still he did not speak. I closed the door on Mary, and I knelt down beside him. What could have happened? I must know. But I myself seemed unable to utter a word. I was paralyzed by fear. My heart thumped loudly in my throat.

“Ned, Ned, what is it?” I implored at last. “Dora?”

He made no answer. He was not like a living breathing man. He sat as one petrified, staring at the wall with meaningless eyes. I remember noticing that from his coat dripped little streams of water, that went meandering along the floor, meeting each other at last in a quickly widening pool.

I could not refrain; I seized his arm, and shook it with both my hands. I was beside myself.

“Ned! For God’s sake tell me quickly! Why are you here? Dora—Dora—— Speak to me. Do you hear? Answer me. Where is she? What is it? What has happened?”

He moved a little in his seat. His eyes turned slowly towards me, and rested, still with that odd callous expression, on my face. He opened his lips, once, twice, though scarcely for utterance. I hung upon his whispered words; I could not distinguish them. Suddenly he spoke louder, more clearly—harshly, in fact.

“Dora has left me,” he said.

That moment the wild spirit of the storm seemed to lift the house and sway it in sickening motion. To my excited fancy, the walls rocked and seemed to part asunder. The lightning flared in from the door, which had burst open, and flooded the room with a fierce weird light. Then a great crash of thunder pealed above us. My arms dropped inert to my sides. It was as though heaven itself were angry and would annihilate us. After a moment I staggered to my feet and crept to the door—painfully, as though battling with nightmare. I shut the door; it made no sound. I was still as in a dream, and I crept silently back to my place, and waited. For what? My brother-in-law sat on, motionless. I gazed vaguely at him, but could not speak. I could not even altogether realize the meaning of what he had said.

The thunder ceased. There came another of those curious short silences in the storm which are yet more fearful than violence of noise. It seemed like a pause in some tempestuous life. No time to think or act; only a stop, a break, a sudden pull-up betwixt reckless audacious deeds. No time, indeed, for the wind wailed out again, the swish of

heavy rain struck the windows afresh, the vividness of the flashes blinded my eyes, and thunder rolled out once more in long echoing detonations, like the booming of artillery of an advancing army.

The din seemed to make our painful human stillness greater by contrast. I was trying to realize—oh, trying so sorely to realize! I looked at Edward—looked hard into his eyes with more questioning, I suppose, than I knew, for he bent his head slowly and muttered a name.

My fears were fulfilled, then. The name was that of Claudio.

"When?" I asked, tersely.

"Yesterday night," said Edward. And this was all he said. But I wanted to know nothing more just then; there was no need for him to add anything.

But the pain of it!—oh, the pain of it seemed greater than I could bear!

I cannot tell how much time passed before I had the sense to reflect that my companion was wet through. I stroked his sleeve with my finger.

"You must change your things somehow," said I.

He only frowned and shook his head.

I repeated my words, and added,—

"I beg you—I beg of you."

"Let me alone!" he answered, angrily.

"You will catch cold, you will be ill and die," I said, choosing my words foolishly, as one does, oddly enough, in any great crisis.

"Why not?" he asked.

I looked at him with an infinite pity in my heart.

"I felt like that once," said I. "Here, in this very room. Just like that."

"You did? What for?"

"Oh, for nothing," I answered, vaguely. I had got his overcoat off now, by pulling gently at it, and he seemed scarcely conscious of what I was doing; anyway, he did not repulse me. But his other coat was soaked through also. He must have walked from the station, perhaps without even an umbrella for shelter, I thought, remorsefully.

"Oh, Ned," I implored, "you must go to bed and get warm and dry. I will ring for Mary at once. She can prepare a room in five minutes. It is only to light a fire and put on the sheets. It isn't any trouble," I added, with a silly laugh.

"For nothing, was it?" he repeated, dreamily. "You felt so for nothing, really? Oh, that's different. Of course you can't understand."

But now I shook myself in earnest. I could not let him get ill. Mary came, and Edward was at last persuaded to lie down between the blankets in my spare bedroom and allow his clothes to be dried at the kitchen fire. My entreaty that he would drink something hot he absolutely and violently refused.

"I will go out into the storm again if you say any more," he said. "I came to talk to you, not to coddle myself and drink and sleep."

The beautiful summer morning dawned at last, bringing peace and sweetness to the land. The air was balmy. The storm had quite passed, like some diabolical vision of night, and, but for the wet road, its track of desolation was not visible from my house. The sky was already pale and rosy: only the wild and turbid sea moaned and swelled, like the sore sorrow in our hearts.

Edward and I again sat together in my drawing-room. The windows were thrown wide open; we had been watching the dawn.

The light, as it slowly strengthened from twilight to daylight, revealed the haggard misery of his face; there were gray streaks in his hair; he looked twenty years older than when I had last seen him and Dora together.

We had been talking for a while, but not for long. Now we sat silent again. I was too bowed down by shame and sorrow to care to speak much. Nor did he appear to wish to converse, though he had told me that he came to talk. I asked a few questions; he answered, shortly enough. There was nothing special to tell; I felt myself unable to advise him, nor did he seem to wish actually to consult me.

At last Mary brought in a tray of tea. Ned poured out a cup and drank it. Then he stood up. He looked like a man who has got his death-blow, so stunned and white was his face. But he put out his hand, and shook mine, gently.

"Good-by, Milly: I am going now."

I held his hand tightly. I could not let him go. All at once it seemed to me that I must speak to him, that I had let time slip by foolishly, that I should feel this all the more presently, that I could not, must not let him leave me.

"Where? Where are you going?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not to drown myself"—with a queer contortion of face that might have been meant for a smile.

"But what will you do? Oh, I cannot bear to think of it! Oh, don't go, don't go, Ned!"

"I must go, my dear. And what shall I do, do you ask? I don't know. How can I tell? Nothing, I suppose."

I clung to him still.

"Dora—speak to me about Dora," I pleaded. "What will you do about Dora?"

"What would you have me do?" he asked, quietly, turning to me with a look of unutterable dreariness. "What would you have me do, Milly?"

It was my turn to mutter, "I don't know." I had been dreading I know not what,—something indefinable, but none the less terrible. Yet I could not let him go.

"Oh, then you will do nothing!" I repeated, eagerly.

"No, nothing. What is there for me to do?"

He seemed astonished at my questions, as much so as though he had not travelled all the way to see me, for me to share his misery, and, as he said, to talk to me.

I summoned up all my courage, and threw myself on my knees before him.

"Edward, there is one thing you can do. You will, you must take her back. Oh, think how young she is, how easily misguided! Think of her! You love her: you will save her,—save her from herself, from him, for all our sakes. Take her back, Ned; tell her, ask her to come back to you."

There was a pause. Wilmington's face was very set. His eyes were fixed on the sky and sea. He did not seem to notice me, though I knelt at his feet.

Of a sudden the room grew full of light. My poor room, no less than the whole sky, was illumined by the warmth and glory of sunshine.

"Look!" I cried, in my excitement; "the sun has risen after the storm. It is like God's grace."

"To shine on the just and the unjust equally," said Edward, with a bitter laugh.

"I did not mean that. Oh, no! I meant something—oh, Edward, so different!"

"What did you mean, then?" he asked, bending his eyes coldly on me.

"That you should forgive, that you should take—bring Dora back."

"Bring?" he repeated, ironically. "Do you suppose I would go to that man's house? Nothing would induce me: I should throttle him."

"You are welcome," said I, hotly. I rose to my feet as I spoke.

He turned away, and took a few steps in the room. Then he came back and stood near me.

"You don't understand, Milly. You simply can't understand."

"I think I can guess. I am sure I can put myself in your place. Some things one understands by intuition. Oh, Edward, be great—be merciful!"

"Do you suppose she would care? How little you know her! I believe I know her nature a deal better than you do, after all."

"For my sake, for your own, then."

He took a turn in the room once more, and then came back to me.

"No, you don't understand," he said, with decision.

"Perhaps not," I answered, shortly. "Men are smaller in some things than women."

My fierceness evoked no retort. I doubt whether he even heard me. This time it was I who left him. I went and stood out on the veranda, steadying myself, and trying to clear my own mind. I felt how precious was each passing moment, how helpless and useless was I. My limbs were trembling violently. I could see my hand tremble as it lay on the wet iron railing.

"Well, what would you have me do, Milly?"

"Write—if you cannot go—write to her. I will take the letter. Oh, Edward, write, in God's name."

"I never was a great hand at writing, Milly."

"Ah, you don't need fine sentences," I answered, hurriedly. I

was afraid he might go back on his implied consent. I ran about wildly in the room, fetching ink, paper, etc. I brought him the materials quickly, and pushed him gently into a chair, remaining standing by him.

He shook his head at first, and I thought that my prayers had been unavailing. He had not yielded; he had only appeared to yield. Yet, after a while, he took the pen and wrote, then handed me the letter. All the while that he wrote I prayed; my lips were still moving when he had finished. I took the paper in my hand and held it, looking down at it. I remember that the pages made an odd crackling sound; I wondered why they could not be still. I pressed them down with both hands, tightly. God at least had heard my prayers. Edward had written something.

"Read it," said Edward, slowly. "Yes, I would rather. Read it, Milly."

That was the hardest piece of work of all.

The words swam as I tried to decipher them. The handwriting was shaky, and, in many places, blotted. But, oh, thank God! it was a noble letter,—a few lines only, yet a noble letter of kindness and forgiveness. Tears came into my eyes as I read, blurring the words more and more. But I learned those words quickly and thoroughly. I should never forget them, not my whole life long. Ned had written on my heart as well as on that sheet of paper.

"Where shall I find her, do you think?" I asked, at last.

"At Manchester, I imagine. Anyway, he—her lover—will not be difficult to find. He has some sort of house there, I know."

I put the letter into an envelope, and I held it tightly. I could not part with it for an instant. I could not think of anything to say to my companion. My praise would have been an insult, and my sympathy was more with him than with Dora now. Our dialogue was so strained, so terrible! The cold commonplaces did but emphasize our pent-up misery.

Quite suddenly, the strong man broke down; he flung himself forward on the table and buried his face in his hands, bowed down by grief, sobbing aloud.

"I have been so good to her, so good to her!" he murmured.

The sunshine seemed to me cruel now. A barrel-organ began to play outside. The cries of fish-venders and newsboys jarred intensely on my ears. It is a truism, but one which has been borne home to many sufferers—how that the world goes on, the sun rises and sets, the vast mass of human life throbs and works as usual—inexorable, mechanical timepiece that it is—whether our own hearts palpitate, or break, or stop.

After a few moments, Ned recovered himself. Then he stood up in a dazed way, and held out his hand.

"Good-by, Milly," he said. "I don't think we need talk any more. I am going home. Queer word, that, sometimes."

"I will go to Manchester this very day," said I, steadily.

He nodded, walked to the door, looked back and nodded at me again, and went out.

CHAPTER XV.

C'est si peu de chose un mari, quand ce n'est pas tout.—LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

I MADE ready to start within a couple of hours, but before I left the house I received a missive from Dora,—a strange incoherent scrawl, which, while it made me doubly sorrowful, angered me and set my heart against the child more than I should have thought possible. The world was well lost for love, she said. Ay, but what love? And not one word of Edward! No, not a word. I skimmed the letter hastily; there was not one mention of him, not one thought for him. Only Claudio, Claudio, Claudio, all the letter through.

And then the end: cool, light-hearted, selfish still, the writer was as she had ever been. "Forgive me, Milly dearest. I don't feel that I have done wrong, but only right. You may come to feel it too, by and by. Bless you, dear; try to forgive me. Write to me; I wish I could see you."

Well, she should see me: I would answer her letter in person.

I could not help thinking of my first visit to Manchester, as I for the second time reached that dusky town.

Dora had given me her address, so that I had no difficulty in making my way to the place,—a dreary-looking house in an unfashionable locality. I dismissed my cab and rang the bell, waiting on the door-step in no cheerful frame of mind. I made no doubt, however, but that Dora would return with me. Her own right-mindedness and my arguments together must achieve this result. Then we would travel straight to her own home; her reputation would be saved; Edward's love would triumph over all difficulties; she might yet learn to love him as he deserved.

I stood long on the door-step, and pulled the bell repeatedly. In one of the ground-floor windows was a printed card announcing "apartments to let," and my quick eye discerned many small evidences that the house was but sparsely tenanted and poorly furnished. At last, and when I was getting very impatient, the door opened, and my sister stood before me, attired in walking-dress.

"You, Milly!"

"You, Dora!"

We embraced,—warmly, I think, as ever. Surely there were tears in the poor girl's eyes. My heart went out to her immediately. There is an old German saying, "*Mutter treu wird täglich neu.*" Could I forget that my little sister had been always my child?

"Dora, my dearest, my darling, let me come in and talk to you."

Dora looked uneasily over her shoulder.

"Well, it isn't very comfortable, Mill; only temporary, you know; but if you really wish——"

"Of course I wish." Then I spoke hesitatingly:

"You are alone?"

"Oh, yes," she said, the old defiant look coming back to her face. "My Claudio is out, as it happens."

"Thank heaven," I muttered to myself.

I followed her into a back room, and there I sat down. Dora

walked to a mirror, and began arranging the feathers and bows upon her hat.

All my intended speeches went swiftly out of my mind; nothing seemed suitable to the occasion. I thought I would let Edward speak first. I drew his letter from a little bag which I carried, and handed it to his wife. She opened it, read it,—very coolly, as I thought,—read it again, then turned to me.

"You can't think I left without meaning to stay, Milly?"

"Oh, Dora!" If that letter had not moved her, what speech of mine could move?

Yet, though my courage was at low ebb, I spoke. I used every argument that I could think of; I pleaded gently, tenderly, with her; I prayed her not to break our hearts—Edward's and mine.

She stood stony and almost uninterested. It was only when I ended, when I asked her,—bitterly, as I thought,—“Are you happy, Dora?” that she flung herself down beside me, with a face strangely radiant.

"Oh, Milly, Milly," she whispered, "I did not think I could be so happy!"

And then I was silent, for I knew that all arguments would be vain.

But the flood-gates of her speech were loosened now, and she went on rapturously, speaking as she had never spoken before. "I did not know," she said, "I did not know what a power love is in the world."

"There are several kinds of love," said I.

"But only one worth having."

That struck me painfully. Had it not once been Edward's own saying?

I answered her almost angrily:

"Yes, I agree with you in words, though not in spirit. Dora, Dora, think again."

"I have thought. Oh, Milly, I have done nothing but think all these months past, and life has grown like a beautiful flower. Do you imagine that now, when happiness has at last come to me, I can throw it away as if it were a poisonous weed?"

"It is poisonous," I asserted, taking her in my arms as if to keep her from evil. "Have you no thought of any one else, Dora?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she said, nodding her head.

Alas! she had found her soul, though it was not her husband who had helped her to find it. Her head was thrown back on my shoulder, her beautiful face was turned up towards mine, her eyes, like stars, held a new and deep meaning in their lustrous depths. Would she had remained a child all her days, rather than have found her womanhood thus!

"I love Claudio," she said, softly; "I love him more than my own life. And yet I love life now. How silly I was, Milly, when I used to tell you of life's emptiness and worthlessness!"

"Oh, don't, don't," said I. I picked up Edward's letter, which she had let fall on the floor. I put it back in her hand.

"Listen to me," said I. "Dora, I am not very worldly-wise, after

all. I am no cynic; I have no experience. I don't even wish to be a mentor. I am older than you, not beautiful as you are; still, only a weak woman like yourself. And yet I feel sure, yes, sure, that no one can lead an utterly selfish life—for some things which seem beautiful are in reality selfish and wrong—no one can be cruel, and trample on others, and wreck the lives of others, and break them as you might break a piece of china, without a bitter payment, after. Yes, I don't mean only in another world; I do not speak of that; but here. Whether it comes soon, whether it comes presently; quick and fierce, or slow and long drawn out; in the watches of the night; or when it is too late, yes, too late—it is sure to come, the punishment. Think of that, Dora."

She had disengaged herself from my arms, and stood looking at me with a mocking smile.

"Let it be quick and fierce, then," she answered. "I prefer it, decidedly. How well you preach, Milly! But I have always exercised your powers in that direction, haven't I?"

I rose to my feet also.

"I will not trouble you again," said I, violently. "Do not be afraid, Dora."

She reddened. In her heart she loved me, I know.

"And what shall I say to Edward?" I asked, as quietly as I could. There was no use pleading with her any more. As I thought of the noble heart of him who was awaiting his sentence, as I remembered his loyalty, his strength, his mercy, I felt that I would willingly have died to spare him all further misery. I, who had always loved him with the one love of my life,—deeply, intensely, though silently,—I would then and there have died for him with joy, and passed away, an unknown, uncared-for shade, into the dimness beyond, could I but have made Dora love him, could I but have won her heart back to him.

But I could not, and so I turned to go, truly hardened against her now.

"What is your message to your husband?" I repeated.

Then she sprang towards me, her lovely face all aglow, and took my arm and held it:

"Oh, Milly, Milly, if you ever cared about me, even the least little bit, make him divorce me soon. He is so good and kind, I am sure he will, and you will tell him. Then it would be all right for us all."

"That is the one thing I cannot tell him," I answered, passionately.

"Oh, yes, Milly, yes, you can."

I made my way to the door. I could not kiss her again; her very beauty seemed to fade from my sight. I could only see the heart-broken man who had sat and sobbed at my table at dawn, with the early sunlight streaming in on his hair, as the cry was wrung from him, "I have been so good to her, so good to her!"

I turned to Dora.

"I shall not come again," I said, "till——"

"Till what?" she asked, defiantly.

"I don't know," I returned.

As I ran out into the street, I knocked up against a man who was walking quickly towards the house. It was Claudio.

Before I knew what I was doing, I quickly brushed with my right hand the left shoulder of my cloak, where that shoulder had rubbed against him. And without any greeting I fled down the gloomy street.

CHAPTER XVI.

He shall lead His flock like a shepherd.

I WENT again to live with my aunt. She was ailing, and was glad to have me to nurse her. Following Mrs. Claxton's example, I placed my sea-side house in the hands of agents, "to be let furnished."

Months passed away. I heard nothing of Dora, and I endeavored, though not always successfully, to harden myself altogether against her. One thing I determined: I would not go to her again. Of that I was certain.

In the mean time, Edward Wilmington shut himself up, hermit-wise, in his country home. Rumor asserted that he had grown absolutely morose and silent. Nevertheless, he more than once asked me to visit him. But I would not. I stayed on among the Sussex wolds, and read Dickens to my aunt, or played cribbage with the vicar, who came fairly often to dine, but did not renew his offer of marriage to me. And autumn passed, and winter, and spring was with us again. I used to take long lonely walks on the downs, and watch the sunset, and meditate upon the problems of life, less contentedly, perhaps, than I had done a year ago. I thought I must be growing very old, for I could contemplate no future; was not the present, so to speak, shut in by a mental dark wall? Yet even the present I could scarcely endure to reflect upon; I would gladly have blotted out all present griefs. I told myself that I had only the past. It is said that old people dwell entirely in the past. Alas! I found retrospection often difficult. What joy did the past hold for me? I seemed to myself like one of the ancient worn mile-stones which I came upon at regular intervals during my lonely walks—put in place to be buffeted by rain or wind, to mark distance for no one in these solitudes, to be of use to none, yet condemned to stand on a dreary road, with a mere pretence of usefulness, for ever and ever.

Sometimes I envied the lot of the shepherd whose gray-coated figure loomed picturesquely against the sky-line, as he stood, crook in hand, silent and motionless for long spaces of time, cherishing perhaps, Scripture-wise, a young lamb in his arms, the tender hues of early evening above and around him, the sheep in shadow at his feet, and great tracts of grass stretching in undulating lines as far as eye could see. Did he meditate? Did he dream? He was himself a figure of Peace. Had peace come to him slowly, after struggles and troubles, or had the nature of his calling blessed him from youth upwards, so that perchance, like Enoch, he had ever walked in ways that are not men's ways? As I watched him, a saying of Thoreau's often came to my

mind: "What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?"

One day I started off, intending to speak to the old man. He was old, crippled with years and rheumatism,—his figure all the more pathetic thereby. But I turned back again. He could not have understood my griefs, I could not have learned from him his serenity. Yet I thanked him mentally for such quieting thoughts as the sight of his gray rock-like figure suggested, and I wandered away—away as far as my feet could carry me—across the golden-green downs, and when I was utterly weary and worn out I sat down on the short scented grass and tried once more to thresh out the puzzles of Dora's life. How was it with her all this while? The spring of earth's seasons had come. Nature's gracious generous hand was hiding and covering up all the darkness and desolation of earth. Was it not also meant, as in the sweet old fable of Demeter and her child, that we, poor human beings, should bury and make the best of any sorrow, and allow the green leaves and perfumed buds of forgiveness and peace to blossom out and conceal—if not altogether elbow out—the anguish and wrath of our tired spirits?

I had not mentioned to Wilmington Dora's last request; I found it impossible to do so, for more reasons than one. That he himself did not lean to her desire was expressed in one of his letters to me. "I shall take no proceedings against her," he had written. Otherwise, he never mentioned her. The letters which I received from him were cold and uninteresting; he seemed to write them chiefly because a kind of duty impelled him. Perhaps he could not make up his mind to sever the only link that bound him to Dora.

As I sat lonely, thinking out my thoughts among the wide and peaceful scenes where the wind swept unchecked for miles, and only the song of a lark or the cry of a partridge broke the stillness, it dawned upon me slowly that I ought to go against my own feeling and Edward's and win from him the promise of a divorce for Dora. She had been with Claudio the greater part of a year already. The fact of such a position for her had at first been an overwhelming shock to me; it had beaten on my mind like a hammer with intense and ghastly persistence; now the first poignancy of horror had ceased, and despair ached within me with dull pain. Of the scandal I knew nothing. Between my aunt and myself Dora's name was never mentioned, and perhaps it is one of the blessings of relationship that we are out of hearing of how the world prattles regarding those who are our near kith and kin. Thus, as the months passed, and I began to count our separation by its first year, there grew to be more pain than anger in my heart for Dora, and pain is sometimes (though not always) the herald and companion of love. Habit, too, is hard to go against. My little sister had been my one thought all her life; was it strange that I found myself often asking silently, "What shall I do for her? What does she need? How can I better her lot?"

Again and again I went mentally over our last interview and her last prayer to me. It may be that some will think, when they read the present chapter, that my perceptions of right and wrong were be-

coming blunted from too much inward reasoning and too much solitary contemplation of facts from which a more delicate mind must have turned away in revolt. I know not. I must needs tell my story as it was.

There seemed but small chance, I thought, that Dora would ever return to us, even if her husband should consent again to take her back. Was it not my part, as her best and truest friend, to right her as much as possible in the eyes of the world, to make her crooked self-chosen path more straight? As for Edward, it was not easy to think calmly of his misfortunes. Yet life might be bettered for him also. There were few people from whom he would take advice; I knew that; nevertheless he had taken it before now from me. He might take it again. It may be that I was too confident in my own power over him. Strange as it appears, I did not question this.

Then, all of a sudden, a temptation great as any that beset the monks of old in the desert swept over me, and the violence and suddenness of it nearly beat the breath from my body.

Time, who is supposed to heal so many griefs and smooth out so many troubles, had not done much for me. One drawer in my heart I was accustomed to keep carefully locked, knowing that if I were to unlock and open it the scent of mignonette must pour out and rise to my brain and madden and suffocate me,—that sweet scent from the far-off day when Dora and I stood on the veranda, in the house by the sea, and Edward Wilmington, blithe and debonair, passed under our windows, and looked up, and passed again.

What would he be to me—I thought for the first time—if Dora were divorced? Would he become an ordinary friend, a casual acquaintance, a stranger? Or must he still be brother-in-law of mine, and therefore (though in one sense the dearer for the tie) still fettered, still as far removed from me as man's laws—not God's—could make us? Ah, but this planet holds other lands than England!

My pulses beat fast. There was horror in the first moments of thought, and then attraction, irresistible attraction. In my agony I threw myself on my knees by the lonely roadside, and prayed,—prayed that this unexpected temptation might pass from me. And it passed, for that day at least. I would do nothing in the matter of a divorce; I might be happy in my inertness, for no one would blame me, I should not blame myself. This projected freedom of Dora's was not a thing which I could rightfully touch. And what, after all, is the harm of temptation, if none need know that we have gone through it? I wiped the beads of anguish from my forehead.

But the next day I reasoned with myself again. Shall I (thus I freshly argued) because of my own weakness, which I can hide as before under the stout armor of courage, shall I be the one to sacrifice Dora? Feeling as I feel, it were assuredly easier for me to lift no finger in the matter, for it is always easier to put difficulties out of sight than to face them. To be supine is to leave good undone. This struggle I must face at any cost. Oh, coward, coward that I have been!

Yet scarcely had I come to my new conclusion when I misdoubted

myself once more. Might not a certain possibility, which I dared not put into actual words, lurk, like a tempter in angel's garb, luring me on to think more of myself, after all, than of Dora?

So I fell to praying again, in my doubt and despair, and each day I went out into the wild country, and wandered over the quiet downs to still my unquiet spirit, and wearied myself with walking till I dropped upon the cool greensward, and wrestled there with the problems of my anxious heart as best I could, and prayed and prayed again.

And weeks and even months passed by, till one day peace fell upon me, and I hesitated no longer.

Then I went home and told my aunt that I must go to London for a few days on business. She looked her surprise, but made no inquiries. Next I wrote and asked Edward to meet me at a certain hotel, for I wished to speak to him. I had no more doubts now. It seemed as though my prayers had been answered and a path through the wilderness were shown to me.

Edward telegraphed back his acquiescence in my arrangements; all plans for my journey were easily carried out, and thus it was that I awaited his coming one hot summer's day in a sombre London room, where the sky seemed shut in by opposite brick walls, and black dust came off on my fingers from every chair or table that I put my hand upon.

I waited in utmost impatience and nervousness. It was so long since he and I had met. Letters had kept us somewhat in touch, yet sad and lonely people drift away from their fellows more quickly than those who rub and mix with the world. He and I—Dora gone from us—had surely gravitated farther and farther apart, as each month came and went.

At last the door opened, and Mr. Wilmington was announced. Ah, he was altered, after all!—gray-haired now, and sunk about the eyes, though healthy and weather-beaten as one who leads a country life. He had suffered much, evidently,—more even than I surmised.

"Yes, Milly," he said, in answer to my questioning looks, "I know I've changed: never mind me. How are you?—quite well?"

He fixed on me his kind well-remembered gaze. Yet we conversed stiffly for a while—of his property, his old servants, the sale of his yacht, my aunt's health, and the like. Then we came to the point.

"You wished to see me," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you, Milly? You know how glad I should be."

My heart quailed. But I determined to speak out bravely. I had made things right with my own soul; nothing else could really matter. Even supposing him to be so angry, thought I, that he might never wish to see me again? Well, I should have done my utmost for Dora. I should cling to that consciousness of having done my duty which is not always so cheerless a reward as it appears. Cheerless, did I say? It seemed cold and uninviting enough now. What if indeed I were never to see Ned again? My heart stood still. But my mind, bracing itself, instantly evoked that pleading figure which had appeared to me so often in the Sussex solitudes, pleading to me to succor her, to give her a helping hand just once again.

So I spoke out without fear after the first moment, urging every reason that I could remember, every argument that I had thought out in my solitary hours.

He listened to me to the very end. He had been sitting, motionless, his hands clasped round one knee. His face was hard, set, cruel almost.

When I had quite finished speaking, and my voice had died away in a quavering sob, he said, very coldly,—

"No, I will not do that, Milly. You ask too much. Why should I do it for her?" And he added, after a moment's pause,—

"Is this all you wanted me for?"

And my heart sank, and I could say nothing. Then, as we were still sitting staring silently at each other, a telegram was brought to me.

I opened it instantly and handed it to Edward. His face grew ashen white as he read.

The telegram had been re-forwarded from Sussex, and ran thus: "Come at once, if you wish to see Dora alive. She asks for you." A London address followed; there was no signature, but I guessed that the message came from Claudio.

I turned to Dora's husband:

"You will come with me?"

"I will go with you as far as the house, and wait," he answered. His voice was choked and hoarse; he was trembling like an aspen from head to foot.

I put on my hat hastily, and we went out of doors, and jumped into a hansom, and were driven at a tearing pace to the address given in the telegram. We did not speak on the way, not once. Only, when we had almost reached our destination, Edward turned to me and said, in an odd, husky voice,—

"Milly, I retract: I would do anything in the wide world to make her happy; even that,—yes, even that. If she lives, it shall be as you say."

CHAPTER XVII.

Alas, my heart!
Hers never was the heart for you.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I LEFT Edward sitting in the cab, and I rang the bell and then ran up-stairs wildly, before the startled servant who had opened the door could stop me or speak. I went as far as the drawing-room, and there, at the entrance, stood Claudio, very pale, his face worn and altered by watching at Dora's bedside, though I did not know at that time whether he had watched closely or no.

"I thought you would come," he said. He put out his hand, but I would not take it. He appeared not to notice my shrinking movement.

"Come in," he said, dully, opening another door on the same landing. A small back drawing-room had been turned into a bedroom; it

was darkened. At first I could scarcely see the form of the poor girl, who lay propped on pillows. I started violently, and exclaimed, for on my ear fell a strange sound,—the low cry of a baby.

Then Dora's feeble lips murmured, "Milly, Milly," and I ran to her, and kissed her.

I held her tightly in my arms. She seemed mine once more, my own childish, innocent Dora. My tears fell like rain down my cheeks and down hers also. For a moment or two only. Then I calmed myself by a great effort.

I unloosed my clasp of her, and let the soft brown head fall gently back upon its pillows. I forced away my tears, but I could not steady myself so as to speak cheerfully to my poor girl.

I could only see that she lay like a broken flower. Who has not felt pity for a flower broken sharp off on its stem by a sudden storm? The colors of the lovely petals are not yet faded, the petals themselves have scarcely yet drooped, but the life is ebbing, ebbing fast. Even as we look, the calyx closes, the leaves cling heavily together, beauty and freshness are quickly slipping away; the flower lies, with its delicate head bruised, on the cold ground.

I murmured something about wishing to see the baby, and made my way to the door, beckoning Claudio to follow me.

He had been standing, stolidly as it seemed to me, leaning up against the wall, his arms crossed, his heavy-lidded eyes fixed meaninglessly on the ground.

As he followed me out into the passage, it struck me that his face was haggard and ghastly pale, and his chin and cheeks bore the appearance of having been unshaven for several days. But I could not feel sorry for him.

"What is it with her?" I asked, revengefully. "Is she so ill? What is killing her? Answer me, man. You are responsible for her. Answer me, do you hear?"

He bowed his head slightly, as though in acceptance of responsibility. Then he lifted his dull eyes and fixed them on me, as he answered, still in that feelingless mechanical way,—

"It is puerperal fever. The doctor who brought it calls it so."

"And the baby?"

"Oh, it is very well, I believe. It was born nine or ten days ago. It has a nurse. I sent it out of the room when you came."

There was a faint sound from the bed.

"You had better go back," went on Claudio, as monotonously as ever. "Dorina calls you."

I gave a slight start. The change of name, that tone of proprietorship——!

I went back swiftly to my darling's bedside; I was unconsciously shuddering. I had left Claudio leaning up against the passage wall, his hands in his pockets, his eyes dull to vacuity.

Alas, was there indeed no hope? Oh, there must be, there should be!

Yet, as I sat by Dora's bed, and gazed into her pitifully changed face, I read there that Death had of a truth come to take her from us

all. I held one little feverish restless hand. He, Death, pulled at the other, and his was the stronger hold.

She turned uneasily in bed.

"Claudio," she murmured, "Claudio."

"Do you want him?" I asked. It was too late to quarrel with her. She nodded.

I rose from my seat to call. But he had already heard the faint whisper.

"Ecco," he said, taking my place at once. "I am here. What will you?"

She stretched out two little thin arms to him.

"T' amo," she murmured, drawing his dark head down towards her own, "t' amo—I love—I love——"

And then she bade him take his violin and play. She must have done so, for, though he gave her a long look of reluctance and remonstrance, he proceeded to obey. She pointed to the instrument, which lay in its case on a chair, and then she pointed to the door, and she smiled.

It was a strange request; he needed courage to fulfil it. He went out, gazing at her over his shoulder, longingly, as though he could not endure to tear himself from her, even at her bidding.

I sat and watched him in silence; then I sat on alone beside Dora, whose face was unutterably happy. Did she know that she was dying? Who could say? I could not tell her. I felt spell-bound, struck dumb by the strangeness of it all. Yet I must speak to her. For was not Edward waiting down below, waiting wearily, impatiently, perhaps,—a stranger at his wife's door? But, whilst I tried to shape my puzzled thoughts, a note of tenderest melody rose out from a further room. It rose and fell and rose again, wailing sorrowfully and weirdly,—pianissimo all the while,—unutterably thrilling and penetrating. Where had I heard the strange mystical tune before? Ah! Now I remembered. A whole scene of the past rose before me: Madame Loireau making coffee, the professor in his dressing-gown and green bead slippers, his son bowing in foreign style, and, by the window in the twilight, a slender young violinist with a passionate face and the fingers of a magician playing passages from Tannhäuser.

I bent down to Dora. I must speak, yet my task seemed hopeless.

But she spoke first.

"Milly," she said, in spasmodic intervals, "it is not—not sausage. Oh, there is something that is not——" Her face was transfigured. "I sent him away that I might tell you. Do you remember how we used to—our nonsense . . .? Oh, if I could begin again! I would not be so foolish, so sure of myself. . . . I have been sorry for Edward, often, often. I always said, you know, Milly, it was you . . . you . . . not me——"

"Hush!" I implored. "Oh, Dora, Edward is here! He came with me. You will see him? say you will see him!"

"I can't! I can't!" she cried. She seemed terrified, and raised herself, looking round anxiously. Then she sank back. "It doesn't matter now," she murmured. "Nothing matters. Oh, Milly, how terrible it is to die! I used to think I could not care, but now—now—"

I am afraid. Milly, help me, help me!" She flung her arms round me with a familiar gesture. "Oh, you have always helped me!" she cried.

"I would help you now," I murmured. "Dora, you know I would give my life for yours."

And I meant the words I said.

"My life?" she repeated, with startled eyes. "What is life, Milly? Oh, it is all that is beautiful, sweet. I cannot, I will not give it up!"

My heart ached for her. What could I say? Above all, what ought I to say? How could I speak of another world to this child who, at the threshold of Death, was turning back to look so longingly on that life which was but opening for her? I felt incapable of such a task.

Then I prayed silently, knowing that God has teachings of His own, even at the supremest moments, teachings which to us poor mortals, lookers-on, are spoken in a language unknown.

Yet Dora only clung to me, and repeated,—

"Help me, Milly! help me, save me!"

I bent down and kissed her. I held her close, as I had held her so often when she was but a little child, when she had been wild and wilful and it had been my part to forgive her sins.

She whispered, almost sighed out, again, "I am afraid, afraid."

Tremulously I urged my plea again.

"Don't be afraid of Edward," I said, brokenly. "He is goodness itself."

The violin, still playing in that divine undertone, unerring and faultless as though the one who touched it had not touched sorrow also, seemed slightly to change its text. Or perchance it was my deluded ears that recognized amidst the mournful wailing some notes of hope and praise. But Dora recognized them likewise. Even in the half-dark I could see the anxious expression on her face growing tender, peaceful, rapt almost in its intensity. Was there not a smile smoothing the piteous mouth? Without a word, she let me unclasp the arms that circled my neck.

I hurried to the door. I went hastily down-stairs and summoned Edward. There was no one about. He did not question me. I led him up-stairs: we went quickly and quietly. In another moment he was standing at Dora's bedside.

And all the while the violin played softly,—surely not Tannhäuser now, but something more unearthly, more as it were a song of heavenly love and pity. And I stood alone in the passage and listened. And my heart's wild beating throbbed and rose with the music in a kind of strange joy and expectancy. It was as though I were taken out of myself, on the wings of some gentle spirit, and borne into that land where "shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," but only such peace as we cannot yet comprehend. And time passed as I stood thus, but I could not measure the time. The music never paused. It fell, almost to silence, but not quite, and then it rose in pain, and presently in triumph, yet again.

I cannot tell exactly how it all happened then. There was a new arrival, the doctor; but, even as he appeared, that other one—Edward

Wilmington—came out of the sick-room. There were tears in his eyes; my own tears fall and blot this page as I think of those tears of his. But his face was calm and grandly set and beautiful; it was like the face of an angel. He did not speak to me. He passed by me, and went into the room where Claudio was.

The music had ceased. The last wailing notes had died away like the sigh of a passing spirit. The violinist sat, his head pillowed on his arms, his face concealed. He was sobbing violently.

On the floor beside him lay the violin, which had slipped from his hands; uncared-for it lay there, thrown aside by its owner for perhaps the first time, a broken string torn from the pegs.

Through the open door I saw Wilmington go up to Dora's lover and say, gently, "Come,—come to her."

At the words, Claudio rose, stumbled over his violin, and followed. I doubt whether he knew who it was that bade him come. He walked as one whose senses have deserted him.

The two men, Edward first, re-entered Dora's room hastily. I came quickly after.

Then I saw Dora, struggling to sit up in bed, stretching out her arms. To whom? to whom? There was a look of ineffable love in the great blue eyes which strained towards the door of the room, as though the soul itself would fly out at those sweet windows.

"A word for me—oh, just one word for me!" I cried. Or perhaps I did not say the words, perhaps I only felt them; my heart was numbed, my lips parched. Time seemed merged in pain. I stood at the door of the room a moment, a second, an hour—I know not which.

Was it the doctor's hand that touched my arm? Was it the doctor's voice that whispered,—with strange heartlessness, as it seemed,—
"She is dying!"

I made a step forward. I saw Claudio kneeling beside the bed, his face hidden in the bed-clothes. I saw Edward standing by, erect and calm, and his look was of infinite pity. And I saw Dora's face, gray, startled—

And before I could reach her, I fell forward in a deep swoon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Belovèd, thou art like a tune that idle fingers
Play on a window-pane.
The time is there, the form of music lingers;
But O thou sweetest strain,
Where is thy soul? Thou liest i' the wind and rain.
Even as to him who plays that idle air
It seems a melody,
For his own soul is full of it, so, my Fair,
Dead, thou dost live in me,
And all this lonely soul is full of thee.

ALICE MEYNELL.

I DID not see Edward Wilmington for some months after Dora's death.

One day—I was living in lodgings in London at the time—he walked into my sitting-room, and, after he had shaken hands with me,

he sat down opposite to me, and sighed drearily, as though he were waiting for me to speak.

I was shocked at the change in his appearance. His hair was quite white now, his face sunk and thin; the mouth drooped sadly, and many deep lines had gathered about the eyes and brows. As I looked at him, my heart went out as it had always done for him since that first day when he passed and repassed below our veranda, within sound of the sea, and with the scent of mignonette—ay, the same plant of which I keep one dried flower in an envelope under lock and key—the sweet scent of mignonette floating up to us, Dora and me. Alas! he looked years older since then. Perchance so did I.

"Well?" I asked, for he was scanning my gown of black crape, and now his eyes travelled up to my face.

"Well?" he repeated, with a miserable attempt at a smile. "I am going away,—going abroad, Milly; and so I came to say good-by."

"Good-by?" I repeated.

That is a terrible word to some of us. One readily forgets the beautiful meaning,—God be with you. Only the pang of meaning which custom and many partings have taught remains. Good-by! It is the tearing asunder of some heart-string, and such strings hurt when they are torn—more or less.

"Good-by?" I repeated, blankly.

"Yes. I can't stand the country—I hate the place; I've tried to do my duty by it, God knows: I shall sell it, now. You may be sure of one thing, Milly: whenever I do come back, that is, if I come back, I'll look you up at once."

"Yes?"

"You and I have passed through the fire together, after all. One grief has seared us both. Ah, Milly——"

He sighed deeply, and covered his face with his hands. For a moment we sat in silence.

There was a clock ticking loudly in the room. It had worried me often before; now, the sound seemed unendurable. I got up from my seat, and went to the chimney-piece and stopped the thing,—how, I know not. I pulled at the pendulum; perhaps I broke the works. Anyhow, there followed merciful silence.

Edward looked up, smiling.

"Milly, you are as impetuous as ever! You had that in common with Dora. And yet, how different! Dora said—Dora said——"

"Oh, Edward, tell me what you said to her before she died."

He could not speak for a moment. Then he spoke, brokenly:

"I told her I had always loved her; I forgave her; I told her I had promised you to free her."

"And she—what did she say?"

"She did not care,—she was not likely to,—except that I said I would free her. Oh, Milly, was she ever my wife? In that she never loved me, but loved another, I cannot think of her as my wife."

Then I went quickly to him, and took his hand.

"Yes, Edward," I said, "she was your wife. My Dora was your wife."

He looked up at me sorrowfully.

"Be it so, then. And yet, had she lived, according to your own wish she would have been Claudio's."

"Why do you harp on that now?" I asked, irritably.

He gazed at me lingeringly. I could not read the meaning of his gaze, but I felt myself changing color. How I loved him! I would have died for him, not once—as I acknowledged in the secrecy of my passionate thought—not once, but again and again, if I could but save him sorrow and give him new life and hope. Ah me! Was it not sin to love him thus?

But we neither of us spoke. I dropped his hand. He picked up his walking-stick from the floor where he had placed it with his hat, and began playing with the stick, nervously.

"One thing, Milly, tell me. Dora's baby——"

"Do you not know it died?"

"Ah! No; I never inquired. How should I?"

Edward got up from his chair, took a turn up and down the room, and came and sat down again. He took out his watch, looked at the time, replaced the watch.

"Now I must go, Milly," he said, in an odd constrained voice. "How short a time we have known each other—not three years from first to last, is it? And yet we seem to know each other so well."

"Yes."

"We never disagree, do we?"

"No," I stammered. "Oh, Ned, Ned, don't go from me! don't go!"

I threw myself on my knees beside him. I forgot everything, except the fact that I must lose him,—he, the only creature in the world to whom I clung.

"I am so lonely, Ned," I sobbed, "so lonely. Oh, don't go! don't leave me!"

I leaned my head against his knee. All my self-control, my steady manners, my usual courage—all had forsaken me. The sight of him reopened every old wound.

"Poor child," he said, laying a hand on my hair. I could hear that there were tears in his voice.

Gradually, I grew quiet. He stroked my hair once or twice. It was so new, so delightful to be consoled, even by the slightest touch.

"Milly," he said at last, very low, "do you care for me? Is it possible that you care for me? Tell me, if it had been different, if instead of Dora it had been you——"

"I have always loved you," said I.

"God bless you for it!" he said. He bent down and kissed my hair.

Possibly we were both wrong. Possibly we were sinning against the law, though not against our own hearts.

But the law of England is not the law of all the world, not the law of all Christianity.

"Good-by," said Edward again. We were standing now, face to face. No further words had been uttered between us, but the

knowledge that we understood each other seemed to lie between us like a bond of peace.

Yet we were not lovers. Edward was a sorrow-stricken man, whose youth, methinks, and sweetness of love, lay buried with faithless Dora; I was already a woman past her prime, though tender and fresh in mind, and as capable of devotion, surely, as the most love-sick girl might be. Still, I was not Dora. I was not a girl, radiant in beauty, alluring as a will-o'-the-wisp, to be wooed with a lover's deepest ardor.

I knew my shortcomings, as I stood forlornly facing him who alone could sway my very being by a word or touch. Also, I knew the truth but too well. I knew how hopeless it was for me to think of any one else. Edward Wilmington held the rest of my life in his grasp to make or to mar.

And he? He was looking at me steadily. A new light seemed to have come into his eyes: he had not held up his head like this half an hour since. And yet his face was full of pain. Yes, joy and pain were warring in his countenance, as in his deepest soul.

"I must go, Milly," he said. "I must go abroad for a time. But you will expect me, wait for me. By and by I will ask you to come. Would you have courage, Milly, to begin a new life—a new home—in some far-off country, perhaps? Can you trust me?"

I bowed my head in acquiescence; I answered him with every fibre of my being.

Then he took me in his arms and kissed me.

"You will write to me?" he said. Again there were tears in his voice. "And you will be content to wait?"

I am content to wait.

THE END.

MAGAZINE FICTION

AND HOW NOT TO WRITE IT.

IT is a more modest and manageable undertaking to say how a thing should not be done than to show how to do it: negative advices are generally the easiest and safest.

But why Magazine Fiction? Is there any real difference between the stories which come out first (and perhaps last) in the periodicals and those which appear only in volumes by themselves?

Certainly. The difference in the conditions under which they appear involves a difference of character—not in every individual case, but between the two classes. Some novels are “magaziny” and some are not; yet the magazines have missed not a few which might have adorned and benefited them, while they have included several (to put it moderately) which should have seen the light only in book form. For instance, the experiment of printing George Meredith serially can hardly be successful. But this is anticipating. Let me try to indicate the points of difference.

For one thing, the writer of books has “all the time there is,” and can cover as much space as he pleases. Not so with the magazinist; he is limited to his twelve parts or his hundred pages. Novels like *Middlemarch* and *Marcella* do not appear in periodicals, if only because there is no room for them.

Nor is it only in respect of length that the magazine—whichever or whatever it be—imposes its limitations on its contributors. It has its own *clientèle*, its own rules, its own tone and traditions. Perhaps its readers do not care for the past, and require their heroes and heroines to “act, act in the living Present;” perhaps they insist that every tale shall end happily; perhaps they yearn for dialect—or more probably they are very tired of it. A magazine is obliged to be moral and inoffensive as well as entertaining: it must neither bore its patrons nor tread on the toes of any of their pet prejudices. When the disappointed author, enraged at the loss of his postage-stamps as well as of prospective gain and glory, curses the hide-bound narrowness of the soulless and brainless editor, he should remember that the editor is merely a middleman who caters to the wants of customers, without the power to force their tastes. On breaking the chains of this connection, the indignant author can be free as air: he can be realist or romancer, can cultivate French *motifs* or German profundity, can describe and psychologize, and let his intellect play at its own sweet will. All he has to do is to write his book to suit himself, and then to find a publisher, who can usually be found if the book is likely to suit a sufficient number of other people.

It may appear from this showing that the interests of literature, so far as fiction is concerned, are better served by books than by magazines. And this might be so if the largest liberty were always desirable, and restraint a bad thing for human nature. Yet it would be possible

to name more than one novelist of repute whose work would be better if he had borne the yoke in his youth, and continued to bear it in his maturity. Genius should be free, and talent too, no less than common thought and speech; yet the curb of public opinion is not altogether an unwholesome thing; and this is brought to bear in part through the censorship of critics, but more directly and effectively by that of the conductors of periodicals.

Whatever the limitations of magazines, the fact remains that nearly every author prefers to reach the public through their pages when he can. By them he gets a definite payment in advance, and at least the opportunity of a large audience; whereas his book must wait for extremely uncertain returns of cash, and—except in the cases of a very few well-known names, or the chance hit of a popular sensation—will reach a far smaller circle of readers. All that is to be said on the other side is that a book bears a certain halo of dignity, though almost wholly traditional and suppositious. It is supposed to be permanent—though most of the copies, in many if not most cases, return to the paper-mill at last. Its producer is "an author": his name goes into the cyclopædias and biographical dictionaries, whatever that sort of fame is worth—in effect it is worth very little. And whatever help or hinderance the critics may afford to a rising or risen reputation is received almost solely by the book. Magazines are supposed to be ephemeral. A novel may run through one of them, be read with delight (or otherwise) by a hundred thousand people, or perhaps by half a million, and receive a casual line or two of notice in the papers. It reappears in book form, sells two thousand or five thousand copies, and is elaborately reviewed, usually as if it had never been seen or heard of before, when almost every one knows it and has formed his opinion of it months ago. This is one of the curiosities of criticism.

The fact remains that magazines are a more popular form of literature than books. Mr. Howells said some memorable things on this subject last year. He said in substance, if I remember rightly, that men read newspapers and some few books, while women read magazines; that women are in our time more highly educated than men, and have more taste for literature and more leisure to indulge it; and thus that the magazines maintain a higher standard than do books in general. These remarks are of course to be taken in a large way, like every attempted classification of large matters: thus taken, they seem to be true and important. To keep on disregarding magazines, after the fashion of fifty years ago, is an anachronism: not to be familiar with them is to be a "back number." In our time it is impossible to "get an education," and to keep on getting it, without them. Their influence, as contributions to knowledge and pleasure alike, is incalculable. They are more widely read than anything else except the newspapers, and they are no more likely to be superseded by newspapers than they are themselves wholly to displace books. Twenty people will pay from fifteen to thirty-five cents for a magazine, which gives them samples of everything that now occupies and attracts the human mind—fiction, travel, science, history, biography, criticism, poetry, athletics, even politics—to one who will spend a dollar on a bound novel;

and the novels which can be bought for the price of a magazine are usually either not new or by no means the best.

This is not to deny that some of the best novels appear only in book form. Those of Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, have not yet graced the magazines; chiefly because they are too long, and partly because they need to be read slowly, deliberately, thoughtfully—by no means at a sitting, nor in conventionally forced instalments. They contain not merely the story, but all manner of philosophic and sociological and theological treatises. George Meredith may be the most brilliant intellect now producing English fiction, but one wants time, and a great deal of it, to dig out his deep meanings and translate his coruscations into the language of ordinary thought: his prose is no more magaziny than were Robert Browning's poems. When periodicals introduce these great names, they do it for the sake of the name, not of the matter.

On the other hand, there is a kind of fiction, not in itself necessarily despicable, which is or should be *taboo* to the magazines, not from its profundity but from its prolixity. As it is possible to be too abstruse, so it is easy to be too continuously concrete and obvious, not to say transparent. A chronicle of anybody's every-day thoughts and feelings and doings, if managed with sufficient skill, may have abundant human interest for some of us; but a little of that sort of thing goes a long way with a magazine. Most of Mr. Crawford's works might fitly have appeared in the periodicals if he had chosen; it is not so with his last new departure. There is no apparent reason why the history of Katharine Lauderdale and her friends should not go on forever. It fills two volumes already, and this is only the beginning. A first-class magazine also expects to go on forever, but not in this way: it wants constant variety of subject and style, of pens and points of view.

Between newspapers, magazines, and books, there ought to be room for every one to ease his bosom of its perilous stuff. If Mrs. Bullion's efforts fail to win appreciation among middlemen, she has the privilege of printing at her own expense. If Jane Ethelinda's story comes back on her hands with disheartening uniformity, let her give it to the village paper. Nor need Mr. Worthy Penman feel insulted if perchance his honored name fails to secure acceptance for his latest romance at the first trial. The editor is not always an ogre. Probably he does not wish to crush young aspirations, nor yet to quarrel with established repute. If the anxious contributor, new or old, could get at the secrets (which he naturally guards from prying eyes) of his procrustean brain and ossified heart, perhaps it would appear that he is not malignantly rejoicing at a brother's discomfiture.

"Why do you condemn my tale?" cries the angry author.

"I don't condemn it: I merely say it is not exactly suited to our use."

"Haven't you printed worse things?"

"Heavens! yes," the jack-in-office admits, driven into a corner; "but, you see, we are trying to raise our tone, and—"

"And this would lower your tone, eh? Not worth printing, is it?"

"On the contrary, it ought to appear somewhere, but—"

"But you mean it isn't magaziny?"

"Well, it ought not to be divided; that would detract from its force. Bring it out in a volume: it will make a beautiful book."

It remains to mention certain traits which, though pardonable and possibly attractive in a detached novel, standing alone and travelling on its beauty without adventitious aids, are heavy handicaps when it aims to appear in company with other matter and under a standard not its own. A serial is one house in a row; a complete magazine novel is at most but semi-detached—and hardly so much, for the rules of its architecture are to some extent prescribed by its companionship. In building your house, it makes a good deal of difference whether it is to be enclosed by its own grounds or to be jostled and pinched by others. In the former case, you have all the liberty you can use; in the other, not so much. It is a question of conformity or dissent: one may be a strict Independent, owning no rules but such as he makes for himself, or he may fall into line and submit to a moderate amount of discipline.

The magazine story, long or short, does not admit of padding. That is, it ought not to; there have been cases in which the moderator of the meeting, too easy-tempered or deferring too much to an eminent name, neglected to enforce the rules. But let us here at least enforce the ideal, and assume that what ought to be, is. When a tale begins, "The golden orb of day was slowly sinking among the hills, shedding an effulgent glory over the distant landscape," the discerning reader, whether official or volunteer, is apt to pause right there. He knows exactly what happens when the orb of day finds it time to disappear, and he does not care for your fine language unless it conveys a fact or an idea worth noting. If you could describe a sunset, now, as Mr. Du Maurier describes Trilby's singing—but that is so unlikely a contingency that it may be left out of the account. The discerning reader has read eloquent descriptions of mountains and waves and what not, from the most eminent past-masters and mistresses of verbal landscape-painting, until he has had enough of them; he wants no echoes and imitations. That is, these might do in a book, even a beautiful book; but there is no room for them in a magazine, which has only so many pages to a number and so many lines to a page. While the circumspect author is describing and reflecting and meditating and expounding the inwardness of the Thus-and-so and the outwardness of the Which-and-t'other—ploughing up the adjacent country, so to speak, and searching for the remote roots of his more immediate theme in the Garden of Eden and the fall of Babylon—the afflicted reader is moved as was the legendary Scotsman whose dying spouse, careful and troubled about many things, was unburdening her mind of too many last instructions: "Dinna fash yersel aboot a' that, but get on wi' the deen'!" "Get on with your story!" he would fain adjure his dilatory entertainer: "dispense with these irrelevant preliminaries, and hurry on the action (if any): develop the motives of your characters, let them say what they have to say and do their little deed: get in your work, or make way for those who can and will."

But why should these objections lie against the magazine story and not against the volume? Because the volume stands on its own feet,

and those only buy and read it who are prepared (presumably) to take the isolated author, however leisurely and self-indulgent, on his own terms: whereas those who buy and read (or try to read) the magazine do so on *its* reputation. And also because the reader of magazines has less time to spare and (if Mr. Howells is right) is more exigent than the reader of books. There is no hurry about the book—not a few have spent months over David Grieve or *The Heavenly Twins*; whereas the magazine is read overnight or in the next day or two—not with less cerebral activity or less closeness of attention, but with these on the stretch and often on the jump. The magazine reader as a rule is the more business-like person, and he has a right to demand that those who write for him shall be business-like too. Therefore dawdling, sauntering, and random excursions to points of supposed possible interest all over the country, but disconnected with what goes on at the home-*stead*, are out of place in magazine stories.

Several corollaries may be drawn from this proposition. It is a frequent device of the unpractised to cover pages with useless explanations of how they heard a tale which is thus elaborately put too far off from the reader to appeal to his sympathies. One writer, after describing a rural station, his waiting for the train, its appearance when it arrives, the companions of his journey, and so on, is wrecked, and spends the night on a log with an old farmer, who spins him a domestic yarn that has nothing to do with what went before. Why not give the tale direct, in the character of the old farmer? There is no law against that. Another goes all the way to Italy to meet a priest who tells him about a poor parishioner—the intended object of interest being thus two removes farther off than is necessary. Others tell of dreams, adventures with ghosts, and the like, which occurred to a friend, the narrator bearing the part of chorus instead of chief actor. What is the use of carrying water across a hill when you might get it at a spring by the door? The further you carry it, the more tepid and unpalatable it is on its belated arrival.

This is one form of padding: another is to load down one's story with any special knowledge he happens to possess, as if he must work it off somewhere. The late James De Mille, in one of his long-ago novels, had much to say about Greek hymns, which were not then as well known as some of them are now through Dr. Neale's translations. This was interesting to such as cared for that obscure and recondite topic—who might be two or three among a thousand readers—but it added nothing to his narrative. If I am a numismatist, or a conchologist, or an entomologist, does it follow that my readers (if I have any) will care for coins or shells or bugs? Will they not rather resent my dragging this lumber into what purports to be an unobtrusive and harmless tale? I might try it in a book, perhaps: if the book sinks under its own weight, only the publisher and myself suffer; but the wary editor would be prompt to discourage my attempts on his reputable periodical. He would be apt to say, "Our readers prefer their fiction plain, or 'straight.' Give us your conchology in a separate paper—or rather, offer it somewhere else. Don't mix the two."

Another offence against sound magazine canons is the light theme

that, being analyzed, amounts to nothing. It may be so cleverly handled that we read with pleasure—and then at the end are disgusted with ourselves for being pleased, and enraged at the writer for deluding us; for we thought there would be something beneath his graceful manners and airy persiflage, and lo, there is not. Whether Tommy had a sore throat or merely a cold is not a sufficient pivot for a tale to turn upon; nor (in most cases) whether it was a passion that James aroused in Euphemia's virgin breast, or merely a passing fancy. The latter *may* be so handled (though it mostly isn't) as to rise from the trivial to the serio-comic or the semi-quasi-tragic; the former cannot—except, of course, in books. There are whole libraries full of nothing but what Mrs. Atherton calls "littleism"—patterns of wall-paper, and scouring of pans, and picnics and domestic small beer, and conversations like this:

"Oh, did she? My! Honest Injun, do you really mean it?"

"Don't I just! Sarah Ann heard her, and she came straight and told me. Did you ever? Isn't it awful?"

This kind of thing, which is sometimes dignified by the name of slang, has no doubt its delighted readers—armies of them probably. But they are hardly the class that supports the magazines. A magazine of any standing would be too hard work for them.

Closely allied to the trivial is the dull. It is usually respectable, indeed: the respectable and the deadly commonplace are sworn brothers. Its name also is legion. The dull novel, or tale of whatever length, is sure to please its parent, because it is his. It pleases his home circle, and possibly his more immediate friends, from similar personal reasons, their partiality overriding such judgment as they possess. When published in book form, it is liable to please a large number who find it congenial, as depicting the dull level of their own minds and lives. These are the people who dislike originality, wit, style, thought,—whatever gives a spice to existence. These tales are often "popular;" but they do not appear in well-regulated magazines, which cannot afford to be dull.

Nor do magazines, though often besought and sorely beset to do it, admit (unless by mistake) the crude and jejune. The land is full of young writers of promise, whose performance is not yet. They have graduated at high schools and seminaries, and sometimes at colleges for either sex: they have ability—lots of it, but it is ability in the raw, in the rough. Their minds are immature, their experience inadequate to the accurate and satisfactory portrayal of life and society and human nature. One would not be harsh with them, for they may grow to full stature some day and do fine things. As it is, they frequently get into print (in books), and sometimes make a success, for there are many like them among the readers of books. But the doors of magazines must remain mildly but firmly closed against them till they have tarried a sufficient time at Jericho, and learned to understand, to observe, and to depict realities, instead of drawing on their own disordered fancies.

Fiction of the lurid, gory, and explosive order is often produced by the young and untrained, who mistake violence for strength; and sometimes by those who know better, aiming to paralyze the reader and

take him by storm. But the reader (if he understands himself) usually prefers to be approached more circumspectly. Few care to sup on horrors: "let not Medea butcher her children on the stage" is still a good rule. One is constrained to believe that Shakespeare had little hand in *Titus Andronicus*, and that little before he learned his trade. The carnage of a battle-field, the wrecked café or theatre after dynamite has done its work, had best be handled sparingly. We cannot stand very much of this sort of thing even from genius. When Mr. Stevenson described in detail the slaying of a ship's company by their guests, simply to cover up certain irregularities of these gentlemen adventurers, one felt that he was going too far. A good many things that happen on this planet are not good subjects for art: the pathetic (within limits) is always in order, but not the shocking. Moral are worse than physical horrors: the appropriate vehicle for either is the "penny-dreadful" or the yellow-covered volume, not the magazine.

The same remark applies to hysterical and shrieking tales. Though it be "the finer feelings of our nature" which overflow in them, one feels that the overflow is a guilty waste of good material and should be checked. Educated Anglo-Saxons prefer a little decent self-restraint.

Then there is the improper tale, which is of two classes. In one the author means to be bad, and in most cases goes about it delicately: in the other, ladies of the highest character write, from the purest motives, to expose the evils of free love, or the wickedness of men, or the dangers to which working girls are exposed, or some other abuse of sexual attractions or affections. The public, which takes less note of intentions than of results, is apt to merge these in one common condemnation, confounding the salacious with that which is meant to be merely monitory. This kind of plant thrives best on French soil, where it has received the most careful attention of the most expert gardeners—from Balzac and George Sand, who were moralists, to many who are much less so. A native English or American book constructed on the lines of "*Cousine Bette*," for instance, would be received with a howl of indignation. Each nation has its little peculiarities, and Anglo-Saxon standards of taste differ from those of the Latin races. Luscious novels indeed appeal to the prurient curiosity of a class not inconsiderable in numbers, and are accepted by some publishers for that reason, though they have hardly any place in our literature, strictly speaking. Few persons know how many good women write what may be called bad books. Short stories of the same nature, setting forth the heroine's struggles to preserve her chastity, or her filial devotion in sacrificing it to save her father's fortune or her mother's life, are not wanting; but these make less figure, because they usually aim at the magazines, whose editors generally have a tolerable idea of what is decent.

It is not merely the high morals of the editors, but their regard for the fixed opinions of their readers no less, that cause the too sexual tale to be rejected. The latter motive applies with no less force in the case of polemic stories—such as set forth the wickedness of Free Trade or of Protection, the Wrongs of Labor and the Rights of Capital, the advantages of one sect over another, the beauties of Deism, Agnosticism, and other unestablished tenets. It will not do to say that these con-

tentions have no place in fiction, for books like *Elsmere* and *John Ward* have entered into literature and appealed to tens of thousands; but their place is at best doubtful—usually they have no place at all—in a secular magazine. Genius will triumph over most obstacles, and art can sugar-coat an unwelcome pill; but in nineteen cases out of twenty the story which covers an apology for one doctrine or an attack upon the other has no more chance (with the periodicals) than if it were made up of offensive personalities.

Doubtless these items do not exhaust the catalogue of themes and manners which should be prohibited by all good magazines. In general, fiction may be too romantic, or too realistic. There is a sort of "romance" which used to worry Mr. Howells, and a kind of "realism" which Mr. Maurice Thompson still inveighs against; and one of them is about as bad as the other. This "romance" appeared to be like the German metaphysician's camel, a thing evolved from the inner consciousness, without known precedents in the world of life and thought, and seen in "a light that never was on sea or land," nor elsewhere than in distempered brains; this "realism" means the dirt of the slums, the flatness of conventions, and creeping copies of things not worth copying. Good editors want neither of those. Without true realism and genuine romance—actuality and ideals—good work was never done, nor did any writer ever rise to be an author.

In one case only, or in one set of cases, the most stringent rules may be relaxed—not broken. It is a case which editors are always hoping for, but which seldom occurs to gladden them. Do something that nobody has done before; let in light on a dark place; make a dull theme attractive, raise the dead to life, invest a trivial topic with dignity, cause the desert to rejoice and blossom, turn old things into new:—before such a key doors open, and hearts too. What was expected of monkeys and bears and tigers? Yet there is *The Jungle Book*. Huguenot wars were counted stale and threadbare, but *A Gentleman of France* has revived them. The world is a stiff conservative, not ready to welcome its Kiplings and Weymans till they show the stuff that is in them; but that once done, theirs is the right of way everywhere. It was the misfortune or the fault of the magazines if they did not "discover" and first exploit these two; but many a talent has risen from obscurity to fame through the monthlies, and in their pages the stars of the future may now be faintly twinkling and preparing to mount aloft.

Frederic M. Bird.

TEN DOLLARS A DAY—NO CANVASSING.

I DON'T suppose that I am any more anxious to get something for nothing than most people. The love of gambling and the love of fishing are said to have much in common; in both instances we hope to get much out of little. The gambler stakes his money, the angler stakes his time, and both reap their chief reward in the anticipation of

great things which never come—at least I can answer for the angler. As compared to the fish I have actually caught, the fish I have dreamed of catching are legion; they constituted the chief pleasures and rewards of my piscatorial expeditions. Nevertheless, I never read of the scores of advertisements in the country papers offering me sure fortune in return for a two-cent stamp, or for the trouble of writing to the advertiser, without a strong desire to try my luck. When I find some one offering me an income of one hundred and fifty dollars a week in return for light work to be done at home, I cannot resist the temptation to test the advertiser's good faith. Often I have yielded to such temptation, and written to the persons and firms who offered me just what I wanted,—an adequate income upon my own terms—light work and little of it.

I suppose that almost every one has noticed more than once these peculiar advertisements. The gist of them all is that any one who wants to make an assured income has only to write to the advertiser, and that thereafter such things as poverty and debts will be unknown. Sometimes these cards are headed, "A Sure Fortune for Every One." A few years ago they often led off with the number of dollars which the reader might make if he went into the business offered to him. For some occult reason seventy-seven dollars a week was a favorite sum; again it was ten dollars a day, or fifty dollars a week, or five dollars a day, or five thousand dollars a year,—or any other income which might impress an impecunious person as much to be desired.

Perhaps some of my readers have taken the trouble which I have been at and have grasped at the straw held out. Most of us know that if an income of seventy-seven dollars a week is to be earned honestly there must be some hard work connected with it, and that the kind-hearted person who puts us in the way of earning it will certainly ask for his share. Several persons whom I know to have answered such advertisements have been bitterly disappointed upon finding that they were invited to canvass for this or that work, and that the income depended upon the number of books sold. This little drawback became so widely known that the advertisers who were anxious to enable every one to make a handsome income undertook a new variety of bait. People were informed through cards in countless newspapers that the work which they were invited to do called for no canvassing; moreover, it could be done at home at odd moments; also that it was suitable for ladies or invalids, etc. "No canvassing," became one of the features of most of these cards. And I suppose that countless persons wrote to find out how the seventy-seven dollars a week, more or less, could be earned without canvassing, and at home, for that is the sort of work for which thousands of persons are always looking.

For the sake of this large class I took the trouble to cut out all advertisements of the sort which I came across and to enter into correspondence with a number of enterprising persons who were anxious to make my fortune. Now that the field is about exhausted, and that I am the happy possessor of at least twenty different ways of making seventy-seven dollars a week without canvassing and without leaving home, I propose to let my readers into this wealth. The number of

persons who read such cards and wonder what they are about must be amazing, if the number of dupes is any indication.

Some time ago the police of Brooklyn received information that many complaints were coming from country-people as to a certain business firm which not only offered a means of earning five dollars a day for a dollar, but threw in a bottle of Doctor Somebody's Sure Consumption Cure and a gorgeous prize. The Post-Office authorities reported to the police that the firm in question received from three hundred to five hundred letters a day. As nothing to the credit of the establishment could be discovered, a descent upon it was made. Some detectives went to the house or office of the "Doctor," and, after arresting him, broke into a back room, where they found eighteen girls engaged in wrapping up and preparing for the mail little bottles of some compound, supposed to be whiskey and water. The buyers were informed by a circular around the bottle that they could make five dollars a day by selling the Consumption Cure, and the prize consisted of a rolled gold breastpin worth perhaps five cents. When the raid was made the mail for that day was stopped, and was found to consist of two hundred and forty-two dollar bills sent in answer to the advertisement, sixty-eight letters of abuse from victims who wanted their money back, and, most curious of all, twenty or more letters from persons who had found themselves greatly benefited by the Consumption Cure and wanted more. The police broke up the establishment, knowing perfectly well, however, that it would be only a matter of a few weeks before the "Doctor," under another name and in another city, began his work again.

This out-and-out swindle, in which money is received for practically nothing, is far worse than the hoaxes which are occasionally played upon people who bite at attractive bait. We all know the man who sent a dollar for a prescription which would enable him to do without eating, and got in reply a slip of paper upon which was printed, "Take a dose of poison." Also the man who sent a quarter for "a fine steel engraving of Queen Victoria" and got a three-cent Canada postage-stamp. And the man who, in return for his half-dollar sent for a sure method of killing the potato-bug, received by mail two little pieces of wood with the directions, "Place the bug between these two pieces of wood and squeeze hard." At least these hoaxes have the possible merit of making the victim's friends laugh, even if the victim himself does not laugh.

But for the majority of the circulars sent in reply to persons who want to earn seventy-seven dollars a week there is not a good word to be said. They may be divided into three classes. First, that in which you are invited to sell some object which you buy from the advertiser; second, that in which you buy a process for making some compound which you must afterwards sell either by peddling it yourself or getting others to peddle it for you; third, that in which you are invited to do some kind of work at starvation prices, or work which cannot be done at all. I take the last of these businesses first, because it is, perhaps, of late years the most extensively advertised, and because I know personally some of the victims. For instance, the first advertisement may

read, "If you want to make a comfortable income at home, varying from fifteen to fifty dollars a week, write to the International Art Company, Post-Office Box —. No previous knowledge of the business or training required." The person who answers this advertisement will receive a card running somewhat as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—

"The business we advertise, and in which we need the services of many ladies and gentlemen, is the making of a beautiful picture called the Artograph. We send you a certain kind of picture on a delicate, specially prepared China paper, and require you to put it on card-board and apply the colors as directed. You can do it after a few days' practice. We send you, when you decide to undertake the work, a book of instructions, for which we charge you nothing, being desirous to have you in our employ, and a box of paints and brushes for which you pay less than cost,—namely, one dollar and fifty cents. No natural taste or artistic training is needed for this work; bear in mind that any one can do it. For every picture you send to us satisfactorily finished we pay you forty-five cents. We send you at first five, which when finished will net you two dollars and fifty cents, and after a little practice you can easily finish the five in a day's work. We sell these pictures to canvassers, and have never been able to get enough of them to supply the demand. As a matter of form, before sending you the first five pictures, we require you to make a deposit of one dollar as a guarantee of good faith, and we cannot undertake to start any one in the business who is not willing to make this deposit.

"We feel sure that you will be able to do this work well, and that the money earned will surprise you. State how you prefer to be paid,—by the week or by the month, or whenever you send us the finished pictures.

"Address Post-Office Box —."

Together with this precious circular comes a paper supposed to be a contract in which the victim states his willingness to devote so many hours a day to the work and to do his best. He is supposed to sign this and to enclose it with two dollars and fifty cents to the Artograph Company. In return will come five little pictures on tissue-paper, some card-board upon which to mount the pictures, and a little box of cheap paints and brushes, the whole outfit worth, perhaps, half a dollar at retail figures. This is the comedy part of the performance. The tragedy begins when the unfortunate victim attempts to do the simple work which requires "no artistic skill or previous knowledge of the business." As a matter of fact, I believe that the work is made purposely impossible. When an attempt is made to mount the tissue-paper picture upon the card-board it seems to dissolve, and the victim regards it with mingled astonishment and indignation. No matter how much care is given or how delicately it is done,—and even experts have tried their hand at it,—the result is an awful botch, which the Artograph Company will be perfectly justified in refusing as "not up to the high standard required by our patrons." Of course the upshot of the

business is that the victim loses his faith in human nature, his two dollars and fifty cents, and many hours of annoying work. This is exactly what the Artograph Company expected, and the profits on the transaction are probably sufficient to pay a handsome income to the rascals who prey upon unfortunate men and women.

I believe that there are a few concerns who really do pay for mounting and coloring cheap photographs, but the work is paid for at such a rate as to make the earnings almost nothing. Of course when such work can be done by little girls who are paid two dollars a week to sit in shops and color such prints from morning till night, it pays the outsider still less to do it. I have no means of knowing the number of persons victimized by this business every year, but the Post-Office authorities say that it is very large. The police cannot interfere unless complaints are made, and, as the victims are mostly at a long distance from the swindler and are people of small means and little intelligence, there is little danger of punishment. So far as I know, no answer is made to the indignant protests of the victim beyond a brief line to say that the Artograph Company regrets that the correspondent is not sufficiently expert to do the work required. In the original circular it is stated that the victim will be surprised at the amount of money he earns. The amount does surprise him.

There is no swindling about some of the other advertisements, and I am inclined to believe that the advice given in some instances and the methods explained for making money by peddling are frequently of value to poor persons out of work. Of course there are men and women who may make seventy-seven dollars a week, but they are in proportion to the whole number as one in a million. Between the advertiser who sells outright the article to be peddled and the one who sells a secret process for making a stock in trade, I do not know that there is much preference. To begin with the first class, the circulars I have received number some hundreds, and I am assured by each one that it offers me the chance of my life. I am told that if I undertake the canvass of my neighborhood for the photograph albums, the silver-plated spoons, the gold-plated watch-chains, the patent hair-crimpers, the silver plated pocket-scales, the half-dollar diamond rings, the one-dollar Cremona violins, etc., etc., fortune will smile upon me in the most astounding manner. Some of these firms seem to make a business of manufacturing the goods they offer, and pretend to have wonderful facilities for underselling the market on imitations of standard goods.

In all cases you are invited to sign a contract by which you become the agent of the said firm for a certain territory. I find that cheap books and Bibles are spread through the country at a tremendous rate by this system, the canvasser receiving free sample sheets of the book to be sold and getting subscriptions for it in his neighborhood, if he can. In some cases the original newspaper card is headed "A Prize for Ten Cents," or whatever sum it may be, and the reader is invited to send this small sum of money in order to get a valuable prize announced to be worth at least five dollars or more. When the ten cents are sent you receive in return a few colored lithographs, worth perhaps

ten cents, and with this prize comes a budget of offers showing how much money is to be made by canvassing for books or articles manufactured by the advertiser, and offering wonderful terms to the energetic person anxious to distinguish himself. The prospective canvasser is assured that taking subscriptions for this or that particular book is easier than luxurious idleness, and that most people are aching for a chance to subscribe. The circulars say nothing about walking from house to house for days at a time, getting nothing but angry words instead of subscriptions, and finding it hard work to keep out of the way of vicious bull-dogs taught to regard canvassers in the light of delicate morsels.

Some advertisers who hope to make money by inducing people to believe that fortune is theirs if they are willing to do light work, content themselves with offering to sell you some particular process or secret for making a variety of articles which you can peddle at a tremendous advance over the original cost. For instance, you are told how to make a bottle of hair-restorative for eight cents that you can sell for a dollar; a bottle of hair-oil for four cents that you can sell for a quarter; a ten-cent package of stove-polish for three cents; a half-dollar rubber hand-stamp for five cents, etc., etc. Starch, indelible ink, washing powder, shoe-blackening, cough-syrup, fly-paper, silver-plating fluid, artificial honey, freckle lotion, perfume, and court-plaster are some of the things which I have been invited to make and spread through my neighborhood, the profit to the advertiser being in the shape of whatever money I may pay him in return for the secret, or whatever profits he may derive from the sale to me of boxes, bottles, or labels with which to put up my goods. I am told that if I do not like canvassing myself, I can easily find lots of miserable people who will be glad to canvass for me and double their money. I am told that if I make ten thousand bottles of Magic Hair Restorer, costing me three cents a bottle, and sell them at ten cents apiece to canvassers who will retail them at a quarter, I will make seven hundred dollars, the happy canvassers will make fifteen hundred dollars, and the whole neighborhood will rejoice, except perhaps the bald-headed man who tries the Magic Restorer.

In the class of swindles, pure and simple, not a week passes that our New York Post-Office does not receive complaints from persons who say that they have sent money in response to advertisements and have received no adequate return. One of the types of this swindling game which no amount of interference upon the part of the police seems to break up for any length of time is that in which women are offered home work, with free instruction. The applicant is told that the "Artistic Needlework Company" does a large wholesale business in disposing of work performed by ladies at their own homes, and that upon receipt of one dollar samples of the work required will be forwarded. In return for the dollar the applicant gets by mail a piece of cotton velvet with a flower stamped upon it, a piece of red felt of the same size, a pattern, and a small amount of silk, the whole costing not more than twenty cents. When the pattern has been worked out and returned for inspection, the sender receives word that it is satisfactory,

but that before regular employment is given it will be necessary to forward five dollars, "in accordance with long-standing commercial usage."

When the five dollars, which may be the savings of some poor woman, have been forwarded, she receives a piece of goods, such as a mantel-cover, to be embroidered, for which, when finished, she is told that she will receive five dollars. In due time the work is done and sent to the company, and that is the last that the victim hears of the work or of her money, no matter how many letters she may send. The loss is so small that there is little likelihood of serious trouble, as the advertising is done in newspapers thousands of miles away from New York.

Some time ago there appeared in the columns of one of our city papers an invitation to every person short of money. Work was offered which the advertiser assured his readers would prove both pleasant and profitable, and could be done by any one, weak or strong, young or old, after a little practice. I had the curiosity to call at the address mentioned, not only to find out what the work consisted of, but to gain some notion of the number of persons out of employment. I knew that sometimes an attractively worded card of this kind will bring no less than five hundred answers to a newspaper office.

Upon climbing five stories of a dingy building in a side street back of the Astor House, I found a small room where sat an old man, his wife, a son, two daughters, and four assistants, all practising a new and beautiful art which might possibly lead them on to fame and fortune. The art in question consisted in coloring some cheap little lithographs with an opaque color-wash laid on to imitate oil. The stock consisted of Christmas cards for next winter, and the proprietor informed me that such was the demand for these works of art that he found it possible to offer me two cents for each card that I would color with care and good taste. He knew one young man who had actually succeeded in doing one hundred cards in a day's work of fifteen hours; but he was a wonder, who had eventually turned up as a rival of his teacher, and was now engaged in cutting down prices. The work was no more difficult than the coloring a bright child does with his paints and picture-book, but it was certainly hand-work and not printing, and in a few months advertisements in all the cheap papers of the land will probably offer "hand-painted cards by real artists of high repute" at the ridiculously low price of twenty-five cents each.

The "eminent artists" looked up from time to time as if they were accustomed to hear themselves so described without going into fits, and when the noon whistle sounded they dropped their tools and rushed down to the bake-shop. In the mean time I questioned the old man as to the chances of making my salt should I decide to become an eminent artist. He said that he would teach me the art for two dollars, to be repaid when I became expert enough to be trusted with a real lithograph. I told him that I was much obliged for the opening and that I would consider his offer. And I went away thankful to find that this was not wholly a despicable swindle, intended to get hard-earned dollars from poor people.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE MAN WHO DIED AT AMDHERAN.

THE guest drew a chair into the ring of firelight, and she to whom he had just been presented leaned gracefully back in a low seat in a shadowy corner, and crossed her hands over the fan which served as a fire-screen.

"How odd that you two should actually have met in Spain," said the pretty hostess, settling herself in a rocking-chair, "and that I never heard you mention it, Margaret?"

"No?" murmured the woman in the shadow.

"Hardly important enough for a note-book, perhaps," remarked the new guest, with a grave smile.

"What is not?" asked the host, entering and closing the door behind him. "Ugh! what a night to bring any one into the wilds for ducks, even a bohemian such as you, Douglas! What is not important, or what is, except that we are housed from this beastly weather?"

"Exactly," said his guest. "It was the fact that Miss Kennedy, having found me in Spain a long time ago, failed to put me in her note-book."

"No! You don't mean you two have met? And never told us?" exclaimed the host.

"It was a dreadful oversight," said the woman in the shadow, laughing softly. "Wait; I will hand you a match."

She arose to reach one from the mantel shelf; the fire, leaping suddenly, lighted her from head to foot. A tall figure in thin, black draperies; a white throat, a white face, gray eyes under straight black brows, a wealth of warm brown hair, and a delicately strong mouth whose very smile had in it a sweet gravity.

"And—you—two—met—before," continued the host, while lighting his cigar. "Well, I declare! Not that it's remarkable, Miss Kennedy, should this man have acquaintances in the Mountains of the Moon. He has been everywhere, seen everybody, knows everything worth knowing, has a language at every finger-end——"

"Dear!" said his wife.

"Fact, indeed! A year ago his easel was pitched in Egypt, doing some kind of cold-blooded impressionism. A month ago in Paris; I saw the sketches yesterday when I hunted him up. Lovely little model! Baby face, rings in its ears, tears in its eyes, and a mouth like a half-forgotten smile. We'll all go in one day and unearth the canvas mysteries.—Have a cigar, Douglas? No, they don't mind. Do as you please here."

"Thank you," said his guest. "I don't smoke."

"What! Since when?"

"Oh, half a dozen years ago," the other replied, carelessly. "I stopped it with some other things. Bad for the health, you know."

"Nonsense, man!" said his host. "Six foot three, with a chest like a rock and an eye like an eagle's! If there was not safety in numbers, I should say some woman had been preaching at you."

"Dear!" said his pretty wife, again.

The woman in the shadow turned the fan rather restlessly round and round in her white hands. The grave-faced guest smiled.

"There has not been much opportunity for me to be preached at," he said. "I decided long ago with—some one I knew, that it was easier to break good habits than bad ones. Not, believe me, that I think smoking a bad one; I don't; but I always had a talent for keeping promises, that is all. Hear how it rains!"

"It means a good day for ducks," said the host,—*"in fact, several days. Now I've got you, Douglas, I shall not let you go soon."*

His wife looked up with a smile from her crocheting.

"Surely you will remain awhile with us now? It is such a happy chance which brought us two friends at once." And she leaned over and patted the wrist of the woman in the shadow. The artist bowed his head gratefully.

"It's very good to be in a home, madame," he said. "I should like to stay, but—I fear I cannot."

"You artists are all alike," said the host. "Birds of passage. Never happy unless free. Well, I shall cage you, anyhow."

"Margaret, sing for us," spoke the hostess suddenly.

"I—" the other woman commenced in a quick, pleading tone, then stopped, and, rising, trailed her long draperies out of the firelight back to a dark end of the room.

"No more light, please," she said, at a gesture from the host. She struck a chord on the piano. "You each like a different style of music, or at least I think you do."

"So sing us three songs," said the host.

Instantly, with a superb fulness of tone, she broke into an old English ballad.

"Bravo!" he cried, when it ceased: "that was for me. Next."

"One more will do, and you can divide it between you," she answered.

Then quietly, to the last passionate outbreak, she sung Tosti's "Good-by." No voice could better have suited those hopeless words,

All the to-morrows must be as to-day!

All the to-morrows must be as to-day!

When it ended, there was silence for a moment. The artist, with his arms folded, was gazing intently into the fire. The host was watching a faint line of smoke curl to the ceiling, and his wife's needle flew rapidly.

With a soft rustle and a breath of violets the singer slipped back to her place in the shadow and resumed the fire-fan.

"Why do women break their hearts when they sing?" asked the host.

"They don't," spoke his wife, promptly; "they break another's. That is the true art." She smiled, but her bright eyes were misty. Her husband turned to the singer:

"Miss Kennedy, it is strange you never went on the stage. Your voice is simply wonderful!"

"I was near it once," she replied: "it was a good while ago, and—I had inducements abroad."

"May I ask why you did not?"

"Oh, yes. I talked it over with a friend, and changed my mind."

"Woman again," remarked the host. "I always wondered where they got the traditional right to change their minds, and why, when they have such excellent minds, as a rule, they need be changed so often."

"Hush, you bear!" said his wife, tapping him on the arm. "If I had not changed mine once you would have—done what?"

"Gone mourning all my days, as the hymn says."

The artist suddenly shifted his eyes from the fire with a look of determination in them.

"It is a dangerous prerogative," he said. "I knew a fellow once who almost—died, because a woman changed her mind."

"Tell us," said the hostess. "I love a story."

"It is not a story really; there's not enough of it, you know."

"Never mind that," spoke the host. "Go ahead."

The woman in the shadow said nothing, although, as the artist glanced from one to another, his eyes turned last to where she sat.

"Well——" He paused, and seemed to speak with some effort,—perhaps from habitual reticence. "Well, it can do him no harm now, and you need not know his name. It was a fellow I knew, knew him better than any one else did, I think. I was with him for a long time when I first went across, a good while ago. He was a lonely man, and had never cared much for women, or known them well. He, too, was a painter, and had never had a thought beyond his art, until he met *her*. It was the same thing that has happened to more than one, I suppose. She was young and had a fortune; he had only his art, and, of course, vowed that he would not let her know he loved her. But it was no use, for he thought she loved him: at least he had every reason to believe it,—he did believe it with his heart and soul, poor fool! You see, I was with him at the time, so I remember it pretty well." He paused and drew a long breath; then, gazing steadily at the fire, continued, "Yes, he tried bravely not to tell her; but love was stronger. There was a short time of intoxication; it was his first and last glimpse of happiness. I forgot to say that the lady was travelling with a relative, a widow who was bent upon marrying her son to the heiress. I, as a looker-on, never trusted the woman for an instant. She may or may not have been perfidious, or—it may have run in the family; I never knew. At any rate, she was always on the alert to keep them apart and to get the girl away from the place, so their arrangements had to be made by letters, carried to and fro by a native boy who was attached to my friend and had been his model. Well, to cut it short, they were to have met on a certain morning, in one of the old churches of which the place was full, and there to have been married. My friend rose at dawn and walked for miles until the hour should arrive. Oh, he was fairly mad! Well, he went into the church out of the sunlight,—the sun was blinding that morning,—and it was dim and cool inside. He—I was with him—stood behind a pillar until his eyes could get accustomed to the dusk. He trembled; he felt almost

afraid to face his own joy. Some one came towards him. It was an old man who was always about the church. He held a letter which he had been instructed to give the painter gentleman. It was a cruel letter. I saw it afterwards. It said she had reconsidered the matter, and, in a few well-chosen words about the struggle between head and heart, spoke of her duties to Society, and, conclusively, that she had changed her mind." He paused.

"Humph!" said the host.

"Cruel thing!" exclaimed his wife, indignantly.

From the shadowy corner there was a tense sound like a quickly-drawn breath, and the fan was lifted as a shield from the fire.

"What did he do?" asked the host, knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"Nothing—I mean I don't just remember what happened then. He went nearly mad, I believe. You see, he was not like most men. He had never been happy before, and—and he had believed in her. She obliterated every other thought. The world was filled for him with nothing but her. When she went, everything was swept away. He had nothing to hold by. He—well, I believe he went to India soon after with the express purpose of getting killed."

"Oh!" exclaimed the hostess. Her work lay in her lap, and her bright eyes were fixed upon the artist.

"Yes," he continued, slowly: "he died at Amdheran."

"So she murdered him?" breathed the little hostess, her gaze still on the man, who had never turned his own from the fire, the light of which threw into sharp relief his clear strong profile and broad brow.

He nodded.

"Just about."

"Died at Amdheran," repeated the host, rising. "Guess I'll take a look at the weather. How came you to hear about the poor fellow's end, Douglas?"

"I was in India afterwards, you know. In fact, I have a lot of his traps and things," said the artist.

The host left the room, and the woman in the shadow suddenly leaned forward. The firelight leaped to the warm hue of her beautiful hair and showed a burning spot on either cheek. Her eyes were downcast, and she stroked the fringe of the fan with one white finger. Her voice was strangely low and tense as she spoke.

"Perhaps she—the girl—did not write the letter, or know anything about it——"

"Then why did she go away that morning?" asked the artist. He looked for the first time from the fire straight at her.

"May not she also have received a letter? one which—which she believed him to have written?" There seemed almost a pleading note in her voice. "A—cruel letter, too. Perhaps you did not think of that." She paused with a little shiver, and turned to the hostess: "How the wind blows! It makes me chilly, even here by the fire. I think I will say good-night now." The artist rose, walked to a window, and stood gazing out into the darkness. The hostess laid a firm little hand upon that of the woman beside her.

"No; wait a moment until I see to my household gods, and we'll go together. Why, your hands are cold, dear! Here's my scarf. Now stay by the fire until I am ready." She caught a soft, white thing from the back of her chair and threw it over the shoulders of the other woman, from whence it fell in long, straight lines. "Dear me, you must be done as Galatea while we have a real, live painter in the house.—And one thing more from you, sir. Will you tell me?" She turned brightly to the artist, and he walked back from the window. He was very pale, and his sombre eyes glowed.

"What will you, madame?"

"Did that man really die at Amdheran?"

"You asked for a story, so you must draw your own conclusions, madame," he said, looking down grimly at the little woman. "But remember, if you will, that Love is stronger than Death."

"Douglas," called the host from the hall-way, "this weather means ducks, and is good for several days. You'll stay?"

"Yes, dear!" cried his wife, flitting to the door. As she did so, the woman by the fire raised her eyes once, then rose and faced the man who stood gazing at her.

The pretty hostess pulled the door to after her, and, catching her husband's arm, drew him under the hall lamp. Her face was flushed and her little hands trembled as she seized both of his great ones and laughed excitedly up in his face.

"Will he stay?" she whispered, tremulously; "WILL HE STAY? Ned, you dear old bat, you haven't a soul above ducks!"

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

INCOGNITO.

WHEN Caliph Haroun al Raschid, whom the modern historical investigator has forbidden us to call "The Good," was at the height of his glory, he delighted to wander in disguise among his people, and a number of the tales in the "Arabian Nights" chronicle these adventures. King James the Fifth of Scotland was fond of similar pranks, and Sir Walter Scott has immortalized one of his most famous adventures in "The Lady of the Lake." Other monarchs have been involuntary incognitos. There is a famous story, for example, told of one of the Abbasside Caliphs, which has been repeatedly modernized to fit other famous men. This Caliph, whose name was El Mehdi, while out hunting one day, came upon the hut of an Arab, who set before him a light repast and a bottle of wine. The Caliph drank a glass, and said, "O brother of the Arabs, do you know who I am?" "No, by Allah," was the reply. "I am one of the personal attendants of the Commander of the Faithful." "I congratulate you on your post," said the Arab. El Mehdi tossed off another glass, and asked again, "Do you know who I am?" The Arab reminded him that he had just said he was one of the Caliph's suite. "Nay," said El Mehdi,

"I am one of his principal officers." "I wish you joy," returned the other. A third glass brought out a third query, "O brother of the Arabs, do you know who I am?" "You say you are one of the chief officers of the Commander of the Faithful," replied the Arab. "Not so," said El Mehdi; "I am the Commander of the Faithful himself." The Arab, on hearing this, quietly took away the bottle of wine, with the sententious remark, "If you were to drink another glass, you would declare you were the Prophet himself."

The same anecdote, after doing service for many generations of monarchs, was told of Napoleon, to whom a sentry refused permission to pass his post. Napoleon warned him that he was a person of distinction. "Are you a captain?" "a colonel?" "a general?" asked the sentry in succession, to each question receiving the same answer, "Better than that," until at last, in despair, he cried, "Even if you were the Little Corporal, I tell you I would not let you pass."

The last avatar of the story seems to have occurred in 1873, when it took the following form. President Thiers was walking through the camp of Versailles one fine frosty morning, dressed in a brown great-coat which made his puny figure look punier than ever. A young conscript standing sentry, but engaged for the moment discussing bread and cheese, attracted his attention. "Bonjour, mon garçon," cried Thiers. "Bonjour, ma petite vieille," replied the conscript. "Well, how are you amusing yourself here?" "Ah, that depends; now I am taking it easy and eating my cheese." "And do you like the ration bread? As for me, I like it better than formerly." "Ah, so you eat it, do you? and, pray, what are you? infirmier [hospital attendant]?" "Better than that," answered Thiers. "Bah! Sous-lieutenant?" "Better than that." "Capitaine?" "Better than that." "Général?" "Better than that: I am President of the Republic." "What! you are Thiers!" exclaimed the astonished sentry. "Here, quick! take hold of my bread and cheese, that I may present arms."

A pleasant story is told of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. One night he strolled into a cobbler's shop to get his boot mended. It happened to be the festival of St. Crispin. The cobbler was making merry with his friends, and declared that no work could be done on that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself, but the stranger was cordially invited to join in the merrymaking. He did as he was bidden. "Here's to the health of Charles the Fifth," said the cobbler. "Do you love him?" asked the Emperor. "Love him?" said the cobbler. "I do. I love his long-nose-ship well enough, but I should love him more if he taxed us less." They finished St. Crispin's day very pleasantly.

Upon the morrow the Emperor sent for the cobbler to the palace, and greatly surprised him by thanking him for his hospitality of the previous evening, asking him what reward he would like best. The amazed cobbler asked for a night to think of it. The next day he appeared before the Emperor and requested that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their coat of arms a boot with a crown upon it. It was such a moderate request that the Emperor told him he would grant not only that, but another also, whereupon the son of Crispin asked that

the cobblers might take precedence of the shoemakers, a request which was also granted him.

During the brief administration of President William Henry Harrison,—who was familiarly known to the Whigs as the “Cincinnatus of the West,” and to the Democrats as “Granny Harrison,”—a plainly-dressed man, looking like a solid, honest farmer, appeared one Saturday at the Horse Market in Washington, where drovers were used to come in from the country to sell their cattle. Here he purchased a fine Durham from a Montgomery County drover. “Where shall I drive it?” inquired the drover. “To the White House. I will show you the way.” “Why, you don’t mean to say, friend, that you’ve bought this ’ere beast for Granny Harrison?” demanded the drover, with dilated eyes. “Yes, indeed I have,” replied the other. The drover left his cattle in the care of his son and drove the Durham in the direction indicated, beguiling the tedium of the way with friendly chat. “I am a Democrat myself,” he volunteered, “and voted for Van, of course, but the other day at the inauguration I’ll be dog-goned if I didn’t throw up my hat and hurrah for Granny Harrison with the rest.” “Thank you,” said the other. “Oh, you are a Whig; but I might have known that, for of course you have a sitivation in the White House?” “Yes.” “Wa-al, now, what be you? gardener?” “No.” “Coachman, or body-servant?” “Neither. I suppose I may call myself a general servant.” “Oh, yes, I know; run errands, wait on the table, and answer the door-knocks, eh?” “Something not very unlike that,” responded his interlocutor, with a smile. “Wa-al, now, do you see much of Granny Harrison?” “Quite a good deal.” “How do you like the old fellow?” “That is hard to say; too well, most likely.” By this time they had reached the White House, and the purchaser opened the gate that leads to the stable. Several men-servants came forward, touching their hats. “Take care of this cow and attend to her,” said the purchaser, and then, turning to the drover, he asked him to come into the house and take some breakfast. “Thank you, I don’t care if I do. Say, could you get me a sight of old Granny Harrison?” “Didn’t you see him at the inauguration?” “Law, yes, but not nigh enough to know what he looked like. I would like to get another squint at him, anyway.” “Then come in, friend;” and the stranger ushered him into the family breakfast-room, where breakfast was standing ready. Here were more servants, who, with deep bows, placed chairs at the table. The drover began to be alarmed. “Look a-here,” he cried, “ain’t you taking on great liberties? Granny Harrison wouldn’t like this ’ere, now, would he?” “Oh, yes, he would.” But still the drover hesitated. “Now just look a-here,” he said; “ain’t you too fresh? Who be you, anyhow?” “The people call me William Henry Harrison, and have made me President of the United States,” quietly replied the other. “Lord a’mighty!” cried the drover, and he bolted from the house and never stopped until he was off the grounds, where he sat down on the curbstone, and, as his wife afterwards described it, cursed himself gray.

Some forty years ago, an officer was making a walking tour through the mountainous district of Ischl in Austria. Having lost his way, he

went into a cottage to ask for directions. The poor woman to whom it belonged made her little boy accompany the young man to the turn of the road and show him which path he was to take. This service having been performed, the stranger offered the boy money. The latter refused, saying he would not take money from a military man, because they never had any to give away. "And how do you know that?" queried the officer. "Because my brother is in the army and never has any at all; my mother sold her last shock of corn this day in order to send him some." The young man, touched by the story, returned to the cottage, and, leaving his purse with the poor woman, promised to protect her son. The officer was the Archduke Maximilian, afterwards the unhappy Emperor of Mexico.

At about the same time an amusing story went the rounds of the Paris clubs. A foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever or in any way provoking the authorities. He accordingly went to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, with a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes. Sitting down at one of the tables, he ordered coffee, but the waiters paid no attention to the order of so suspicious-looking a customer. Thereupon the prince put his hand into his pocket and showed a bundle of bank-notes. The proprietor ordered the coffee to be served, but sent, meanwhile, to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the Commissary of Police. Here he stated who he was, and was taken to the gentleman with whom he had made the bet, to prove his identity.

A similar story was told in Vienna of the Hungarian prince Szander, Monsieur de Metternich, who, in order to make his arrest quite certain, took the bank-notes out of his boots.

The English Prince Albert used to relate how, while at Osborne, he was in the habit of getting up early and walking about his farm. One morning, when passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries, knocked at the door, and asked the man-servant if his master was in. The servant replied, "He is, sir, but not down-stairs." "Oh," very well," was the prince's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to leave your name, sir?" said the servant. "Oh, it does not matter," said the prince. "Because," continued the servant, "my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called." "Very well," said his Royal Highness; "you may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed, "Walker!"

Embarrassing mistakes have often arisen from involuntary incognitos. Charles Dickens was once riding in a railway carriage between Liverpool and London, when the sound of his own name drew his attention to the fact that a conversation was going on between three other persons in the carriage in reference to the author of "Bleak House," then just published. A clergyman of the party denounced both his writings and his personal character. "I listened," says Dickens, "in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself which, if they had been true, would have consigned any man to a prison for life." Gradually he joined in the conversation,

and as he warmed up in the controversy he asked the clergyman whether he spoke from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. The latter acknowledged that he did not, and refused to give his authority for the slanders he had repeated. Then Dickens denounced them all as lies. The man became livid with rage and asked the stranger's card. Dickens produced one. "If I were to live a hundred years I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged." His apologies were nauseous and craven.

John Bright went into an agricultural district one day and had to walk from the station a long way into the village. A clergyman who was driving in a dog-cart overtook him, and, learning his destination, offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers to-day?" the parson asked, when Mr. Bright had accepted a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech." "And what was it about?" asked Mr. Bright. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right." "Oh, no," said the irate clergyman. "If I had him here, I would feel like shooting him." Before they separated, Mr. Bright had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church next morning. The theme of the sermon was Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his able sermon. As the rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said, "You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning." "No!" said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; "you had John Bright among the congregation. Didn't you notice him in front, in the middle pew?" "Why," said the rector, "I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog-cart, and called him a rascal and excoriated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a word. I must go and apologize at once."

John Bright was the unconscious hero of another anecdote of the same nature. In a hotel in Caermarthen, a number of gentlemen were holding a political conversation. The conduct of Mr. Bright was condemned in very strong terms. One of the company was a very short gentleman, who did not join in the discussion, but by and by left the room. Calling the waiter, he said, "If any of the gentlemen in the smoking-room ask who I am, tell them I am John Bright." "Yes, sir," said the waiter, seeing the joke at once. Sure enough, on entering the room, the man was asked if he knew the gentleman who had left. "The short gentleman who went out just now?" "Yes." "Oh, that is Mr. John Bright, M.P." The consternation of the party may be imagined, and they were not a whit more comfortable when "Mr. John Bright" again entered the room. Every one apologized, and the honorable gentleman graciously pardoned them all, remarking that he was so often the object of calumny that he was quite used to it. That the short gentleman did not happen to be Mr. Bright, though quite bright in his own way, makes the joke one of the best of its kind. The point was not discovered until after the perpetrator had retired.

The Rev. Mr. Twichell, of Hartford, tells a little story on Mr. Howells. The dominie says that they were once travelling in the same

car on an Eastern railroad, when a bright young girl came in, sat down beside Howells, and began to chatter. "We have been taking our summer trip," she said, "and we have adopted 'Their Wedding Journey' for our guide-book. We have been to all the places mentioned, and have been delighted at all points. Oh, how I would like to know the author! Did you ever see him?" Mr. Howells, who is a bashful man, had to acknowledge, under the heavy rattling fire, that he had "seen" him; but at the next station he got out and went into another car.

"As a street-car rolled into the west end the other day," says the *Atlanta Constitution*, which is edited by Joel Chandler Harris, "an elderly lady remarked, 'Daughter, Joel Chandler Harris lives over that way.' 'Does he, ma?' said the young lady. 'Do you know where Joel Chandler Harris lives?' inquired the mother of one of the passengers. The gentleman addressed blushed a little. 'Um—what does he do?' he asked. 'Oh, he writes things for the paper, I believe,' was the answer, 'but I don't know.—Daughter, what does Mr. Harris do?' 'I don't know, I'm sure,' replied the young lady. 'I simply heard some one say that he lived out this way.' Then the gentleman asked the driver if he could point out Mr. Harris's house, and the driver turned red and stared at the questioner and stammered out an answer. Both ladies looked hard at the stranger and at each other, and suddenly became very silent. The car stopped, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris lost no time in getting out and turning his steps homeward. It gives a man an odd feeling to hear questions asked about him in public by strangers.

It is said that one day, in a strange city, Mr. Joseph Jefferson appeared at a bank to have a check cashed. The cashier was doubtful as to his identity. "If my dog Schneider were here," said Mr. Jefferson, with his peculiar laugh, "he would know me." The cashier needed no further identification, but cashed the check at once. A similar story is told of George Bowron, the leader of the Columbia orchestra in Chicago, when he took a draft to a bank to be cashed. The cashier looked at Mr. Bowron, who blushed, as he always does when people stare at him. "Are you Mr. Bowron?" asked the cashier. "I believe I am." "Well, but you will have to be identified." "But I am Bowron,—George Bowron, leader of the orchestra at the Columbia." "Oh, I know George Bowron is all right enough, but I don't know that you are the man. Just bring somebody that we know to identify you." Mr. Bowron was moving away in disgust at the red tape and circumlocution which rascality makes necessary in all professions, when the cashier called him back. "Would you mind turning your back to me and taking off your hat?" he asked. Mr. Bowron did so. "Here's your money, Mr. Bowron. It's all right. I've known the back of your head for five years."

J. F. Herring, the English animal painter, is the hero of a story of the same kind. He had painted a small picture for a well-known dealer, and had received a check in payment. The check was written on a slip of paper, "Pay Mr. J. F. Herring," and duly signed, but without the insertion of the words "bearer" or "to order." The clerk

at the Union Bank in London looked very doubtfully first at it and then at the person presenting it. The artist noticed this, and demanded what was wrong. The clerk explained. "Don't you see it's payable to J. F. Herring?" "I do," said the clerk. "Well, I am he." "How do I know that?" said the clerk. "Do you know who J. F. Herring is?" "Rather," said the clerk; "I've got the 'Three Members of the Temperance Society' at home." Herring was delighted. He seized a pen, and, on a sheet of paper lying on the counter, dashed off a sketch of some horses' heads. "What do you think of that?" said he, handing it across. The clerk paid him at once.

Arthur Friedheim, the noted Russian pianist, extricated himself from a still more embarrassing position by the exercise of his talents. He wished to cross the Russian western border to fill engagements to play in various German cities, but the red tape of procuring passports was so unusually long and red that he finally gave up in despair and determined to cross without them. He tried it, was arrested, and was taken before the chief of the district, who sent him to prison, after confiscating his papers. His pocket-book contained a package of visiting-cards and several newspaper criticisms. The sapient chief decided that Arthur Friedheim had been assassinated and that he had possession of the murderer. He accordingly had this new form of *felo-de-se* thrown into irons and doubly guarded. After protesting and appealing for a whole day, Friedheim got an audience with the chief. He reiterated in vain the statement that he was Arthur Friedheim the pianist. The chief wouldn't believe him. Finally Friedheim begged to be allowed to prove his identity by playing. The chief, who was something of a musician, consented. Friedheim was marched through the street to the chief's house between two soldiers and was set down before a piano. He played the second Rhapsodie of Liszt. As soon as he finished, the chief removed the guard, saying, "Now I know you are Friedheim." The pianist was released on his promise to return to St. Petersburg for his passes. The official red tape, of which he was a victim, so disgusted him with the government of the Czar that he afterwards declared his intention to give up his Russian citizenship and become a subject of the German Emperor.

W. S. Walsh.

THE PINE-TREE.

WITH whispers of futurity
 And echoes of the past,
 Twin birds a shelter find in thee
 Against the wintry blast,—
 The fledgling Hope, that preens her wing,
 Too timorous to fly,
 And Memory, that comes to sing
 Her coranachs, and die.

John B. Tubb.

RECTOR WARNE'S HERESY.

THE Reverend Henry Martyn Warne was a heretic! At least to his own conscience he seemed to be. It was not that he had as yet adopted any positive views which he was sure were in conflict with the Articles of Religion; but he was sincerely troubled lest the opinions which he held might grow into the rankest of heresy.

It came to pass that when the young clergyman unburdened his conscience to his bishop and asked for advice the bishop replied, "Do nothing at all now." (The bishop was a man of wisdom as well as a man of charity.)

"But, bishop, it seems to be dishonest——"

"It will be time enough to try you for heresy when you have formulated your beliefs. In the mean time I have a place for you as rector in Coalton. The town is growing, and you will do better work there than if you stay here as the bishop's assistant. If in a year or two you are still troubled with these doubts of which you speak, we will consult further about the matter."

The church and the rectory of the new charge were situated well enough on a commanding ridge, but the most of the town of Coalton clung to the bases of the steep mountain-sides on the edge of a narrow valley. The little creek that poured swiftly through the valley ran black with coal-dirt for part of the year. During the summer months it left its bed of stones bare and red with iron rust from the mine water, to blaze back the heat of the sun.

The night after his arrival at Coalton, his warden, a foreman from the shops, called to take him over the parish. As they walked along the back streets, songs and cries came from the curtained windows of the saloons.

"It's just after pay-day," the warden explained. "There's always lots of rum over here right after pay-day, but it isn't so bad at other times."

The good rector's heart was stirred at the sights and sounds of wickedness. "We'll start a mission over here," he said.

"But—but, Mr. Warne, this is your parish."

"This?"

"I supposed the bishop had told you where your work would lie."

Then came a running commentary on the people they passed.

"That man over there is one of our attendants. He's pretty drunk to-night. He looks much better when he's clean and sober. Yes, that youngster is rather a ragamuffin, but there isn't a brighter boy in the Sunday-school. He's bad, of course, but what could you expect? His father was killed a year ago in a brawl. But I'm afraid, Mr. Warne, I'll make you want to leave town before you begin work among us."

"You make me feel that I have no time to waste, and that it's hardly right to wait till morning to do something with all my strength."

No man ever went to work more earnestly than Rector Warne. Sleeping, he dreamed of impossible things to do for his parish, and waking, he put all possible plans into operation. With such helpers as he could find, he reorganized the Sunday-school. Just at first the little church was well filled both morning and evening, until the population had satisfied its curiosity by hearing the new rector. But presently the audiences settled down into the usual handful of regular and irregular attendants. The rector was doing his best to instruct and uplift his people, but it was up-hill work. They were, for the most part, Durham Englishmen. It often happened that they abused the American liberty of marrying into the Catholic Church, in which case the Protestant member of the new family almost always ended by giving up his or her religion.

This had been the case with Mrs. McCarty, the washerwoman of the Warne household. She was a dumb, patient creature, still quite young, but looking woefully faded from hard work and abuse. Her husband, Mike, was a good sort of fellow when sober, but notoriously ugly when drunk. Only three weeks after his wife began to wash at the rectory he had driven her from his home in fear of her life. When the rector heard of this he sought Mrs. McCarty to see whether something could not be done to prevent her husband from getting liquor. Mrs. McCarty, smarting under her sense of wrong, told the minister that a certain Pete McLaughlin, the keeper of a saloon in the neighborhood, was to blame for most of her troubles. She could swear that he had sold to Mike while he was drunk, and that, too, against her orders. He had also, to her certain knowledge, sold whiskey on Sunday and to minors. Here, at last, was a clear case. The rector at once caused the man's arrest and had Mrs. McCarty summoned as the chief witness. But at the hour appointed for the hearing she did not appear, and the Squire refused to hold the saloon-keeper on the evidence of the other witnesses. On the following day Warne discovered that she had gone to a picnic, the saloon-keeper having bought her railroad ticket and given her a five-dollar bill besides.

"That's more than I would have got out of it, even if he had been sent to jail," she said. "Besides, he's been a good neighbor to us when we were in trouble. And then the baby was sick, and I thought the picnic might do him good, poor little fellow! So I thought I wouldn't go to the Squire's."

At half-past eight, a week later, the rector was hurrying home through Reagan's Lane, when he heard a muffled scream coming from McCarty's house. Coming nearer, he made out the cry to be a call for help.

The rector did not know that the etiquette of Reagan's Lane requires that so long as a family fight is continued in-doors the neighbors are supposed to be unconscious of its progress. It is only when the defeated party rushes from the house to call murder that outsiders are supposed to take any notice of such unpleasantnesses. The rector, being ignorant of this rule of good breeding, must therefore be excused for what he did.

Springing upon the step, he rapped sharply with one hand while

trying the door with the other. The door was locked. The noise stopped for a minute, and a thick, uncertain voice framed itself into curses on the intruder. The rector instantly called to be admitted, and improved the lull in hostilities to push aside the curtain from the half-raised window.

It is hard to make rules of etiquette that shall cover all possible emergencies: even the code of Reagan's Lane was imperfect. It happened that on this night McCarty, having locked the doors and pocketed the keys, had begun to abuse his wife by beating her with a mining-needle. He had struck her once before the clergyman's coming interrupted him. The woman, who was fast losing consciousness from the blow of the iron rod, had sunk down sobbing in a forlorn heap behind the rocking-chair, while her lord and master by various unsteady thrusts with the rod was endeavoring to dislodge her. The rector, since all codes of etiquette would have agreed in pronouncing this a time for outside interference, instantly sprang through the window, calling to the man to stop such brutal work. McCarty paid not the slightest heed to the call, but aimed a most vicious blow with the iron at his wife's unprotected arm.

As he raised the iron, the rector snatched it and threw it out the window. For half a second McCarty stared at the minister in speechless rage. Then he precipitated himself with all his force on the clergyman, striking out blindly and bearing him down towards the floor. For one breathless minute the rector struggled as for his life; then the two men fell heavily—but the rector was on top.

"You scoundrel!" panted the rector. "What do you mean by treating your wife in this manner? You brute! You——" There was nothing more that he could say. Even what he had said sounded to him like swearing.

"Go and get somebody help me take this man to jail," said the rector, turning his head towards Mrs. McCarty. Then, remembering that the man was her husband, he corrected himself, "I mean to help me put him to bed." But Mrs. McCarty had fainted.

It is not easy, even for one who is in constant practice, to hold down an antagonist who weighs sixty pounds more than you do yourself, unless you divert his efforts to rise by punishing him with blows. But the rector, very naturally, was badly out of practice: indeed, the one fight he had had during his public school days could hardly be called putting him in practice at all.

So he soon found that McCarty was going to turn the tables and perhaps get *him* down, with no scruples about punishing him, unless the rector should pursue an aggressive policy, or some one should come to his help. He hesitated about striking the man, and so, while McCarty struggled more and more successfully to free himself, the rector betook himself to prayer:

"O Lord, send somebody here speedily—to thrash this man until he can't do any further damage. O Lord——"

Just then McCarty succeeded in throwing his right arm about the rector's neck and pushing him partly off his prostrate body. The rector felt something snap in his shoulder, and for a moment it seemed

to him that not only was his prayer unheard, but that the Lord had even forsaken him. Then McCarty's fingers began to close uncomfortably about the rector's throat.

"O Lord, forgive me if it's wrong!" gasped the rector, and then his long fingers instinctively sought McCarty's throat in turn. The rector was now lying at right angles across McCarty's body: with his knees he held down one of McCarty's arms, with his left hand he wrenched loose the fumbling fingers from his own throat and held the hand down to the floor, while with his right hand he grasped his big antagonist by the neck. The man tried to bite, and bounced the rector up and down with his chest; but the long, wiry fingers never let go their grasp at the shaggy throat. It was not in vain that the rector had held the championship as tennis-player while in the seminary.

"I tell you he was a-chokin' of him," said the big Welshman who had been the first to come to the rector's assistance, addressing an admiring group of listeners on the steps of the company store the next evening. "He was a-chokin' of him good, when I come there. 'Davis,' says he, a-turnin' around like this 'ere, when he 'eard me on the porch, —'Davis,' says he, 'elp me to put this 'ere man to bed.' To bed, mind you! 'Or no,' says he, 'I guess it'll be better to call the constable and take him to the lock-up.' And we didn't have no more trouble with Mike McCarty that night. He was as sober as a judge and as meek as a lamb, after them white fingers got offen his neck."

"What about the woman?" somebody asked, after the matter had been pretty thoroughly discussed.

"Oh, she must be used to it by this time. I guess she wasn't much 'urt."

"I heard the parson was for getting a rig and taking her to the hospital or somewhere."

"So he was. 'I 'ope you'll allow me,' he says to her, bringin' her a drink of water and bathin' her 'ead. Poor thing! I think she was so ashamed to have her 'usband ketched in such a trick that she wanted us all to go away and leave her alone. But the parson he wouldn't 'ear to it. 'My wife wouldn't sleep a wink to-night, if she knew you was 'ere and sufferin',' he says. And just then Dr. Horton 'appened to come by, and he hauled the woman down to the rectory and give her some stuff to make her sleep."

The rector was looking pale and worn when his wife came into the library after leading Dr. Horton and Mrs. McCarty to a room in the third story. Mrs. Warne went behind her husband's chair and kissed him softly on the forehead. He looked up and smiled wearily at her.

"Tell me about it, Henry."

"There isn't much to tell. I was going by the house and heard McCarty abusing his wife, and I went in and made him stop,—that's all."

"But the men say he would have killed her."

"I have no doubt of it."

"They say he might have killed you."

"He was drunk," began the minister. "He might have done anything."

"But, Henry, they say you saved her at the risk of your own life. Tell me all about it." She nestled down in the big chair beside him.

"I would rather not talk about it, dear,—not to-night. It was ugly. I hated to do it, but there was no one else there, and he might have killed her while I went for help. So I had to interfere. I had to use force. I had to be almost as brutal as he was to keep him from hurting her or me. But the Lord helped me, and I held him away from her until others came."

"You dear, brave darling! To think of your doing a splendid thing like that, and then reproaching yourself as if you had done something wicked!"

"I wish you'd ask the doctor to stop in a minute. It's nothing," he added, as the excitement on her face changed into alarm. "I didn't mean to speak of it at all, to worry you; but my shoulder got a twist in the scrimmage."

While Mike McCarty was still in jail, the rector visited him. That evening at supper he described the visit to Mrs. Warne.

"He called me 'Your Reverence,' most of the time. He began by telling me that his father had been a Roman Catholic, while his mother never went anywhere to church. He hasn't been to their church since he was seventeen years old, although he was confirmed. We have no idea, Edith, of the lives of these people. This man has never had a chance. He has grown up almost without any training."

"Can't he read?"

"A little. But he never read anything but the Sunday papers until he went to jail. But I mean to say he has never had any proper moral or religious training. He grew up on the streets, when he wasn't at work in the breaker, and he drifted easily from the streets to the saloon. He told me that his thirst sometimes was awful. Sometimes he drank because the crowd did; at other times he would have sold his hope of heaven for a drink."

"What did you do for him?"

"What could I? I read the Service for the Visitation of Prisoners, but I don't believe he understood much of it. He has never been trained in religious matters, you know. But while I was reading the Psalm and came to the verse 'Purge me with hyssop,' I found he was crying. He asked me to turn down the page for him in the prison Bible."

"Had you prayed with him?"

"Of course. And I prayed with him again before I left, as simply as I could. He wants me to come back next week, after he's sentenced."

"Will you go?"

"Certainly. Oh, I must tell you one funny thing! He said that I had prayed for him on the night I—on the night I had him arrested."

"Well, I'm sure you did, at family prayers that night; but how did he find out?"

"No, he meant while I was—holding him. And when I explained how it was, he still declared that prayer was what sobered him and touched his heart. Wasn't it funny?"

Some months later the rector said to his wife, "Have you noticed how many more men there are in our audiences lately, especially in the evenings? I have had no trouble in getting a good many of them to join our Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and it really begins to look as though that part of our work had some life in it. Davis, who joined two months ago, has been elected president. I think he will make a good one; and I mean to put him on Mike McCarty's track when his sentence is served."

"My dear Bishop," wrote the rector a few years later, "I am so glad that you will be able to be here for some days when you come to confirm the class. You will remember that for some time after I came here I suffered with a broken collar-bone. I have never liked to speak much about the accident that caused it, and I have never explained the newspaper report that ascribed this broken bone to a fall. The fall was obtained in keeping a helpless woman from abuse at the hands of her drunken husband. It was a disagreeable experience. I mention this now for the first time because one of the most promising members of the confirmation class which you will meet next Sunday is the man who was beating his wife four years ago. I had to appear against him in court, his wife refusing to testify. Through her intercession, and mine perhaps, he received but a light sentence. When he came from jail I looked him up, and, through our Brotherhood of St. Andrew, have kept hold of him ever since. Strangely enough, he never showed the slightest vindictiveness, even at first. For three years he has been a member of the Brotherhood, and has proved himself in many ways thoroughly in earnest.

"You may remember that before I came here I was in a somewhat unsettled state concerning the Atonement. I have found Smeaton very satisfactory on this subject, and I see no reason now against adopting his views entirely. I like his liberality exceedingly. But we will talk of these matters further when you come. The truth is, I have so much to occupy my thoughts about other matters that I have long since ceased to bother my brains with doubts."

The bishop smiled as he read. "And so endeth the heresy of Henry Martyn Warne," he said.

Gillam W. Ford.

BARGAINING IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia one is expected to bargain and haggle over the price of everything, beginning with hotel accommodations, no matter how obtrusively large may be the type of the sign "PRIX FIXE!" or how strenuous may be the assertions that the bottom price is that first named. If one's nerves be too weak to play at this game of Continental Poker, he will probably share our fate, of which we were politely

apprised by a word at our departure from a hotel where we had lived for three months—after due bargaining—at their price: "If you come back, you may have the corresponding apartments on the floor below [the *bel étage*] for the same price." In view of the fact that there was no elevator, it will be perceived that we had been paying from one-third to one-half too much, which was reassuring as to the prospect for the future when we should decide to return.

If there be a detestable relic of barbarism, it is this custom of bargaining over every breath one draws in life. It creates a sort of incessant internal seething, which is very wearing to the temper, and destructive of pleasure in travelling. One feels that he must chaffer desperately, in the dark, or pay the sum demanded and be regarded as a goose fit for further plucking. So he forces himself to chaffer, tries to conceal his abhorrence of the practice and his inexperience, and ends, generally, by being cheated and considered a grass-green idiot into the bargain,—which is not soothing to the spirit of the average man. When I mention it in this connection, I do not mean to be understood as confining my remarks exclusively to Russia; the opportunities for being shorn to the quick are unsurpassed all over the Continent, and "one price" America's house is too vitreous to permit of her throwing many stones at foreign lands. Only in America the custom is now, happily, so obsolete in the ordinary transactions of daily life that one is astonished when he hears, occasionally, a woman from the country ask a clerk in a city shop, "Is that the least you'll take? I'll give you so much for these goods." In Russia the surprise would be on the other side.

The next time I had occasion to hire quarters in a hotel for a sojourn of any length I resorted to stratagem, by way of giving myself an object-lesson. I looked at the rooms, and haggled them down, on principle, to what seemed to me really the very lowest notch of price. I was utterly worn out by the time this was accomplished. I even flattered myself that I had done nearly as well as a native could have done, and was satisfied. But I sternly carried out my experiment. I did not close the bargain. I asked Princess — to try her experienced hand. Result: she secured the best accommodations in the house for less than half the rate at which I had been so proud of obtaining inferior quarters. When we moved in, the landlord was surprised, but he grasped the point of the transaction, and seemed to regard it as a pleasant jest against him, and to respect us the more for having outwitted him. The princess apologized for having made such bad terms for us—and meant it. I suspect that that was a very fair sample of the comparative terms obtained by natives and outsiders in all bargains.

It is one of those things at which one smiles or fumes, according to the force of the instinct for justice with which he has been blessed—or cursed—by nature. Nothing, unless it be a healthy, athletic conscience, is so wofully destructive of all happiness and comfort in life as a keen sense of justice.

There are, it is true, persons in Russia who scorn to bargain as much as did the girl of the merchant class in one of Ostróvsky's famous

comedies, who was so generous as to blush with shame for the people whom she heard trying to beat down exorbitant prices in the shops, or whom she saw taking their change. The merchant's motto is, "A thing is worth all that can be got for it." Consequently, it never occurs to him that even competition is a reason for being rational. One striking case of this in my own experience was provided by a hardware merchant in whose shop I sought a spirit-lamp. The lamps he showed me were not of the sort I wished, and the price struck me as exorbitant, although I was not informed as to that particular subject. I offered these suggestions to the merchant in a mild manner, and added that I would look elsewhere before deciding on his wares.

"You will find none elsewhere," roared the merchant—previously soft-spoken as the proverbial sucking dove—through his bushy beard, in a voice which would have done credit to the protodeacon of a cathedral. "And not one kopek will I abate of my just price, *yay Bógup!* God is my witness! They cost me that sum; I am actually making you a present of them out of my profound respect for you, *sudárynya!*" (He had called me "Madame" before that, but now he lowered my social rank to that of a merchant's wife, out of revenge.) "And you will be pleased not to come back, if you don't find a lamp to suit your peculiar taste, for I will not sell to you. I won't have people coming here and looking at things and then not buying!"

It was, obviously, my turn to retort; but I let the merchant have the last word—temporarily. In ten minutes another shopkeeper offered me lamps of identical quality and pattern at one-half his price; and I purchased one such as I wished, of a different design, for a small sum extra. I may have been cheated, but, under the circumstances, I was satisfied.

Will it be believed? Bushybeard was lying in wait for me at the door ready to receive me, wreathed in smiles which I can describe only by the detestable adjective "affable," as I took pains to pass his establishment on my way back. Then the spirit of mischief entered into me. I reciprocated his smiles, and said, "Ivan Baburin, at shop No. 8, round the corner, has dozens of lamps such as you deal in, for half the price of yours. You might be able to get them even cheaper, if you know how to haggle well. But I'm afraid you don't, for you seem to have been horribly cheated in your last trade, when you bought your present stock at the price you mentioned. How could any one have the conscience to rob an honest, innocent man like you so dreadfully?"

He looked dazed, and the last time I cast a furtive glance behind me he had not recovered sufficiently to dash after me and overwhelm me with protestations of his uprightness, "*yay Bógup!*" and other lingual cascades.

From the zest with which I have beheld a shopman and a customer waste half an hour chaffering an article up and down five kopeks (two and a half cents or less), I am convinced that they enjoy the excitement of it, and that time is cheap enough with them to allow them to indulge in this exhilarating practice.

What is the remedy for this state of things? How are foreigners, who pride themselves on never giving more than the value of an article,

to protect themselves? There is no remedy, I should say. One must haggle, haggle, haggle—and submit. Guides are useless and worse, as they probably share in the shopkeeper's profit and so raise prices. Recommendations of shops from guides or hotels are to be disregarded. Not that they are worthless—quite the reverse: only their value does not accrue to the stranger, but to the other parties. It may well be, as veteran travellers affirm, that one is compelled to contribute to this Mutual Benefit Association in any case; but there is, after all, a certain satisfaction in imagining that one is a free and independent being, and in going to destruction in his own way, unguided, while he gets a little amusement out of his own shearing.

Any one who really likes bargaining will get his fill in Russia every time he sets foot out of doors, if he wishes merely to take a ride. There are days, it is true, when all the cabmen in town seem to have entered into a league and agreed to demand a ruble for a drive of half a dozen blocks; and, again, though rarely, they will offer to carry one miles for one-fifth of that sum—which is equally unreasonable in the other direction. In either case one has his bargaining sport, at one end of the journey or the other. I find among my notes an illustration of this operation, which, however, falls far short of a conversation which I once overheard between a lower-class official and an *izvóstchik* who could not come to terms. It ended in the uniformed official exclaiming, "You ask too much. I'll use my own horses," raising a large foot and waving it gently at the cabmen.

"Home-made!" (literally, "self-grown") retorted one *izvóstchik*. The rival bidders for custom shrieked with laughter at his wit; the official fled, and I tried in vain—wonderful to relate—to get the attention of the group and offer them a fresh opportunity for discussion by trying to hire one of them.

My note-book furnishes the following: "If anybody wants a merry *izvóstchik*, with a stylish, flourishing red beard, I can supply him. I do not own the man at present, but he has announced his firm intention of accompanying me to America. I asked him how he would get along without knowing the language.

"'I'd serve you forever!' said he.

"'How could I send you on an errand?' said I.

"'I'd serve you forever!' said he.

"That was the answer to every objection on my part. He and a black-haired *izvóstchik* have a fight for my custom nearly every time I go out. Fighting for custom—in words—is the regular thing; but the way these men do it convulses with laughter everybody within hearing, which is half a block, at least. It is the fashion here to take an interest in chaffering with cabmen and in other street scenes.

"'She's to ride with me!' shouts one. '*Bárinya*, I drove you to Vasily Island one day, you remember!'

"'She's going with me; you get out!' yells the other. 'She drove on the Névsky with me long before she ever saw you; didn't you, *bárinya*? and the Litéinaya,' and so on, until he has enumerated more streets than I have ever heard of. 'And we're old, *old* friends, aren't we, *bárinya*? And look at my be-a-autiful horse!'

"Your horse looks like a soiled and faded glove," I retort, "and I won't have you fight over me. Settle it between yourselves;" and I walk off or take another man, neither proceeding being favorably regarded. If any one will rid me of Redbeard I will sell him for his passage-money to America. I am also open to offers for Blackbeard, as he has announced his intention of lying in wait for me at the door every day, as a cat sits before a mouse's hole."

Vánka (the generic name for all *izvóstchiki*) gets about four dollars and a half a month from his employer, when he does not own his equipage. In return, he is obliged to hand in about a dollar and a quarter a day on ordinary occasions, a dollar and half on the days preceding great festivals, and two dollars and a half on festival days. If he does not contrive to extract the necessary amount from his fares, his employer extracts it from his wages in the shape of a fine. The men told me this. As there are no fixed legal rates in the great cities, a bargain must be struck every time, which begins by the men demanding twice or thrice the proper price, and ends in your paying it if you are not familiar with the accepted standards and distances, or in selling yourself at open-air bargain to the lowest bidder, acting as your own auctioneer, in case you are conversant with matters in general.

Foreigners can also study the bargaining process at its best—or worst—in the purchase of furs. The most inveterate "shopper" would be satisfied with the amount of running about and bargaining which can be got out of buying a fur cloak and a cap. The possibilities for self-delusion, and delusion from the other quarter, as to price and quality of these fur articles are simply enormous. I remember the amusing tags fastened to every cloak in the shop of a certain fashionable furrier in Moscow, where "asking price" and "selling price" were clearly indicated. By dint of inquiry I found that "paying price" was considerably below "selling price."

One difficulty about foreigners visiting Russia in winter is that those who come for a short visit are rarely willing to go to the expense of the requisite furs. In general, they are so reckless of their health as to inspire horror in any one who is acquainted with the treacherous climate. I remember a couple of Americans who resisted all remonstrances because they were on their way to a warmer clime, and went about when the thermometer ranged from twenty-five to thirty degrees below zero, in light, unwadded mantles reaching only to the waist-line, and with loose sleeves. A Russian remarked of them, "They might have shown some respect for the climate, and have put on flannel compresses or a mustard plaster, at least!" Naturally an illness was the result. If such persons would try to bargain for the very handsome and stylish coffins which they would consider in keeping with their dignity, they would come to the conclusion that furs were cheaper and less troublesome.

But furs or coffins, necessities or luxuries, everything must be bargained for in Holy Russia, and, with the American affection for the national game, poker, that should not constitute an objection to the country. Only non-card-players will mind such a trifle as bluff.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

AN ARIZONA SPECULATION.

"ARIZONA—" said Forrester, thoughtfully, with that gay twinkle in his eye which, to those who knew him well, promised a story to follow: "well, I must say that, in the opinion of one person at least, Arizona is a disappointing country."

He had just returned from a trip to the Territory in question, which at the time was attracting considerable attention by reason of certain rich mineral discoveries of which we in Denver had been hearing a good deal; and that small company of "the boys," come together to welcome the wanderer back in such a dinner as he so well knew how to enjoy, was full of eager interest to know his impressions of this latest land of promise. The dinner had been such as to entitle the *chef* of the Denver Club to rank as a *cordon bleu*; there had been a few bottles—not too many—of wine that was really good, topping off with a mellow greeting from the blessed grapes of Vougeot; the *perfectos* were some which one of the number had imported from Cuba himself; and now, established in luxurious ease in a corner of the club smoking-room, they were all in a mood to enjoy to the utmost the added entertainment which Forrester's tone seemed to promise; nor did he require much urging to proceed with the tale.

"You must know," he began, settling himself yet more comfortably in his great easy-chair, "that when the hard times struck Denver last year my business was knocked into a cocked hat, so to speak. Construction of every sort stopped as short as grandfather's clock in the song, and I began to cast my eye about for greener pastures. The papers had a good deal to say about Arizona just then, and I had begun to consider its possibilities, when, about Christmas-time, I received a letter from my friend Granville, proposing what appeared to be the very opening I wanted.

"My acquaintance with Jim Granville began some ten years ago, when he was trying to practise law in Omaha. We had offices in the same building, and we became rather chummy for the simple reason that neither one of us had anything better to do than the encouraging of sociability over a friendly pipe. He had lately come from Chicago, where he had lost money in some grain speculations; and he was starting life afresh at thirty-five in rather a soured and sardonic frame of mind, which, however, did not prevent his being a very good fellow. As a lawyer he never seemed to accomplish anything beyond hanging out his sign; but when it came to politics he was right in it. A born agitator, he had a gift of gab which made him a natural leader in that tribe of malcontents forever pushing to the front under different party names. He could reel off words by the hour denouncing political corruption, the gold-bug power, our iniquitous banking system, denouncing anything and everything that anybody wanted denounced. The speeches, sifted down, did not generally mean much more than the average woman's leads at whist, but they served

for political capital just the same ; and I was not surprised to see him in the legislature the next year, nor to hear later that he was running for governor on a Greenback ticket. I was living in Denver by this time ; and soon after his gubernatorial disappointment he also moved westward, so that I ran across him every now and then. Once he was editing a Greenback paper up in one of the country towns in the northern part of the State ; again he was mining over at Aspen ; the next thing he had swapped the mine for a cattle-ranch over in Middle Park, and a little later I heard that he was again essaying law in Pueblo. And with all his changing occupations he was always in politics up to his ears, so strenuously engaged in denouncing the corrupt old parties that he could hardly have had time to give to his private interests, assuming that they demanded any, and I was not surprised the last time I met him in Denver to find him principally concerned about the scarcity of the circulating medium. His appearance was calculated to emphasize strongly his argument that what this country most needed was more money.

"But now my letter informed me that Granville had finally fallen on his feet. He explained how he had wandered about in search of fortune, drifting at last upon the site of Garden City just as the Great Mogul mines were discovered there, the richest gold veins yet opened on earth, he emphatically assured me. Indeed, he went on to say, it was a fact that the owners of that bonanza, warned by the fate of silver, actually did not dare publish to the world just what the returns from those mines already were, lest corrupt trickery of government should at once be directed toward the demonetization of gold ! He, with a few others, perceiving at once the great future of the new camp, had taken up land for a town site immediately surrounding the property of the mining company. Already their investment had paid them some three hundred per cent. in the increased value of their lots ; but they wanted a secretary and general manager for the company ; he had thought of me as the very man for the place, and if I would join them they would let me in on the ground-floor, making me a present of all accrued profits to date. When the boom set in, as it was certain to do in the spring, there would be a rush of building, when my services as an architect would be in endless demand ; while he further explained the enormous profit to be made in a store of miners' supplies and general merchandise, the nearest railroad town being twelve miles away, a mere Mexican *pueblo*, its merchants asleep and wholly incapable of catering to the demands of a live mining camp. He had figures to back his endorsement of the general merchandise scheme, while he went on to say that the office of postmaster should also be mine if I cared to take it. And crowning the whole was a glittering array of mining possibilities that made my mouth water. I made inquiries about the Great Mogul mines, and found that his statement was but little overdrawn in respect to the richness of that discovery, while Tom Campbell, one of the owners, told me himself that the country all about there was so rich that one could pan out color from the sand almost anywhere. I did not talk to Campbell about the town-site scheme, having gathered from Granville's letter that it was desirable to keep that matter rather

under cover, lest we precipitate the boom before we were ready for it; but everything he told me served to increase my interest in the project. Finally Granville wrote me that there were other aspirants for the opening which had been tendered me, and that if I wanted to come in I would have to be there by the 1st of March; his tone implying that if my arrival were delayed till but the 2d of March the chance would be forever lost to me. By this time I was quite sure that I did want to come in; and I stood not upon the order of my going, but went at once.

"Granville met me at the station of La Gabilana with such a welcome as cheered my heart. How glad he was to see me! Not for an instant would he listen to my proposition that I should go to a hotel. I must go right out to his ranch, of course; and he hustled me into a waiting buggy with such enthusiasm that I fairly blushed for the lack of exuberance in my own feelings. He was not yet living at Garden City, he beamingly explained; he had a ranch a little way out in the country, where I must come and rough it for a month or two and get some good Arizona color on my face. It developed that the ranch was *quite* a little way out; and I had time to get plenty of good Arizona color on my clothes as well as spread over my complexion before we had covered the ten miles which was the actual distance. We rode encompassed by a dense cloud of yellow dust through which the landscape showed in blurred outlines blotched with faded grays and browns. A more desolate and God-forsaken stretch of country than that lying between La Gabilana and the ranch I have never encountered, while as we went on I was forced to observe that Granville's appearance wholly harmonized with the landscape. He looked old and weather-beaten, out-at-elbows and neglected; but there was an expression of easy-going content upon his face which told me not to judge the situation by the mere accident of clothes. Whatever his equipment, he was opulence itself in his bearing. At the mere mention of Garden City it was evident that he felt himself a millionaire.

"Incidentally, as we neared our goal, he explained his domestic arrangements, in respect to which his tone was especially gratulatory. Up to this time he had been 'baching,' it appeared, and, as he could not profess to shine as a cook, he was particularly glad that I had not happened to come before; but now his hired man had taken to himself a wife, and a good woman cook at the head made an appreciable difference in the comfort of the establishment. He had given up the house to the wedded pair and moved into a tent himself. He thought I would like that. For his part, there was nothing that he enjoyed more than sleeping in a tent, filling his lungs with good fresh air all night long, to wake every morning in a bath of mellow sunshine that saturated one's whole being with its heaven-sent tonic. He said it would make a new man of me, and I certainly hoped so, for the old man appeared by this time a painfully worn-out specimen.

"I was tired enough to enjoy any haven of rest by the time we reached the ranch, but I must confess to a creeping dismay as I saw the quarters which Granville pointed out as home. 'We don't put on any style, you see,' he observed: 'we just go in for comfort and take

things easy.' It was perfectly clear that they did not go in for style, but as to the rest of it, that appeared a matter of opinion. The house was a slab shanty just twelve by twelve feet in size, consisting only of one room, which explained what I had previously considered rather quixotic generosity on Granville's part in moving out to give the entire establishment to the bride. The tent to which he ushered me was pitched in the rear of the other structure, a weather-worn stretch of canvas seven by nine. It amply fulfilled Granville's persuasive promise to let me in on the ground-floor. There was no attempt at carpet for mother earth, which was trodden to a yellow dust into which our feet sank almost ankle-deep; while the sole furniture consisted of a couple of deal boxes and an erection at the far end which I was hesitating to recognize as a bed, when Granville settled the question in a cheery burst of hospitality.

"Just throw your things on the bed, and make yourself at home, old fellow,' he cried, evidently with no thought of apologizing for his belongings. 'You'll find a basin and water by the back door if you want a wash. I'll just go and send my man back with the buggy, which I borrowed of one of the neighbors a couple of miles away. Make yourself perfectly at home. It's all yours, as our Mexican friends say.'

"All mine! Never was there a more curious embarrassment of riches. The moment his back was turned, seething curiosity was investigating that bed, which in its way surpassed anything in all my somewhat wide experience of camping and roughing it. Four stakes had been driven into the ground, while cross-pieces were bound on at the corners with rusty snarls of baling wire. On this none too firm foundation was spread a thick layer of cottonwood brush, covered first by some old grain-sacks and next by a dirty tarpaulin which served by way of an under sheet. The upper sheet was represented by a gray woollen blanket, while over all was spread a worn quilt breaking out in an eruption of dirty cotton batting. As I thoughtfully felt the bas-relief of crooked sticks so sharply in evidence through the tarpaulin, I could hear Granville's voice in the distance joyously lifted in a high barytone demand to know if he should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. No question could have seemed more glaringly ironical.

"He came back to the house while I was trying to make myself at home to the extent of a sectional bath in the tin basin by the back door. 'By Jove! you're looking better already,' he declared, when I emerged from the one clean spot I had been able to find in a crash towel as stimulating to the cuticle as a corn-cob. 'And I hope you've brought an appetite with you,' he went on cordially. 'Supper is just ready.' I had suspected as much from the strong hints of coffee and fried pork in the atmosphere, and I was happy to assure him that I had brought an appetite with me. After that long ride across the country I felt simply ravenous.

"The bride was waiting for us at the table, which piece of furniture, with the bed in a corner and the cook-stove at one side, fairly filled the house to overflowing. She was a shy, good-natured girl of sixteen,

with a face as round and expressionless as an underdone griddle-cake. Her husband proudly explained that she was one of a Mormon family of twenty children, a conversational opening for which I was devoutly thankful in the face of that supper. The centre of the table was graced by a great dish of raw onions, which Granville passed, glowing with pleasure at my probable surprise, while complacently observing, 'Ah, here is something you don't get right out of the garden at this time of year in Denver.' And I had to essay a sickly smile and admit that he was right, thanking heaven in my soul that there was any spot of earth free from that accursed vegetable at this or any other time of year. The stench of an onion has always been an abomination in my nostrils, while with equal fervor my stomach abhors pork; and when Granville followed up the first rarity by offering some slabs of half-fried salt side swimming in a sea of amber-colored grease, I felt that I could go out and kick myself with cordial good will for my rash admission of an appetite. There was bread of about the color and consistency of a Milwaukee brick, and in lieu of butter was passed a dish of flour gravy suggestive of the sort of paste peculiar to newspaper offices. The meal was further varied by potatoes, the broken appearance of which, Granville explained, was due to the fact that the eyes had all frugally been cut off for planting. Happily there was coffee, which, though unique in flavor, served to wash down some of the petrified bread and a few of the button-like murphies; but Granville exclaimed loudly at my bird-like capacity, urging me over and over again to have some more of the meat and to take another onion, the latter especially recommended for its soporific qualities.

"I almost wished for that reason that I could have devoured the whole dish, when we came to go to bed. My casual examination had but half revealed the awful possibilities of this new instrument of torture. 'You'd better roll up your coat and put it under your head,' cheerfully advised my host, fitting his own garments to the side he reserved to himself. 'And you'd better not take off the rest of your clothes, or you may feel chilled: though you never catch cold in this climate,—the healthiest air!—pure ozone!' There was a blast of pure ozone as he spoke which threatened to lift the tent into the next county; and as I shivered in eloquent silence Granville looked across at me in surprised concern. 'You don't mean to say that you're cold already?' he cried, as if he could hardly credit the evidence of his eyes. 'Why, this will never do. There are some potato-sacks down here in the corner; I'll spread them over your feet. There's more warmth in a potato-sack——' searching out the luxuries in question, which he shook with a vigor that filled the tent with a suffocating cloud of dust. 'There!' he exclaimed, with cordial satisfaction, as he threw them over me. 'Now if you don't kick round much you'll be all right. The bed is something of a makeshift,' he added, as he settled himself for the night; 'but, all things considered, I think it does pretty well.'

"It might do pretty well for him, whose taste had been cultivated up to the proper point of appreciation; but St. Lawrence on his gridiron was never more of a martyr than was I through all the hours of

that interminable night, although I am quite willing to concede to the saint in his time of torment a frame of mind more befitting canonization. The moment Granville opened his eyes in the morning I was ready for him, anxious to forestall any hospitable inquiries as to my night's rest.

"How soon can we get started?" I asked, with an off-hand air of anticipating no possible delay. We had discussed the Garden City scheme in every detail, and I still clung to the hope that here at least I was not to be disappointed.

"Get started?" he repeated, luxuriously rubbing his back against a crooked stick opportunely lodged below. "Oh, we'll get over there some time next week."

"Next week!—Mighty Scott!" I gasped, thoughts of such nights as that I had just undergone stretching before me in a vista of horror, intensified by a mixed aroma of frying pork and onions now filling the air with awful hints of breakfast. "But why not to-day?"

"Why, there's no such hurry as that," replied Granville, eying me rather reproachfully. "I want you to get rested first; and, besides, I must go and borrow another saddle somewhere before we can get started. Just take it easy and enjoy yourself a few days."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to ask me to ride twenty-three miles and back on horseback?" I groaned, despairingly, feeling that things had come to a pass when even a worm might reasonably be expected to turn. "Haven't you a wagon about the place?"

"Yes; he had a wagon, but unfortunately it was without a seat. That, however, was not a sufficient objection in my eyes. I had not been on a horse's back in five years, and I was bent on making this trip by a less wearing method, even at the cost of some other inconvenience. The result of one look at the wagon was to rouse me to the suggestion that we go and borrow the buggy which had brought me from the station the night before; but it appeared that the owner of this conveyance had planned a trip to town himself that day, and Granville was naturally loath to intrude with a request so ill timed. I went back to the washed-out blue wagon, which evidently had been mostly used of late as a roosting-place for poultry, and, spurred to desperation by the breakfast, proposed that we put in a board for a seat and go ahead. It developed, however, that there was not a loose board on the place longer than such as might be broken out of the old packing-boxes in the tent, which obviously would not answer; and my project halted until the bride came to the rescue, suggesting a couple of chairs, in her good-natured willingness to assist, even bringing out with her own hands the pair which could best be spared for the purpose. She had evidently selected them with especial reference to the fact that they were little likely to be damaged in the journey. Already they were bound up with baling wire at every joint, while one had its lost seat replaced by a couple of slats, a contrivance for comfort fairly outranking the gridiron bed. The wagon had also been mended with baling wire; the harness was bound together here and there by the same convenient makeshift; the horses, indeed, were the only part of

the outfit not bound up by baling wire, while they most of all looked in need of repair.

"It was not an imposing rig when all was ready; but in shipwreck one is not finical about the style of his plank. I resolutely argued down all protests and pretexts for delay; I peremptorily hurried old Granville into forgetting his preference for going on horseback; I worked to make ready with a vigor that fairly surprised myself; and finally peace ineffable filled my soul as I saw ourselves actually started toward Garden City.

"But man proposes—and in this case it was a ranchman from across the country who rode up to dispose of my hopes at one fell swoop. He came to tell Granville that he could have the water that day. I did not at first comprehend the calamity of this message so far as I was concerned; but on the instant the horses were headed back toward the corral, while Granville was cheerfully explaining that the trip would have to be deferred: the ranchmen of the region round used the water for irrigation in turn; and now that it was allotted him for the next three days, he must stay at home and irrigate. In vain I expostulated and pleaded: he pointed out his dry acres and was inexorable.

"And for two days, assisted by his hired man, he tickled that land with a hoe, while it seemed to me that the whole earth laughed in derision. But the third day the heavens took hold of the irrigation business, and Granville was driven into the tent where I sat sulking. It was a cold, raw rain, and everything was presently saturated with chill dampness; but Granville was not in the least cast down. He really enjoyed a rainy day, he stoutly declared; it made a man feel so snug and comfortable to be well housed at such a time. And then it was such a luxury to him to have time to regularly sit down and visit with me and not feel that he was taking it out of the potatoes.

"And he unbosomed himself in that day of visiting more than he had before, telling all his adventures since our old Omaha days together. It was a story of hard work and disappointment; and as he went on with the cheerless reminiscence I marvelled that after so much bitterness in his cup his old grudge against the existing conditions of society seemed to have become so mollified, if it had not completely passed away.

"'It was not until I got down to the philosophy of asking nothing of life that life became really kind to me,' he said, luxuriously tilting back his chair against the bed, his coat buttoned to the chin to keep out the cold. 'When I landed in Arizona with less than five dollars in my pocket I said, "From now on I leave myself in the hands of fate. I have worked and scrambled to get my share of the good things of life, but I scramble no more. I will take what comes and grow old in peace and contentment, whether fate gives me a dinner of herbs or a stalled ox." And, behold, no sooner had I attained that blessed foothold of stoicism than fate relented and everything came to me. I stumbled upon the opportunity of my life at Garden City; and then—well, another blessing, lost years ago, came back to me.' In short, it appeared that he had no sooner recovered from the amaze-

ment of making his fortune at Garden City than he received a letter from a lady to whom he had once been engaged to be married, who had been at some pains to look him up and hint that through all the years of separation her heart had been true to him. Old Granville was a good deal affected when he told of her faithful devotion. She had broken the engagement, it appeared, when he lost his money in Chicago, because she would not be a drag upon him. She had resolutely sacrificed herself, although, not appreciating her motive at the time, he had bitterly reproached and pleaded with her. But now she was a widow with a little property; and she was ready to marry him whenever he would.

"To say that I was surprised at this information would be putting it mildly. I had never thought of Granville as a candidate for matrimony under any circumstances; and now as I looked at him, old and shabby and distinctly unattractive in his squalid surroundings, my mind turned to the faithful widow in a growing astonishment. 'I suppose you have told her all about the Garden City bonanza?' I remarked, what I felt to be a mean suspicion creeping into my mind.

"'Oh, yes; she is greatly interested in that—and the ranch too; she is interested in everything that concerns me, naturally, and it is all so new to her, this Western life. She never stops asking questions about it,' Granville complacently replied. 'She is so eager to see it all. In fact, she is coming out.'

"'She is?' I exclaimed, with a glance of fresh dismay around the tent. 'She is coming *here*?'

"Yes, she was actually coming. Granville had expected to go back and fetch her last year; but the panic coming as it did prevented the placing of the Garden City water bonds, and the wedding had perforce been postponed. And then things had brightened a little, so that he had planned to go at Christmas-time, but the boom had not set in as it had seemed it must, and again his happiness had been postponed. Secure in his ultimate fortune, he was quite philosophically patient, but it appeared that the lady did not so graciously accept this continued delay in a bliss too long deferred. She had seized upon an opportunity to visit with friends in California, and was planning to return by the Southern route and stop at La Gabilana. In fact, Granville admitted, that was his real reason for introducing the subject. She might arrive any day, and he wanted to ask my advice about entertaining her. 'I suppose she would hardly expect me to ask her to stop here; it wouldn't be the proper thing, would it?' he anxiously demanded.

"'I should certainly say not,' I emphatically agreed.

"'Unless she should want to be married at once,' he rather dubiously added.

"'But do you think she will want to be married at once?' I asked.

"'Well, from her letters, I think she is—ready,' he cautiously returned. 'And she's a woman that knows her own mind; no nonsense about her; you will see that from her photograph,' turning about to fish down in the box beside the bed, where from a débris of old shirts and socks, law-books and bits of harness, he brought up the picture at

last. The face was that of a woman on the shady side of forty, with shrewd, small eyes, a sharp beak of a nose, and thin, determined lips which said that the owner was accustomed to have her own way as well as to know her own mind.

"I am hardly in shape to be married before the boom sets in," Granville rather plaintively remarked, while I studied the picture; 'but of course it must be as Melissa chooses.' Looking at Melissa's mouth, I thought it would.

"The next day we did actually get started for Garden City, but my joy was again dampened by Granville's desire to go around by La Gabilana. 'It will take us a few miles out of the way, but there may be a letter from Melissa,' he urged; and before this lover's argument of course I was speechless. And his heart had prophesied aright. There was a letter from Melissa; and I at least was reduced to despair by the news that she would arrive at La Gabilana that very night. Our trip to Garden City was called to another halt, and we sadly wended our way to the hotel to take counsel together what we should do.

"I grieve to say that Granville did not betray such delight as a lover might at this sudden fruition of his joy. He was wholly dazed and disquieted, clinging to me with pathetic entreaty that I stay by him and help him through. But I, urging important engagements in Denver, insisted upon hurrying away upon the trip of inspection forthwith; and it was finally settled that I should hire a team and let another member of the town-site company guide me upon the expedition, while Granville alone should await his love. At the last moment I mustered courage to take him aside and drop a blunt hint. 'Granville, old man, you can't—surely you can't meet her in those clothes,' I said, with matter-of-fact persuasiveness. 'There won't be time for you to ride home and change,'—I knew perfectly well that the best of his wardrobe was upon his back,—'and if you don't happen to have the money with you to fit yourself out at the clothing-store, do let me lend you——' But he waved me aside with the air of a lord.

"I have no wish to give her a false impression," he loftily declared. 'She must take me as I am.'

"Garden City turned out to be what by this time I had come to expect,—a city on paper. Like a certain last resort dear to orthodoxy, it lacked only water and good society; but those drawbacks were serious. I had known before that water was to be brought from a point fifteen miles across the country, but I had not understood until now that a mighty mountain-range occupied the ground of those intervening miles, involving such feats of engineering as would call for an expenditure of something like half a million dollars. With the water there, all their wildest dreams seemed almost possible, for we proved the statement that gold could be panned out anywhere from the sand in the embryo streets; but meanwhile all the available water had been seized by the Great Mogul Mining Company, and the rest of the world must look on helpless. There was a small huddle of miners' cabins about the Great Mogul shaft-houses; but on the land of the town-site company was as yet only the long, low, unpainted pine building in

which it had been planned that I should begin my mercantile career. To this I was proudly escorted and put into possession with a benevolent flourish, while my conductor enthusiastically set forth all the great things which were to be expected when the boom set in, in the spring. We were joined by the present postmaster, who had been conducting a general store, in which business I was frankly informed that he had 'busted up'; hence, now that his store was closed, it was proposed to ask him to appoint me his deputy and move the post-office over to my place. But the great-hearted postmaster generously scouted this suggestion. 'Deputy!—not much!' Mr. Forrester should be postmaster full-fledged. He would himself head a petition which his friends the postmasters of Tucson and Phoenix would be proud to sign; it should be forwarded to Washington and the proper influence brought to bear to fix it all at once. Mr. Forrester should be postmaster! I was really touched by his friendly eagerness to sacrifice himself, and had insisted upon his taking a couple of cigars to put in his pocket before it occurred to me to ask how often they had a mail. 'Oh, we ain't got any mail service yet,' he cheerfully explained; 'but when the boom sets in, in the spring—'

"We rode back to La Gabilana the next day, and I found Granville waiting for me at the hotel. It struck me that he looked strangely worn and depressed, while I was surprised that he showed such apathetic indifference to the results of my observations at Garden City. With a sneaking desire to let him down gently, I told him I should be obliged to take the first train for the East; but I promised that I would consider the business proposition, and let him hear my decision later.

"Melissa—Mrs. Woods—has decided to go too,' he said, absent-mindedly, staring at nothing in particular in the far distance. 'She thinks the wedding would better be—postponed. I took her out to the ranch: she insisted upon it. There were not chairs enough to go round at dinner: we had taken a couple with us to town, you know, and, as I hired another team to drive out, of course it left us short. And Sam's wife had not expected company and had not figured on getting much dinner; and Melissa never eats pork, and don't care for onions, and—well, she did not appear to be very favorably impressed. She thinks the wedding would better be postponed.'

"The lady did not appear until nearly train-time, when we three walked over to the station together. Though her photograph had but done justice to a certain hawk-like quality in her face, she was still what would be called rather a fine-looking woman, carrying her really handsome clothes with an air which said that she considered the best of everything none too good for her. She looked like a woman who would haunt the stores on bargain-days—and get bargains; the nervous push and energy of her manner eloquent of an unlimited capacity to look out for her own interests on all occasions. But now her face seemed wilted and worn, her whole appearance scarcely less subdued than that of the shabby cavalier who walked in silence beside her.

"I am sure that Mrs. Woods and I were equally relieved that the trains make but brief stops at the insignificant little station of La

Gabilana, and the embarrassment of our parting was so soon over. We stood on the rear platform of the car as we were borne away, looking back at poor Granville, old and seedy, yet wearing an air of pathetic dignity in his brave attempt to wave us a smiling farewell. 'Is this your first visit to Arizona?' I asked, in conventional desire to say something, as we turned to go into the car.

"Yes; and my last!" she returned, her lips closing with the words like the clasp of a reticule; but there was a nervous twitch about her eyelids, reddened as though from much weeping, as she turned again for a last look into the barren distance where La Gabilana was now lost to view. 'Arizona is a disappointing country,' she observed, a regretful wistfulness softening her sharp features as she slowly shook her head, while a couple of tears slowly trickled down on either side of her red Roman nose,—'a disappointing country!'

"And I fully agreed with her."

Mary E. Stickney.

MIRAGE.

ON every side beyond the sweep of eye
Stretch out the torrid miles of yellow sand;
Above, a copper sun and breathless sky;
'Twixt sands and skies a pulsing ether band.

The snake-like caravan crawls slowly past
Throughout the parching noonday Egypt heat;
While round it choking clouds of dust are cast,
Stirred up by scores of camels' plodding feet.

Nature lies dead beneath the shadeless glare,
Vistas of burning sand its burial pall;
And, save where drivers drone some native air,
A death-like stillness settles over all.

But sudden from the arid desert seas
Fair domes and stately minarets arise.
Where tall green palms sway slowly in the breeze,
A gleaming citadel before us lies.

It hangs a moment,—wavers,—and is gone.
A shade of sadness shrouds the desert vast,
Since, through the present dearth, it looked upon
That retrospect of a grand buried past.

Albert Payson Terhune.

*RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.**

THE islands of New Zealand form a unique corner of the globe. Their remote position gives their oddities a special interest. Their fauna and their flora are alike remarkable. Of volcanic origin, the group contains but few indigenous animals, and these are of quaint form and antique character. The islands are almost entirely destitute of game. The one hundred and three thousand square miles of territory include plains, mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, and forests, which furnish nuts, berries, and verdure, in varied character, where game animals of many kinds could subsist in large numbers.

The scarcity of animal life and the excess of food-supply give to the quadrupeds which are at large on the islands an extensive commissariat: lean or ill-favored animals are not known.

In 1812, when the islands were occupied by the British, a new species came to inhabit the land. The English were accustomed to diversity in animals. The quaint-looking brutes native to New Zealand did not answer the Englishman's demands in either quantity or variety, so he concluded to add to the animal census of the antipodes. He brought new impulses and activities among the nomadic New Zealanders. His diet called for greater assortment, and his table required corresponding supplies.

English climate had made him a man of action, fond of excitement; he was a hunter by instinct, and had developed a taste for wild meat. A country without game was to him a novel scene, and he did not enjoy the novelty. The dearth of animals was irksome to the colonist. The picturesque scenery, evergreen trees, and reversed climate, south of the sun's path, diverted the Britons for a while; but their Anglo-Saxon propensity soon found exercise.

Their disposition to accumulate and appropriate did not confine itself to the seizure of native lands. Their second move was to import some foreign fauna. English estates, with English population, but without English animals, presented an anomaly the Britisher could not tolerate. He was not content with fields cultivated by British implements and waving with British grain, but destitute of British hares.

Dr. Menzies decided to import some rabbits. He ordered six to be sent out by steamer from the British isles. They passed over the equatorial line, and reached New Zealand in reasonable health and passable condition.

A public festival was appointed to celebrate the liberation of the animals. Invitations were sent out to prominent citizens and government officials, to assemble at Picton, on South Island, to partake of the hospitalities of the neighborhood and add solemnity to the cere-

* See "The Australian Rabbit-Plague," by the writer of this article, in our issue for December, 1893.

mony of turning loose the rabbits. Public speakers were contracted with for addresses on the occasion, and a "stand" was provided. Half a dozen cases of ale, some baskets of Burgundy, and a few bottles of Cognac were opened. After some remarks by chosen orators, the banquet was attended to. The rabbits were then set at large. The animals disappeared in the New Zealand forests, and the colonists returned to their several homes.

The rabbits gradually faded from the public mind. Seldom were they seen by human eyes.

Time passed. The rabbits improved each shining hour to increase their numbers. They were multiplying by a ratio of their own calculation. The semi-tropical character of the climate enabled one brace of animals—and their heirs—within forty-eight months to be responsible for one and a quarter millions of kittens.

After a few years' start the result of this productive activity began to be observed. Rabbits appeared in divers places. Soon they were seen in crowds. The crowds then assumed larger proportions; the proportions continued to extend. Like a ripple started on a placid lake, which soon touches the circling shores, the rabbits finally spread over the island.

The cloud-bursts which broke among the rocky peaks and the mountain floods which poured their torrents from the cañons of the New Zealand Alps were not more disastrous to the surrounding plains. Like a scourge of caterpillars, the rabbits devoured whatever vegetation their teeth could touch. Like a desolating drought, they obliterated the herbage in the valleys and made barren the hills. Where prolific verdure had waved on the plains, naked wastes now marked the landscape. Crops were destroyed; grain-fields, gardens, and orchards were blighted. Farms were made valueless; grazing runs were eaten out; flocks and herds died for lack of food. Sheep- and cattle-raising suffered heavily, and agriculture was seriously threatened. A second Australian plague had invaded the islands, and left the same blasted track as a record.

The New Zealanders effected township organizations for self-defence, and moved on the devouring animals. Like the hot winds blowing over the crests of the Zealandian Alps (when one gale ceased, several others followed), the rabbits continued to arrive both in front and in rear. Provincial combinations were then organized, and greater forces were headed towards the intruders.

The animals were equal to all demands made on their ranks, and quadrupled their numbers, with astonishing frequency, to fill vacancies created by war. Carnivorous animals were imported to assist the inhabitants in their crusade against the rabbits. Weasels, stoats, and ferrets were sent for. They arrived; but, like the animals they were expected to exterminate, they themselves began to multiply with amazing speed, and their ravages became even more exasperating than those of the rabbits.

The colonists finally besought the government of New Zealand to come to the rescue. Aboriginal wars and menaces from Russian fleets were forgotten. Parliament was convened, and it acted in the premises.

A Rabbit Department was created. Appropriations were made to support this department, and large expenditures provided for the exercise of its powers. It was vested with the responsibility of exterminating the rabbits. It was empowered to raise forces, plan campaigns, and direct raids on the pests. Repeated advances by armed companies were made against the invaders; but the results were never satisfactory. The animals seemed to thrive under persecution.

The colonists, wearied of explosions, concluded to try poison. They soaked wheat in phosphorus, and scattered the drugged grain over the infested region. The rabbits ate of the grain, and at once showed signs of internal disturbance. A panic among them ensued. The hills were covered with animals taking their last rest. More wheat was scattered. More rabbits lay down and died. The very clouds seemed to rain corpses.

The people rejoiced; they had found a panacea for their grievance. Many sheep ate of the grain and died; but the colony could spare them. The poison-pots were kept in operation, and doctored wheat was scattered broadcast throughout the island.

"Skinners" reaped a harvest, for rabbit-skins were found to yield a revenue. The fur came into demand for the manufacture of hats. The skins were exported; rabbit-fur became a leading staple in New Zealand commerce. The exportation of skins reached fourteen millions annually; the total number shipped from 1884 to 1891 was eighty-five million nine hundred thousand, and their value reached three million eight hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

Forty-six millions of rabbits are slain annually which are not skinned. Within the past twelve years it is estimated that seven hundred and twenty millions have been killed. It is hoped that the number slain will eventually reach such proportions as to check the increase of the animals.

The Rabbit Department advances a royalty on each rabbit-scalp presented for redemption, and a large revenue is paid out of the colonial treasury on this account. Divers laws have been passed by successive colonial Parliaments for the suppression of the animals, under the name of *Rabbit Nuisance Acts*. Inspectors are appointed by the government, with authority to invade private grounds, as well as public lands, to ascertain if the holders comply with the Nuisance Acts. Parties interfering with the inspectors in their observations, or obstructing them in the execution of their powers, are subject to a penalty of one hundred dollars.

But the most effectual legislation devised by the New Zealand Parliament for the extermination of the rabbits has been found to be that for the erection of rabbit-proof fences around the infested sections. These are of various kinds. Upright fences of palings, three feet above the ground, are sometimes used. The palings are sunk six inches into the earth, and are one inch apart. Post and rail fences of similar height, compactly built, are also erected. Wire fences, thirty-six inches high, with posts nine feet apart, are the most permanent. Four strands of wire are stretched between the posts, and wire netting, with apertures of an inch and a half, is fast-

ened to the wires and riveted to the ground, or sunk six inches into the soil.

Acts of Parliament protect these fences; heavy penalties punish vandals who molest them. Parties who injure or cause to be injured any rabbit-fence in New Zealand are, when convicted, subjected to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year. They are not allowed to pay fines, but are required to atone for their transgression in durance vile.

Government has power not only to fence in rabbit-infested territory, but to erect rabbit-barricades across any public highway; it can also construct gates across public bridges and turnpikes. Any traveller who leaves one of these gates ajar is sentenced by the courts, on conviction, to pay twenty-five dollars. Those who maliciously leave the gates open are fined more heavily. Laws also protect territory not invaded by rabbits. Any one who turns loose a living rabbit in a section previously exempt from these pests incurs a penalty of two hundred and fifty dollars or a year's imprisonment. Any one who transports live rabbits from one section of the colony to another is likewise subjected to a severe fine. Parties who are found with live rabbits in their possession, unless they give satisfactory accounts of their intentions and motives, are also heavily fined.

The colony is resolved to stop rabbit-travel at any expense. If the animals cannot be extirpated, it is the intention of the government at least to restrict their explorations. By extending barricades across the island and erecting a system of cross-fences, it is the hope of the Rabbit Department to enclose the animals finally in small areas, and eventually to drive them into the sea.

The peculiar structure of the islands of New Zealand greatly assists the colony in its undertaking. The group extends north and south fifteen hundred miles. North Island, with an area of forty-seven thousand square miles, is surrounded by a protecting sheet of salt water. Stewart Island, with one thousand square miles of territory, is also encircled by the ocean. The region infested by the bunnies is confined to South Island, with an area of fifty-five thousand square miles. The mountain formation of this island is against rabbit extension. The New Zealand Alps lift their towering range, a snow-clad barricade, along the western coast through the entire length of the island. The southern end of this chain is capped with glaciers; the passes are at the north end of the range. The east side of the island is a long stretch of plains, three hundred miles in length. The plains are occasionally crossed by ranges. The ranges, flanked by fences, act as barricades against the migrations of the rabbits. With nature's landmarks favorable, with government revenues enlisted, with forces systematized, legislation employed, fines and penalties invoked, fences erected, and poison freely administered, the New Zealanders trust that the Rabbit Department will at last conquer their enemies and relieve the colony of these noxious pests.

J. N. Ingram.

IN THE BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS.

"GO slow, boys, for God's sake! If we miss this landing, we are lost. The rapids begin just around that bend."

Four men stood upon a rude raft, and with roughly-made oars and long fir poles were trying to guide it out of the current of the swollen Clearwater River into a small sheltered inlet.

Both shores of the river rose abruptly to steep and terrible mountains. Not far above was the snow-line.

The men's faces were white and haggard, their eyes anxious, half desperate. Huddled upon a stretcher at one end of the raft was a young man, little more than a boy, whose pallid, emaciated face was turned a little to one side. His eyes were closed; the long black lashes lay like heavy shadows upon his cheeks. The weak November sunshine, struggling over the fierce mountains, shone through his thin nostrils, turning them pink, and giving an unearthly look to the face. A collie crouched close beside him, shivering with fear, yet ever and anon licking the cold hand lying outside the gray blanket; occasionally he lifted his head and uttered a long, mournful howl. Each time the four men shuddered and exchanged looks of despair,—so humanly appealing was it, and so deeply did it voice the terrible dread in their own hearts.

It was now two months since they had left Seattle on a hunting expedition in the Bitter Root Mountains, in Idaho. For six weeks they had been lost in those awful snow fastnesses. Their hunting dogs had been killed by wild beasts. Their twelve pack-ponies had been left to starve to death when, finding further progress on land impossible on account of the snow, they constructed a raft and started on their perilous journey down the Clearwater.

The cook had been sick almost the entire time, and their progress had been necessarily slow and discouraging. They had now reached a point where the river was so full of boulders and so swift that they could proceed no farther on the raft.

For several days the cook had been unconscious, lying in a speechless stupor; but when they had, with much danger and excitement, landed and made him comfortable in a protected nook, he suddenly spoke,—faintly, but distinctly.

"Polly," he said, with deep tenderness, "lay your hand on my head. I guess it won't ache so, then."

The four men, looking at him, grew whiter. They could not look at each other. The dog, having already taken his place beside him, lifted his head and looked at him with pitiable eagerness.

"Oh, Polly!"—there was a heart-break in the voice,—“you don't know what I've suffered! The cold, and then the fever! The pain has been awful. Oh, I've wanted you so, Polly—I've wanted you so! . . . But it's all right, now that I'm home again. . . . Where's the baby, Polly? Oh, the nights that I've laid, freezing and suffering in the snow, just kept alive by the thought o' you an' the little man! I

knew it ud kill you 'f I died—so I *wudn't* give up! An' now I'm here 't home again. Polly——”

“We must fix some supper, boys,” said Darnell, roughly, turning away to hide his emotion. “Let's get the fire started.”

“We've just got enough for one more good meal,” said Roberts, in a tremulous voice. “There's no game around here, either.—Guide, you must try to find a way out of this before dark, so we can start early in the morning.”

Without speaking, the guide obeyed. It was dark when he returned. The men were sitting by the camp-fire, eating their supper. The dog still lay by his master, from whom even hunger could not tempt him.

The three men looked at the guide. He sat down and took his cup of coffee in silence. “Well,” said Darnell, at last, “can we go on?”

“Yes,” said the guide, slowly; “we can. In some places there'll be only a few inches' foothold; an' we'll hev to hang on to bushes up above us, with the river in some places hundreds o' feet below; but we can do it, 'f we don't get rattled an' lose our heads.”

There was a deep and significant silence. Then Brotherton said, with white lips, “Do you mean that we can't take *him*?”

“That's what I mean.” The guide spoke deliberately. He could not lift his eyes. Some of the coffee spilled as he lifted the cup to his lips. “We can't take a thing, 'cept our hands an' feet,—not even a blanket. It'll be life an' death to do it then.”

There was another silence. At last Darnell said, “Then it is for us to decide whether we shall leave him to die alone while we save ourselves, or stay and die with him?”

“Yes,” said the guide.

“There is positively not the faintest chance of getting him out with us?”

“By God, no!” burst forth the guide, passionately. “It seems like puttin' the responsibility on me, but you want the truth, an' that's it. He can't be got out. It's leave him an' save ourselves, or stay with him an' starve.”

After a long while Roberts said, in a low voice, “He's unconscious. He wouldn't know we had gone.”

“He cannot possibly live three days, under any circumstances,” said Brotherton. “Mortification has already begun in his legs.”

“Good God!” exclaimed Darnell, jumping up and beginning to walk rapidly forth and back, before the fire. “I must go home, boys! My wife—when I think of her, I am afraid of losing my reason! When I think what she is suffering——”

Brotherton looked at him. Then he sunk his face into both his hands. He, too, had a wife. The guide put down his coffee; large tears came into his honest eyes. He had no wife, but there was one——

Roberts got up suddenly. He had the look of a tortured animal in his eyes. “Boys,” he said, “my wife is dead. My life doesn't matter so much, but—I've three little girls! I *must* get back, somehow!”

The sick man spoke. They all started guiltily, and looked toward him. "Yes, yes, Polly," he said, soothingly, "I know how you worried about me. I know how you set strainin' your eyes out the window day an' night, watchin' fer me. But now I'm home again, an' it's all right. I guess you prayed, Polly; an' I guess God heard you. . . . There's a boy fer you! He knows me, too."

The silence that fell upon them was long and terrible. The guide arose at last, and, without speaking, made some broth from the last of the canned beef, and forced it between the sick man's lips. When he came back to the fire, Darnell took a silver dollar out of his pocket.

"Boys," he said, brokenly, "I don't want to be the one to settle this, and I guess none of you do. It is an awful thing to decide. I shall throw this dollar high into the air. If it falls heads up, we go; tails—we stay."

The men had lifted their heads and were watching him. They were all very white; they were all trembling.

"Are you all willing to decide it in this way?"

Each answered, "Yes."

"I swear," said Darnell, slowly and solemnly, "that I will abide by this decision. Do you all swear the same?"

Each, in turn, took the oath. Trembling now perceptibly, Darnell lifted his hand slowly and cast the piece of silver into the air. Their eyes followed its shining course. For a second it disappeared; then it came singing to the earth.

Like drunken men they staggered to the spot where it had fallen, and fell upon their knees, staring with straining eyes and bloodless lips.

"It is heads," said Darnell. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

At that moment the dog lifted his head and sent a long, mournful howl to die in faint echoes in the mountains across the river.

At daylight they were ready to start. Snow lay on the ground to a depth of six inches. But a terrible surprise awaited them. At the last moment they discovered that the cook was conscious.

"You're not going—to leave me?" he said, in a whisper. His eyes seemed to be leaping out of their hollow sockets with terror.

"Only for a few hours," said Brotherton, huskily. "Only to find a way out of this,—to make a path over which we can carry you."

"Oh," he said, faintly; "I thought—but you wouldn't. In the name o' God, don't leave me to die alone!"

They assured him that they would soon return. Then, making him as comfortable as possible, they went,—without hesitation, without one backward look. There was no noise. The snow fell softly and silently through the firs; the river flowed swiftly through its wild banks. The sick man lay with closed eyes, trustfully. But the dog knew. For the first time he left his master. He ran after them, and threw himself before them, moaning. His lifted eyes had a soul in them. He leaped before them, and upon them, licking their hands and clothing; he cast himself prone upon their feet, like one praying. No

human being ever entreated for his life so passionately, so pathetically, as that dog pleaded for his master's.

At last, half desperate as they were, they kicked him savagely and flung him off. With a look in his eyes that haunted them as long as they lived, he retreated then to his master's side, and lay down in a heavy huddle of despair, still watching them. As they disappeared, he lifted his head, and for the last time they heard that long, heart-breaking howl.

It was answered by a coyote in the cañon above.

A week later the Associated Press sent out the following despatch: "The Darnell party, who were supposed to have perished in the Bitter Root Mountains, returned last night. Their hardships and sufferings were terrible. There is great rejoicing over their safe return. They were compelled to leave the cook, who had been sick the entire time, to die in the mountains. But for their determined efforts to bring him out alive, they would certainly have returned a month earlier."

The world read the despatch and rejoiced with those rejoicing. But one woman, reading it, fell, as one dead, beside her laughing boy.

Ella Higginson.

MY SCHOOLS.

IF every survivor of old-time schools, few as these may be, would write a full account of things which he knew, of some of which himself was a part, the Alexandrian Library would be a mere circumstance to the number of books that would be written. Thomas à Kempis advised to despise not the study of the sayings of the ancients, for the reason that they were not uttered without a cause. Among those sayings two which seemed specially to commend themselves to our ancestors were this of the Wise Man, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," and the following, "Withhold not correction from the child, for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." Rods being abundant as air and near by, there was no earthly reason why a boy, or even a girl, should spoil for want of their application. Indeed, things almost as good and far more convenient were always at hand, such as cuffs and pinchings. Old Dr. Parr, specially intent upon saving the soul of a favorite nobleman's son, who, when sent to his school, was found to be uncommonly bright, docile, and dutiful, enjoined an usher to beat him every morning. Dr. Busby, for nearly threescore years the head-master of Westminster School, used in his old age to boast of the number of illustrious men whom he had reared, mainly with the rod.

Fifty years ago this discipline, with the approbation of almost all heads of families, obtained in the Southern States; not only in rural districts, but in villages; not only under quack school-masters, but under men liberally educated in New England and thence imported. The chief stimulus to study and proper deportment for boys was the

hickory, as that for girls was the ferule. In the case of the latter, however, all the physical pain and some of the inner mortification might be avoided by substitution of the other sex, by whom such vicarious sacrifice was often assumed not only without reluctance, but with chivalric alacrity. Legion was the name of boys, even of many fully grown in stature and almost so in age, who for offences of trifling demerit, often from mere suspicion of their guilt, were made to throw off their coats and take a score of blows from a seasoned hickory laid on with healthiest vigor by a New-Englander who was as stalwart in body as he was fixed in opinions and courageous in spirit. Sometimes, but not often, a youth would offer resistance, and occasions were when even the master's life was put in peril. Yet in the end the latter, if not by his own individual resources, by the invocation of parental interference, prevailed, and the offender was subjected to punishment double what was first intended.

In these schools, even of the highest grade, where boys were well prepared for college, discipline regarded in its punitive code both neglect in studies and derelictions in deportment, not only in study-hours, but all others, particularly in the deep of night. Most of these were provoked by the system itself, which persecuted without remorse the offspring of its own creation. Board and other accommodations of excellent sort could be had at rates which would now seem absurdly cheap. Yet boys who, when not at school, were as honorable as the best, were otherwise during those two sessions, each of twenty-two weeks with never a sign of a holiday. When let out from the school-room where during nine and ten and sometimes ten and a half hours they had worked and been worked to the full extent of endurance, they began to look about for amusement, finding it particularly entertaining to be known as the terror of hen-roosts, orchards, and fruit-patches. Then gates of house-yards and horse-lots, rails on contiguous calf-pastures and cow-pens, vehicles, or wheels from vehicles, and other dumb harmless things, could never foresee when they were to be stolen away from their accustomed proper places and put to uses of which their owners and their very makers had never so much as dreamed. Even the church-bell, which ought to have been regarded as the very last thing in the village to provoke mischief and merriment, not seldom had to suffer its clapper to be tied with a cord which, reaching a hundred rods below, kept it tolling at intervals the night long, thus filling grown people with discomfort from the loss of sleep and sorely perplexing the pious with remorse for the use of words of wrath and imprecation which on the morrow they apprehended had been too sinful. Yet these on the next evening, or not long after, had their consolation when told that such outrages had been expiated upon those who, if not the guilty, had been guilty in the past and would be in the future; for teachers and citizens did never seem to admit any danger of hitting amiss when whipping a school-boy. To myself, when a child, it was a matter of wonder how so much of these things became accurately known to school-masters. But many of these used to go about at night in disguise,—at times, when there was no moon, mingling unnoted among the marauders, at others making visits to their chambers (to

which by the common law of certain communities they had access at all hours) in order to ascertain who were absent. Then some of these masters had their spies and informers, who, as well as for the security of their own persons, if detected by their school-mates, as for meaner purposes, were sometimes participants in offences of which they afterwards imparted information.

Yet not many were ruined or very seriously injured by this discipline. This doubtless was because it was time-honored and endorsed by most of the best people. Then the head-masters were upright, laborious, scholarly men, under whom the learning in books was as full and as rapid as the most competent and exacting tuition could render it. Tricks which most unwise espionage encouraged were followed by punishment sometimes barbaric in severity; but these seldom wrought permanent injury. Boys who had experienced them, when come to manhood, looked back to them sometimes with disgust and resentment, but far more often took pleasure in telling and in listening to ludicrous reminiscences.

In recalling these old-time school-days, I sometimes speculate as to the reasons why one special thing, not at all common, not even frequent, was considered by school-masters so horrible. This was playing with cards. The recreations above alluded to were bad enough, but about card-playing there was a diabolism that was appalling. What leprosy or small-pox was to the flesh, card-playing seemed to be to the spirit. I have suspected that perhaps the grotesqueness of the cards may have had something to do with the notion. To say nothing of the king and the queen, any more than that their outward adornment seemed so regardless of the simplicity of existing fashions, and their very names were odious to a people become not many years back independent, there was the jack. I had to pause just here in order to think what to say about the jack in an old-time deck of cards. Boys in my time had never seen the devil nor any of his imps; but if he or any one of them ever appeared before human eyes shod in higher-heeled slippers, with bigger, fatter, wider, shorter, more thinly covered legs, with a redder, more turned-up, and more impolite coatee, above these a more egregious nose, a more wide open wicked eye, and a head more defiant and flat than those represented in this picture, then he was a personage for all people, old and young, to run away from.

In lawyers' rooms at village taverns, while I was at the bar, favorite themes for anecdotes of nights were reminiscences of school and college life; for the system, except as to corporal punishment, obtained in the college also. Some of the greatest and best men with whom I ever had acquaintance I have heard narrate scenes in words which made listeners laugh with a laughter that could be heard by every dweller around the court-house square. Men whose integrity was unimpeachable would tell with heartiest glee of floggings they had gotten and others they had witnessed, many of which were for imaginary offences, or for real ones to which the punishment was grossly disproportionate. Others told of artful dodgings and spring-branch duckings in the times of "old field" schools, and other trifling episodes in young life. At one of these reunions Robert Toombs gave

an account of his last day at Franklin College, the State University. A pupil there, and only fourteen years of age, he was caught one night by one of the tutors while at a game of cards. Convinced that he would be expelled the next day when information should be made to the faculty, he repaired to a tavern in the town (Athens, Georgia), whither, by happy accident, had come that very day from his home in the adjoining county Thomas W. Cobb, a United States Senator, who was his guardian. Him he besought and prevailed upon for a letter giving permission to withdraw from the institution. He obtained from the president early the next morning his letter of dismissal. Some time afterwards, the tutor's report having been sent in, he was met on the campus by the dignitary, who began to upbraid him with accustomed sternness. He had uttered but a few words when Toombs interrupted him thus :

"Dr. W——, you seem to forget, sir, that you are now addressing, not a member of this institution, but a free citizen of the State of Georgia and of the United States."

"What did the old gentleman say?" asked one of us.

"I didn't hear his rejoinder; but without any unnecessary delay I ran off to Mr. Cobb."

When I went to the university as a professor, it was but a brief while before I resolved not to act upon a rule (unknown to me at the time of my election) requiring every official to make at least once a day a visitation to the students' rooms within his "range" in the college building. The rule had been made for the sake of good order, and I was convinced that this would be better in my absence: so I kept myself away, letting it be known to the students that I did so because I did not believe that they would take advantage of the trust which I thus showed in their sense of propriety in response to fair treatment. Such behavior on my part, recognizing their respect for the amenities due and common among gentlemen everywhere, made my life and that of my family while there free from molestation of any sort.

When I decided to retire from the university and open a boarding-school at my home in Hancock, I resolved to put in practice some of the things which I had learned both as a student and as a teacher. Not long before I was to begin, a dear friend of mine, who had been an eminently successful teacher, said to me one day that, after seeing my advertisement, he had felt it to be his duty to remonstrate with me about some things therein, particularly the item which announced that no pupil would be allowed to remain in the school, whose veracity should be found unworthy of confidence; and he expressed a belief that if persisted in it would surely and speedily break up the enterprise. I could only answer that if I could not manage thus a company of boys in my own house I would try to be content with failure.

I began with twenty pupils, four beyond my list. These last I could not turn away, because they were sons of dear friends in that judicial circuit, for whom I felt bound to make some strain. At the opening I made a talk of considerable length. Recalling this often, I have been rather amused to remember my embarrassment before that small audience of boys from twelve years up to sixteen. I frankly

admitted that, being one of the most credulous of men, I had not a single gift necessary to a detective, and that I would not have about me any who possessed those gifts with willingness to employ them. Therefore I should not put upon them a watch closer than what every parent ought to put upon his own children. Nor would they be allowed to watch one another, at least with intent of reporting discoveries of their doings, unless these were of a dishonorable sort, notice of which an honorable person could not keep secret. I maintained that a boy could be, and was bound to be, as much a gentleman as any man, and that no other sort of character could remain there. When information was wanted about the deportment of any one of them in school or elsewhere, it must come from that one himself whenever a demand was made to report in my study, and any defalcation in the truth of the statement would be followed by prompt dismissal.

Finding soon that I had the class fully well in hand, seeing no reason why they should be kept from such sports as I knew most of them to be allowed in the homes of their parents, and being myself rather fond of the game of euchre, I obtained several decks of playing-cards, which I allowed to be used publicly in the drawing-room, but nowhere else. This limitation was made not from apprehension that they would wager pocket-money or other properties, but to avoid disputings from which it has always seemed to me curious how many grown persons, even those extremely fond of the amusement of card-playing, cannot always abstain. Not long afterward, when the pupils had made acquaintance among the neighbors who did not oppose such entertainment, not seldom, on Friday evenings, girls were invited to the house, where, besides cards and music, we had dancing.

If it had been elsewhere than at my own home, in my native county, and if we had had other than the sons of leading, thoughtful, liberal-minded parents, there would doubtless have been much varied comment upon a discipline so widely different from what was time-honored. As it was, many good neighbors, only shaking their heads in solemn wonder, abstained from remonstrance, and were as much surprised as gratified when, during the season of fruit-ripening, contrary to their apprehensions, never an apple or even an old field plum was plucked by a boy from Rockby School except by permission of the grower. But their gratification was greater when, on meeting any of the pupils on the public thoroughfare, half a mile distant from the school, the boys' hats were lifted in token of respect.

On the plantation of near a thousand acres were many coverts of briars, sedge, and other undergrowth, in which were rabbits and other small game. To the hounds belonging to the negroes in their quarters were added others, and during the fall and winter not many afternoons passed without the sports which they afforded.

The success of the scheme was beyond my hopes. Sincere in admitting my unfitness for the detection of the secret doings of others, I had not counted upon the extent of sympathy which would be extended to the admission. These boys of all ages seemed to feel that it would be the very depth of meanness to delude a man who had said that it would be easy for them to do so with impunity. I was often touched

when a lad, in answer to my questionings about some of his behavior, told his tale with an earnest circumstantiality, as if he feared that the slightest deviation from actual statement would be a wound which ought never to be inflicted by a gentleman or a gentleman's son upon one who entirely trusted to his honor. This occurred often, after some of them (always without my escort or that of my assistant) had been with permission into the village three miles distant, where their deportment was universally commended by the citizens.

The class gradually increased until it reached beyond fifty, and many times that number bespoke vacancies which might occur. The rates, compared with those of most other schools, were high, so as to render unnecessary extra charges for incidentals. The pupils, knowing that whatever damage was done to the school or other property could not be compensated, forbore from committing them except by inevitable accident. Often a boy, after breaking a piece of furniture through some carelessness, exhibited sincere regret for not being allowed to defray the expense of repairing. They often displayed a scrupulous honor that it was a delight to contemplate.

Goethe (I believe in his Autobiography) says that if one would treat another as if he believed him to be good, the latter as a rule would respond with whatever of good was in him. Experience has removed all doubt from my mind that this saying may be applied to school-boys with at least as much confidence as to men in the world. Quintilian, a man as kindly as wise, said that every one should be respected. Even the severe Juvenal, whether seriously or in irony, said, "The greatest reverence is due to boys." The rhetorician was but anticipating the general teaching of the Christ, and the poet pointed to the example of the "little child."

In my time I have been associated with those of every degree of age. If from any of these I have learned the best lessons, it is from the young, with whom I have mostly lived, and in whom it was good to see

The love of higher things and better days,
The unbounded hope and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world and the world's ways.

As for that intimate acquaintance with human nature which some, especially old-time school-masters, used to magnify and boast of having, I never had it myself, never knew how it was to be got, always wondered how others got it, yet never had either hope or desire for it. My conviction now, late in life, is that acquaintance with human nature, if not the most unprofitable, is the meanest knowledge that a man can get, and that he is the most secure from harm who believes others to be better than himself. I moved among my pupils, confessedly knowing little outside of books, yet I believe that no school-master acting upon a different principle has been less frequently disappointed of his generous hopes.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

OLD NEW YORK RESTAURANTS.

FEW New-Yorkers ever pause to consider what mighty changes the past thirty years have wrought in all our modes of eating. I recall in 1864 but a single up-town restaurant at which could be procured a dinner cooked with anything that resembled French skill. This, I need hardly say, was the "Delmonico's," once located on the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The old-fashioned "eating-house" and "ladies' and gents' dining-room" have passed almost wholly into oblivion. Occasionally one is still seen on lower Broadway, or in the region of upper Eighth and Ninth Avenues. They were certainly very crude hostelries, and no wonder they made foreigners laugh at us.

The waiters were "colored," and not always of the tidiest type. The table-linen was often excessively coarse, and you seldom saw it unless arabesqued and hieroglyphed by the coffee-stains and other like mementos of previous feasters. A mammoth china water-pitcher, with huge sugar-bowl and butter-dish to match, made a cumbrous group that was never missing. In the sugar were apt to be marks left by a moist spoon plunged there, and the butter would reveal, along the sides of its big yellow plinth, gouges made by a knife guiltily steeped in gravy or egg-yolk or tomato-sauce.

Of course there were "neater" restaurants, and one does not wish to be too pessimistic in speaking of places where, after all, one has memories of enjoying certain fairly comfortable repasts. But in the main "eating-houses" predominated whose atmosphere would now be defined as vulgarity itself. The negro waiters would come sauntering to you, after you had given them your order, with dishes (heavy, bluish-white, infrangible-looking dishes) strung from wrist to shoulder in the most perilous state of tipsy equipoise. When you had finished your meal you would receive a thick, stiff square of card-board, with soiled and often ragged rims, containing the amount of your indebtedness in burly black figures. For beverage you could get tea or coffee (usually insipid and flavorless) in ponderous cups that weighed almost a pound apiece.

If you had asked for a pint of claret (it was generally called "claret wine" in those days) the attendant would perhaps expose for you in amused grin all his spotless ivories. As for beer, that drink, either bottled or on draught, was almost unknown in New York thirty years ago. Unless I mistake, it was just thirty years ago when, during a semi-annual exhibition given by the students of Columbia College at Wallack's (now the Star Theatre) on Thirteenth Street and Broadway, one of my sophomore companions asked in the near bar-room for a glass of lager. "We don't keep no such Dutch drinks here," responded the bar-tender; and I clearly recollect the flush of embarrassment that overspread my young friend's beardless cheeks at this gruff retort. It was surely seven or eight years later when lager beer

replaced the enormous amount of ale consumed in the country. And after it became popular as a mode of refreshment, the question of its intoxicating qualities was incessantly agitated, *pro* and *con*. This fact seems almost amazing now, when for any one to state that beer could not intoxicate would subject him to grave suspicions of his sanity.

Nowadays there are surely twenty hotels in New York where you can dine nearly if not quite so well as at Delmonico's; and it would not be hard to name at least ten where you stand an excellent chance of dining even better. I cannot recollect, however, the existence of a single hotel, thirty years ago, in which you could obtain anything finer than a simple, cleanly meal, without a hint of that artistic foreign cooking which is now so happily prevalent.

At present the *table d'hôte* dinner is ubiquitous in New York, at prices ranging from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. A small bottle of red wine in nearly every case is included, sometimes better than one gets at the ordinary Paris restaurant for the same round price, and sometimes considerably worse. But before the year 1867 such accommodation as a *table d'hôte* was wholly unknown in New York. A certain French Canadian (a man of much personal cordiality and marked gastronomic experience) rented a dwelling-house in East Twelfth Street, two or three doors from Fifth Avenue, and supplied what then seemed meals of surpassing daintiness for strikingly moderate sums. I remember my amazement at dining for the first time in Denis Donovan's pleasant suite of chambers. He had been the *chef* of a social leader here,—one of the few social leaders who had thus far presumed to indulge in the luxury of a *chef*,—and his venture of supplying customers with a good French breakfast and luncheon at fifty cents, and a dinner of five or six courses, including a fair half-bottle of real if not superfine Bordeaux, at a dollar and a half, was greeted by many scoffers with incredulous frowns. And yet Denis Donovan held his own for a long time in that Twelfth Street abode. He was undoubtedly the originator of the Parisian *table d'hôte* in New York, and like all exploiters of novel ideas he at length found that his imitators were legion. But they did not drive him from the field. Martinelli and Morello and Martin (who is now superbly flourishing in University Place), and many lesser culinary rivals besides, may possibly have dimmed the lustre of Donovan's repute; but, though moving up town into ampler quarters, he retained for years the prestige of his pioneerism. Many are the merry and admirable dinners I have eaten beneath his earlier roof. Only the other day I strolled past the house which he first occupied, and in which he so justly gained his genial fame. I thought of Tennyson's lines in the "Lyrical Monologue:"

Old boxes larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

And yet my silent quotation struck me, the next minute, as strangely *malapropos*. For in the decorous building one now beholds, with its smart front door and its lace-adorned windows, there does not bide a trace of all the jovial publicity that once seemed to exhale from every stone of its stoop, every brick of its façade. Still, however decorum

and respectability may have revamped its chambers, I should not care to sleep in one of them. They would be too thronged with at least the imagined echoes of mirthful sayings and mellow laughter from lips now forever stilled.

The present universal custom of dining at six or seven o'clock had by no means obtained, thirty years ago, among the prosperous New York classes. A good many families whose surviving members might now feel stupidly ashamed to own it, dined at two or three o'clock, with a more or less hearty supper at six or seven, till as late as 1865. *Paterfamilias* would return from his "business down town," having dined during the day at some inn not far from the old City Hall, and would return expecting a hot relish for his "tea." The word "supper" has for me no New York reminiscence. I think its usage with us was always, when employed at all, in the sense of a New England importation. Along Fifth Avenue and among the adjacent side streets we said "tea-time," not "supper-time," though the latter was surely more comprehensive and explicit, and hence more correct.

How many other similar changes thirty years have brought us! Who had a butler in '64? Only the very rich, who would be held as merely the moderately rich now. And we didn't call him a butler, either, if my memory serves me aright, but a "waiter-man," uncouthly provincial as the words now sound. Imagine speaking to-day of Mrs. Manhattan's or Mrs. Knickerbocker's "waiter-man"—or, for that matter, Mrs. Moneypenny's or Mrs. Greenbacque's! And then the afternoon teas, which have become part and parcel of our metropolitan social life! Who ever dreamed of giving one, till about twenty years ago? And then they had an eighteenth-century English name, and were called "kettledrums." And it seems to me only yesterday that people were seriously asking each other why Mrs. Livingston This or Mrs. Stuyvesant That had had the boldness to put "kettledrum" on her cards, and what, anyway, was the real definition of the word.

Surely, as the years flow on, we accept with strange, unwitting serenity these slow yet potent changes of custom. With some it is a source of keen interest to turn and note such alterations and contrasts. To this number I confess that I loyally belong. With others, quite indifferent, I have small sympathy; but toward those who feel mortification and false shame in the retrospect, I can never restrain a kind of indignant pity.

Edgar Fawcett.

THE TRAITOR.

HE gave a patriot's birthright for the fame
Of purchased power that left his soul forlorn:
So History's thunder rolls above his name,
Cleft by the lightning of a nation's scorn.

William H. Hayne.

THE ROSES.

THERE were three of them, leisurely sipping their afternoon tea in a pretty little room, whose warm air was perfumed with roses and moist with the steam from the singing kettle of the samovar.

The hostess was a fair, girlish bride in her early twenties, and her guests just rounding the next mile-stone, but still young and fair. One of these was telling the story.

"Your roses remind me," she said, poisoning her slender spoon across the quaint flat cup of shining Belleek ware,—“it was last year, when I was abroad, and, oh, so homesick! The remnants of a slight attack of Roman fever still clung to me, and I was low in every way,—pulse, temperature, appetite, and spirits. Fred would not be able to come for me for nearly two months yet, and those months seemed centuries, stretching out dully between myself and happiness.

"The good Madame of our *pension* was very kind, and tried vainly to tempt my languid palate with her daintiest dishes, but I was too gloomy and *distracte* to eat them, and too cross, I fear, to be properly grateful.

"One day, as I lay on my couch, believing myself almost weary of life, my maid brought me a dainty white box, long and narrow.

"From whom?" I asked, listlessly.

"There is no *carte*, madame: a *garçon* brought it."

"I opened it, to find a rose,—just one,—pure and waxen white; the most perfect, most fragrant of its kind. Something about it made me think of home,—of love,—of Fred.

"It brought the tears to my eyes, and gave me the first thrill of life and pleasure I had felt for weeks.

"I have received quantities of flowers in my day, and most have given me pleasure, but the state I was then in made me difficult to please. A set bouquet, all lace-paper and tin-foil, I would have flung into the fire; a mass of blossoms that required arranging would have made me weak and weary; but that one rose was so sweet, so satisfying, so restful, it seemed like the kiss of a lover in a strange land.

"The next day, to my added surprise, the same thing happened again; but now the rose was of a deeper, more creamy hue, though quite as perfect,—a Venus among roses!

"I had not expected another, and it roused me from my languor.

"Who was my unknown friend? Would I receive one to-morrow?

"In this fresh accession of interest I arose, dressed myself, and actually ate some *déjeuner*.

"Yes, next day brought the rose again, but—it could not be mere fancy—my queen-blossom now had a *soupçon* of color—was it yellow, or pink? The shade was so vague, so delicate, so exquisite, I could not name it: as well try to define the hue of a baby's flesh.

"By this time I was thoroughly aroused. I went for a drive, that day, and woke with a fresh feeling, the next morning, and the happy thought, 'Will my rose come to-day? and what color will it bear, this time?'"

"Yes, it came, and now I could plainly see that it was not yellow, but the palest flesh tint. And so each day brought one, the last always deeper by an almost imperceptible shading, until in time I held in my eager fingers a rose which was all one pink blush, warm and delicious.

"Was this the climax? Had I reached the end? And what, what did it all mean?"

"I felt my cheeks grow as pink as the rose I held while I wondered thus; then, half ashamed, but all aglow with a strange pleasure, I sprang to my feet, eager again for life and its joys, anxious to consult my mirror and see if illness had left me but a wreck of a woman.

"Well, I was not so bad, what with the blush and my brightening eyes; and that day I took my maid, and shopped as I had not in weeks.

"You see, I had found an interest in life again. This daily gift was like a picture or a poem, growing in beauty before my eyes; yes, a love-poem—and at that I paused.

"Was that what it all meant? Were my roses daily changing from cold white to this vivid blush, intended to convey the story of a love which must not be expressed in words? If so, had I—Fred's wife—any right to them? And *who* was the giver?"

"Really, my dears, it was a delicate question. I put it by, and waited.

"By this time a good part of my first month—my first century—was over, and I wondered how the time had fled so rapidly. If the roses should cease, now—but they didn't. Daily the long box was laid in my hand, daily the tint glided, by faint gradations, from pink to carmine—from carmine to the deepest damask,—the rich, warm hue of passion undisguised, unchecked.

"I was now quite well, and cheerfully busy sight-seeing, the days going by all too quickly for the things I wished to do, and when a telegram came from Fred that same morning, announcing his arrival at Havre, I was shocked to find I did not feel that delirium of joy I should have felt—and would two months ago.

"What ailed me? Was I falling in love? But one can't love an abstraction, and I had never received a word, a hint, a glance, to suggest the unknown donor of the roses."

She stopped, and the bride, who had for some time evidently forgotten her tea, and was sitting rapt, the egg-shell cup held poised in her fingers, now loosed her slight hold and let it slide to the floor, where it shattered with a sharp crash against the brass claw of the tea-stand.

She stooped to pick up the fragments, and her face flushed and paled as she rose, but it was the other of the trio who cried out, impatiently,—

"Well, go on! What next?"

"There is no 'next.' The roses ceased from that day, as abruptly as they began, and Fred came the next. I was delighted to see him, of course, and charmed to return to my native land; but, alas, my rose-romance was ended, and is still a mystery."

She rose, and drew up her dainty wrap. "Well," she said, with a sigh, "I must go. Come, Annie, there's Mrs. Luxmore's dinner, you know, and we have to dress yet. Yes, that's the worst of these life-stories; they are so unsatisfying; they have no endings."

The two callers passed out, not over-urged to delay by their hostess—possibly she, too, was due at the Luxmore dinner; but she furtively watched them down the steps with an air of repressed excitement.

At their foot they met the young master of the house, who greeted them with frank cordiality, handed them into the waiting carriage, lifted his hat, and turned again towards the house.

Two eager hands seized him at the door, and drew him into the privacy of the little tea-room, fragrant with its rose-bowls and its gently steaming beverage; and two tearful eyes gazed into his own.

"Will," said the choked voice of his pretty wife, "I've found out who received all those roses we've wondered about so often,—those you ordered sent me in Paris before we were married, you know. The stupid florist sent them to the wrong *pension*—to a lady; and she—she—she's in love with you!"

"With me? Impossible! She can't have the remotest idea who I am. I did not give even the florist my name."

"No, but—oh, Will, it breaks my heart!"

"Good heavens, darling, this is absurd! Who is the woman, anyhow?"

"I'll never tell you,—never!"

"Well, don't, then; but"—laughing grimly—"if she doesn't know me, nor I her, how can we—"

"Oh, I know, dear, I know—you can't! And, besides, I trust you fully,—perfectly; but, oh, can't you see? She has *my* roses, *my* romance, *my* poem, *my*—"

"Not your husband, love. You still have me."

"Oh, I suppose so, but"—with a fresh burst of sobs—"it's too, too bitter!"

"Really, my dear, your language is a trifle ambiguous."

"Hush, Will! Don't add to my despair. I'll try—yes, I *will* try to be reconciled, only—"

She threw herself into his arms, and neither finished the sentence. In fact, they avoid the subject as one avoids some treacherous quicksand; they avoid roses, too, and the little bride's home is no longer abloom with them, while the pretty story-teller of that afternoon wonders vainly why she has received the cold shoulder of its mistress.

Alas, alas for these life-tangles,—so droll, so sad, and so inexplicable! Where and when shall they be straightened?

Fannie E. Newberry.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

THE division of labor, under which such great progress has been made in all the walks of life, was formerly thought to be inapplicable to the daily newspaper. An editorial writer or special correspondent was supposed to be capable of writing on almost any topic. But with the leading dailies this is no longer the case. There are still men who assume to write learnedly on the tariff, national and foreign politics, municipal affairs, and on the sciences, as well as art, jurisprudence, the drama, and various other things, but they deceive no one as to their ability so much as themselves. The successful writer devotes himself to a particular field. The man who thoroughly understands and keeps himself well informed on national politics, sufficiently to write with a view of instructing others, has about all that he can well attend to; and the same is true of the writer who devotes himself to foreign affairs, or to the tariff, or to any other special branch of knowledge. Even the political field is subdivided in every well-equipped office. The man who devotes himself to national politics does not pretend to know all the ins and outs of State politics, and in the same way the "State editor" looks to some one else to watch the details of city politics.

Under this division of labor the head of a Washington Bureau finds himself largely confined to national politics. He stands in relation to his newspaper and national politics in much the same light as does the art critic to art, or the dramatic critic to the drama, or the literary editor to literature. If he is a successful correspondent, he keeps himself well informed on all phases of national politics, and knows personally the chief actors in the drama of which Washington may be said to be the stage. If an important measure is pending before Congress or the Executive, he will be able with reasonable accuracy to foretell its probable fate and to explain the oftentimes seemingly inexplicable course which certain members of Congress may pursue towards that measure. If all public men acted from disinterested and conscientious motives, the work of the correspondent would be greatly curtailed; but, unhappily, such is not the case, though there has been an improvement in that respect in recent years. The lobbyist is no such familiar figure in Washington now as formerly, and the bills in behalf of which money or other valuable considerations are used to facilitate their passage are comparatively few. But still, personal, social, and other considerations besides those of the public good often govern the action of some members of Congress.

Once Mr. Voorhees, in addressing the Senate on the silver question, declared that the bill for the free coinage of silver, which passed the Senate in the Fifty-First Congress, had been "a powerful help and handmaiden" in defeating "the Force Bill." There was no natural relation between the bill which exclusively concerned the election of members of Congress and the one providing for the free coinage of

silver. And yet it was shown by the Washington correspondents at the time that the bills were in fact intimately connected, and that the silver bill could not have been passed in the Senate without an understanding that it meant the defeat of the so-called Force Bill. This was denied at the time by Senators concerned, but a year and more afterwards Mr. Voorhees publicly confirmed the fact.

To keep the public informed of such matters is one of the chief duties of the Washington correspondent. He cannot do it by mere intuition. He must thoroughly know the men concerned, and be able also to judge of their probable course. He must be on sufficiently intimate terms with public men in and out of Congress to obtain their confidence. Nowhere are experience and character worth more in the newspaper field than in Washington. A correspondent, no matter how able and brilliant, is at a great disadvantage if he does not personally know the leaders on both sides in Congress. A mere passing acquaintance will not do. It must be an intimacy that grows out of years of personal contact. Hence a conscientious worker is kept in Washington by his newspaper as long as possible. The leading dailies are represented by men whose Washington experience stretches, in some cases, over a quarter of a century.

To illustrate how difficult it sometimes is to obtain information, I may give a case in my own experience. When the McKinley tariff bill reached the Senate from the House, it was in the regular way referred to the Finance Committee, and it was understood by those well informed that whatever the Republican members of that committee agreed upon would be adopted by the Senate. There were only six Republicans on the committee. They conferred behind closed doors, and each one was pledged not to reveal what was done until the bill should be reported. The object of this was to save the members from the great annoyance that always followed from the importunities of persons who might become aware that their interests had been affected by the committee's action. From a chance remark a Senator (not a member of the committee) dropped late one night, I learned that the committee had agreed to reduce the duty on steel rails to eleven dollars and twenty cents a ton. That meant a large reduction on the rates in the entire metal schedule of the bill, and it was a matter of great importance to the readers of the newspaper which I represented. It was near midnight, and how was I to verify such a report? I knew every member was pledged to secrecy, but I knew also that, if unable to obtain other confirmation, I could tell much as to its truth from the way in which they received the report. If I had not been well acquainted with these Senators I would have given up the task as hopeless. But I summoned a cab and drove to the residence of one of them. He was in bed, but the butler consented to awaken him, and my card with a few words on it brought me to his bedchamber. He was evidently surprised at my inquiry, and positively, though good-naturedly, declined to give me any information one way or the other. I succeeded in seeing other members of the committee, and, while I could get no positive confirmation, I made observations sufficient to warrant my using the fact; and it afterwards proved to be correct.

Repeatedly, during the time that bill was under consideration, I was compelled to verify matter late at night in this way, and, much to the chagrin of the committee, I was able to give practically all its secrets. Readers of the newspaper I represented were greatly concerned about the measure, and I considered it my duty to keep them well informed. The annoyance it might cause members of the committee was not to be considered against the interests of the newspaper and the public.

The secrets of the executive session of the Senate are more easily obtained, because so many more persons are in possession of the facts. This illustrates the benefit of experience and acquaintanceship that leads to confidential relations. I saw a telegram received at eleven o'clock at night by the correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, requesting him to see Senators Davis and Washburn about their reported differences with the President concerning the disposition of patronage in Minnesota. Both Senators were found at their homes in bed, but both admitted the correspondent to their bedchambers, and in sixty minutes from the receipt of the telegram a column account of the matter had been sent in reply by telegraph to the *St. Paul paper*.

In this case, as in many others, a special wire and a telegraph operator who was also a stenographer were used. Much of the matter sent out from Washington is dictated and transmitted in this rapid manner. There need be no surprise if mistakes sometimes occur.

As to the mere matter of gathering the routine news of the proceedings in Congress and before the committees, the special correspondent does not need to give that much attention. The press associations have an admirably equipped staff for that purpose. The Associated Press has a larger and better organized staff of news-gatherers in Washington than can be found under any similar organization anywhere else in the world. I have investigated the methods of doing this kind of work in London and in other foreign cities, and they cannot compare in thoroughness and efficiency with those in use in Washington. That difference is found in the entire newspaper field at home and abroad. In visiting the office of the *London Morning Chronicle*, I inquired of the city editor how many reporters he employed. "Oh, I have a large staff," he replied; "about fifteen altogether." That is only about one-third the number employed by each one of the leading newspapers in New York and Philadelphia, with a very much less extensive field to cover than is the case in London. Outside of London there is not a newspaper in Great Britain that continuously and exclusively employs more than one correspondent at the British capital, and there are not twenty newspapers in Great Britain that even employ one such correspondent.

In France, Germany, and other European countries the newspapers are far behind those of Great Britain. At nine o'clock one Tuesday evening I drove to the office of the *Cologne Gazette*, which is one of the leading morning dailies in Germany, and found the office closed. Soon afterwards I met Mr. Wamer, long the efficient United States Consul in Cologne, and mentioned the fact to him. He said that was no unusual thing. He had often gone to the office at an earlier hour

and found it closed. It appeared that when no important news was expected the work for the next morning's issue was all completed, except the press-work, early in the evening. Three or four men would return at midnight to add a paragraph or two about late news. There is not a prominent morning daily in the United States that does not receive most of its news matter, including thousands of words by telegraph from Washington, after nine o'clock every night in the year.

I was in Rome when Secretary Blaine's reply to the Italian government's demand concerning the New Orleans lynching outrage was made public. The two nations were supposed to be on the verge of war, and Mr. Blaine's reply was awaited with great anxiety. It was telegraphed from Washington to London in full, but no newspaper in Rome would pay the telegraph tolls on it, even from London, and they waited to copy it from the *London Times* when that newspaper arrived by mail, merely contenting themselves with giving in advance a few lines of its purport. This contrasts strikingly with the course of American newspapers. The letter of Secretary Blaine occupied less space than the special weekly cable despatch printed by many newspapers in this country every Sunday morning. I often send to a single Philadelphia paper from Washington over six thousand words by telegraph on a single night. In addition the office receives the full Associated Press report from Washington, which averages from twenty to twenty-five thousand words a night, and some nights runs up to forty-five thousand words. The office also receives at the same time the report of the United Press, covering largely the same ground as that of the Associated Press. If all this Washington matter were printed, it would often fill up the news columns of the paper; but the important matters are covered by the special despatches, and the news editors sift out and cut down the remainder, so that a thousand words will sometimes be condensed into ten lines.

In Washington there are over one hundred and sixty correspondents exclusively employed by outside newspapers, and many more who do other work, but contribute to the press. The leading newspapers all keep two or three or more correspondents, besides employing extra help on important occasions. The press association reports are written with a view of being printed in any newspaper, no matter what may be its political affiliations. These reports are supposed to be, so far as politics are concerned, absolutely colorless. If a Senator representing a State which would be disastrously affected by a law providing for the free coinage of silver, and in which there is no sentiment in favor of such a law, nevertheless votes for it, the press association merely records the fact as to how he voted. But the special correspondent must be able to find out why he voted in that way. If the Senator is interested in a silver speculation, or is secretly trading his vote for some purpose or other, he must be exposed and his constituents made aware of his betrayal of their trust. The first man to whom the correspondent goes for information in such a case is the Senator himself. If he is acting from worthy motives he will not hesitate to give his reasons for his vote; but if he is influenced by considerations that will not bear the sunlight of publicity he will assume

what he regards as a dignified air and refuse to talk. Then the correspondent seeks information from the Senator's associates and from all sources. Cases of this kind are by no means infrequent. Then, again, if a party in control of either branch of Congress seeks to gain a partisan advantage by doing what it ought not to do or by refusing to do what it should do, the correspondents representing newspapers of the opposite party will be certain to lay bare the facts. The wholesome influence which the press exerts in this way is beyond estimate. The effect of an exposure, so far as individuals are concerned, is generally prompt as well as effective, unless they are intrenched beyond the reach of public opinion.

The relations existing between the correspondents and public men are much more friendly than was formerly the case. The leading newspapers keep up expensive and finely furnished offices in Washington, which are daily visited by members of Congress. Public men realize the advantage of having published in their home papers facts that would be useful to their constituents as well as of advantage to themselves, and they no longer look upon the newspaper man as their natural enemy or as one to be shunned. The inflated "member" who comes to Washington with that idea is not long in discovering his mistake. The worst thing that can happen to him is to be let alone by the newspapers. The Gridiron Club, composed of many of the leading correspondents, entertains at dinner once every month a number of Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, and other public men. Ex-President Harrison has been a guest at this club. Newspaper correspondents who have the time to accept invitations are welcome guests in the houses of public men.

Yet some public men have a horror of newspapers. The late President Arthur said, "You cannot realize what it is to feel that you cannot turn around or go anywhere or do anything without being watched by newspaper men, ready to blazon to the world every act or move that can be construed to your disadvantage. Why, it is simply terrible." Bringing down his hand on his desk with great vigor, he exclaimed, "The newspapers have shortened my life ten years." It must be admitted that opposition papers follow some public men to unjustifiable lengths, but there are few who are as sensitive as was President Arthur. Where there are so many newspaper men, some of whom hang, as it were, on the outskirts of the profession, remaining in Washington only a short time, it is not to be supposed that all are equally worthy of trust. Sensational and baseless stories find their way into print to the injury of the profession generally. But instances of that kind are comparatively rare. The man whose life and character are above reproach has nothing to fear even from the "ghouls of the press." It is only the man whose conduct has not always been strictly honorable, and whose motives are for that reason sometimes fairly open to suspicion, who finds any cause for denouncing the newspapers.

The Washington correspondent is in a large measure a critic. The people do not care to read much about the man who does his duty. That is expected of him. But the man or the party that falls short is a proper subject of criticism, and that is what the people seemingly

like to read about. At the same time the Washington correspondent has to keep himself well informed on the varied questions which come before Congress; and not a few have editorial work to perform in addition to the responsibilities of managing a news bureau. The correspondent is expected to keep the editor of his paper informed of the many confidential facts relating to his party or its leaders or to the opposition which he is not at liberty to print. There are public men in Washington who never allow themselves to be interviewed, but who freely discuss with correspondents every phase of politics and of public affairs. Such confidences are rarely, if ever, violated. What the correspondent knows which is not printed would often startle the public, and it sometimes finds its way, minus details, into the editorial column.

Withal the Washington correspondent is a hard-worked man. He writes feelingly in behalf of the eight-hour law for workingmen, and he talks knowingly about public men who kill themselves by hard work, but there are exceedingly few members of Congress who give half as much time to their work as does the average correspondent. Instead of an eight-hour law, he would be glad to benefit by a twelve- or fourteen-hour law. His work is really never finished, and he never knows that his day's work was satisfactorily done until he looks into the pages of contemporary publications the next morning and ascertains that they have no news not sent to his own newspaper. There is something enticing in the work to the outsider, but the correspondent who is faithful to his trust knows only too well that so far as time is concerned it is practical slavery.

The importance of the place may be appreciated from the fact that many of the correspondents each receive a salary in excess of that paid a member of Congress. In this case "the good old times" tradition is sorely out of joint. The New York *Tribune* paid Mr. March, its Washington correspondent in 1848, a salary of twenty dollars per week, and his assistant, Mr. Robinson, received fifteen dollars. In 1859 the same newspaper paid to its two Washington correspondents a combined salary of fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents a week. But at that time Mr. George William Curtis was receiving only twenty dollars a week as city editor, and Mr. Charles A. Dana forty-eight dollars as assistant editor, while Mr. Greeley himself was receiving only fifty dollars a week, which was afterwards reduced to forty dollars. There has been a great advance in journalism since those "good old times," and if salaries have gone up, so have advertising rates and everything else, including profits, though the reader is served at about the same cost.

E. J. Gibson.

Books of the Month.

By Reef and Palm.
By Lewis Becke.
With an Introduction
by the Earl of
Pembroke.

To breathe life into types unknown to civilized fiction and to make them real and vital is an achievement in letters very rare and very precious. Kipling has done it; Pierre Loti and, earlier, Herman Melville have done it; but that so few have succeeded where many have ventured only strengthens the statement. In the little volume by Louis

Becke entitled *By Reef and Palm*, just put forth by the Lippincotts, there is vigorous, picturesque, and pathetic human character, vivid color, and absorbing narrative enough to fit out a dozen tale-tellers of the pallid type known to introspective story, yet the marvel is that the figures who people the book are the brown, pliant native women and amiable men of the South Sea Islands.

We are told by the Earl of Pembroke, in his admirable introduction, that Mr. Becke has had a roving career from boyhood. He has traded and sailed the Pacific from the Friendly Islands to the Pelews, and he knows every phase of the life of the dark native, the white adventurer, the missionary, and the escaped convict. His stories, brief, alert, clear-cut, deal for the most part with the marriages of white traders, those lonely exiles whose eyes have "that curious, far-off look not uncommon among the lonely islands of the wide Pacific," and the gentle girls of the South Seas. From the cruelties and pangs of desertion which the white man makes them suffer, to the idyllic sweetness of a true love-match, all the sensations are here sympathetically pictured; and it is inconceivable that the art of story-telling could go further in bringing before civilized eyes the changes that, in the wake of the white man, are creeping among those antipodal atolls and island groups. That the simple and confiding peoples who inhabit them are ripe subjects for the pen of so able an author as Mr. Becke every reader of his book will readily acknowledge. The volume is of a shape and make to invite it into the side-pocket, and no more fascinating companion for a journey could possibly be desired.

The Birds About
Us. By Charles
Conrad Abbott,
M.D.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott works in the service of the great out-doors with a loyalty and intelligence which Nature repays by telling him many of her hidden secrets. His books are a perennial refreshment to those who live in the seclusion of home, and a year-long aid to those who fare

abroad. Sentiment and utility go hand in hand in them; but in this last book, *The Birds About Us*, utility leads the way.

Dr. Abbott has now prepared a work, which the Lippincotts have published, that gives in the happiest vein of intermingled knowledge and gossip all the information needed for a wide acquaintance with our native birds. The man of scientific bent must go to the technical library for the more profound data. Dr. Abbott could doubtless supply it, but he wisely holds his hand. His aim is to cultivate a love of birds for their own sweet sakes, and of their verdant surroundings through them. This he does by such side-lights, innuendo, apposite anecdotes, and sympathy as Izaak Walton and White of Selborne used of old. The knowledge glides into the mind astride a pleasant story and stays the

longer for its bearer. It is hopeless to describe Dr. Abbott's alluring methods. They must be experienced to be valued at the full; and experienced they will undoubtedly be by many a reader whose love for the open air is beginning to grow, as the bicycle or his own sturdy legs lead him further afield.

The helpful pictures are numerous and faithful, and the substantial quality of the book marks it for travel.

My First Book. By
Twenty-Two Noted
Authors. With
Introduction by
Jerome K. Jerome.

Almost every one has seen in an artist's studio those little sketches that seldom get framed and exhibited and yet possess a charm above more finished and ambitious work. Such are the twenty-two delightful confessions, from as many famous men and women, that make up the volume called *My First Book*. The artist has this once allowed his sketch to be framed and shown, and as a result we have an exhibition more frank and pleasing than any yet produced in this day of open personality.

The book is simply a collection of bright, brief articles by the English authors now most in the mouths of a laudatory public, telling, as only they can, how the first book was planned and written. The struggles, the humors, the shedding of the heart's blood which go to the making of a literary career are given with the light touch of consummate authorship, and for the first time we are let into the secret sources of some of the novels now selling in countless editions.

A happier conceit for a book it is impossible to invent, and when we read the names of the contributors we are surprised that so many distinguished writers, scattered up and down the world, should have been brought to collaborate. Jerome K. Jerome is, however, a magic name, and it is under his editorship that the following are grouped: Walter Besant, James Payn, W. Clark Russell, Grant Allen, Hall Caine, George R. Sims, Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, M. E. Braddon, F. W. Robinson, H. Rider Haggard, R. M. Ballantyne, I. Zangwill, Morley Roberts, David Christie Murray, Marie Corelli, Jerome K. Jerome, John Strange Winter, Bret Harte, "Q," Robert Louis Stephenson, and Robert Buchanan.

The illustrations are entirely illustrative,—a quality too often absent. They are abundant, and will be prized for the light they throw upon people who have hitherto been only names, however notable.

**Stories from the
Diary of a Doctor.**
By Mrs. L. T. Mead.

There is a species of weird fiction invented by Poe and sundry Germans, which is neither life nor fancy, but a transmutation of both, done into an atmosphere which makes the breath come fast and the back creep. This is the *métier* of Mrs. L. T. Mead, whose books have had a wide circulation, and who grows in repute with each new issue. Her last work is a volume of short tales called *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor*, just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. They are all toned to gruesome keys, and all recount the experiences of young Dr. Halifax, of London. The knowledge of the profession shown by the author is astonishing. The tales are apparently correct in technical qualities, and display invention, literary tact, and, above all else, an uncommon power to hold the reader to the last word. For pure diversion nothing better could be desired.

As an example, let us give a skeleton of the second sketch. Dr. Halifax

receives a call from Lady Studley, who implores him to go to Studley Grange for a week, apparently as a guest, but really to diagnose Sir Henry Studley's strange malady. She avers that he is dying of an unknown disease and will not see a doctor. Halifax notices that she herself is hectic with consumption. He goes to the Grange, and learns that Sir Henry is visited nightly by an awful apparition like a great human eye. The husband and wife sleep in adjoining rooms. Halifax faces the mystery at midnight and learns its source. He surprises Lady Studley in an old wardrobe in Sir Henry's room which has a secret door into hers. Her contrivance for magnifying and illuminating her eye is very ingenious. She dies upon being discovered, confessing that she dreaded to die alone, and that she had sought to take Sir Henry with her into the land beyond the grave.

Under Fire. By
Captain Charles
King.

Full of the rattle of musketry and the shouts of the Western mob, Captain King's last novel, *Under Fire*, published by the Lippincotts, is a fit successor to the lengthening list of the ablest and most interesting military stories ever

written by an American author.

This is the biography of Lieutenant Percy Davies,—Parson Davies, as he was called,—a rarely good young fellow and soldier, whom we meet first at West Point, where he has just graduated. Earlier, and at his home at Urbana, he has fallen in love with Almira Quimby, beautiful and sixteen, who, during his cadet days, indulges in not a few flirtations with other beaux, notably with one Barnard, a particular scamp destined to appear often and disreputably in the pages that follow. Young Davies is entitled to graduation leave, but, upon learning that officers are needed at the crisis of the Custer Massacre, he gives up mother, sweetheart, and needed rest, and volunteers for service. He quells a riot on the way West and modestly loses credit for it. He is at once put to hard campaigning against the Indians in the Bad Lands, and, with a small detachment, falls into an ambush similar to the fatal one which Custer encountered. From this he miraculously escapes, and is taken, emaciated and incoherent, to Camp Recovery, where for a third time he meets Miss Loomis, a girl with sterling character and much womanly charm. It is evident that the contrast is against Almira Quimby in almost every way; but, true to his high principles, Davies goes East and marries her. Her career in camp is a very questionable one, which finally brings pain to Davies and disgrace to her. Here the climax of the tale begins, and the Parson's evil genius, Captain Devers, further complicates it by charges of incompetency and cowardice, which, by his hidden machinations and his position, he almost succeeds in making prevail. But Davies has made friends by his honest bearing and sympathetic nature, and the whole rank and file, with a few exceptions, stand by him.

Through all this the life of drill and social events usual to the outposts, interspersed with stirring plunges into Indian fighting, goes on in the atmosphere of romantic reality with which Captain King knows so well how to fix our attention.

Those who have ever read a book by Captain King will fill up this skeleton with action, color, human interest, love, and jealousy, and gain some notion of the tone and pace of the fascinating story. Those who never have read a novel by Captain King should begin on this one as an excellent example of all his good traits.

Poppæa. By Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger (Julien Gordon).

One always expects something enticingly new from Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger,—erstwhile Julien Gordon,—and the hope is well fulfilled in *Poppæa*, issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company in a dress worthy its attractive contents. An author whom the distinguished Spielhagen

found so greatly to his taste has a high standard to maintain, and here it is even surpassed.

Poppæa Dalton is born up on the Hudson, of parents who love her deeply, but whose power to launch her well in the world is limited by harsh circumstances. At last she finds her way "out" into New York society, and immediately meets with a somewhat elderly lover named Hazelwood, whom she subsequently marries. He is wealthy and much enamoured of her, and she likes him passing well, but her attachment remains on the hither side of love. A cousin—Montgomery Craven—has always had a passion for her, but he is poor, and hence is cast aside. He saves her at last, as those we slight often do, when she is about to elope with Alfred Grafton, whom she really loved. She takes Craven's counsel and remains true to her husband, who is absent at his estates in Ceylon; remains true to him even after she learns of his financial ruin and after his death.

The tale is pitched to the key of aristocratic society in New York and Newport, and pleases with its sprightly conversations as it charms with its well-drawn characters.

Therapeutics: its Principles and Practice. By H. C. Wood, M.D., LL.D. Ninth Edition. Thoroughly Revised.

The attitude toward life of the man of science is one of eternal vigilance. He must be sleepless and dauntless. The constant change, the emulation of fellow-workers, and the needs of the great world form a united pressure that overwhelms all but the most skilled and best equipped.

Such is the comment suggested by the repeated editions of *Therapeutics: its Principles and Practice*, by the learned Dr. H. C. Wood, Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, and Clinical Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System, in the University of Pennsylvania. The originally thick quarto has grown through nine editions to a bulk that would be unwieldy were it not rendered serviceable by the best devices of the publisher's art, and this growth has taken place since 1875. In twenty years these nine revisions of the work have been required to keep it in touch with the newest tendencies and the latest knowledge of Dr. Wood's specialty; and this well indicates the pace of the subject and the alertness and adaptability of the eminent author.

The present edition has been thoroughly adapted to the new Pharmacopœia of the United States, and many new official remedies have been introduced and carefully analyzed. A large number of unofficial medicines has also been dealt with in the fullest manner; and an effort has been made to cast away useless, and incorporate useful, information throughout the volume. The best witness to the enormous development of the science of Therapeutics during the last three years is the added hundred pages of essential matter.

The divisions of the work, which will be familiar to most practitioners, and should be so to all, are as follows:

Introduction: Part I. Remedies, Remedial Measures, and Remedial Methods which are not Drugs. Part II. Drugs. Division I. Systematic Reme-

dies. Class I. General Remedies. Order I. Nervines. Order II. Cardiants. Order III. Nutriants. Class II. Local Remedies. Division II. Extraneous Remedies. An appendix gives tables of weights and measures and other needed matter of similar purport.

Coming from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., the foremost medical book house in the country, this substantial volume is a fine example of knowledge well applied and appropriately set in lasting form.

Poetical Works of Burns. Complete. Chronologically Arranged, with Notes by W. Scott Douglas.

An edition of any poet which can be put in the side-pocket and carried away to the open country is a desideratum. Burns lends himself especially to this kind of companionship. He seems to avoid by nature a heavy octavo or quarto size, and nestles into a small duodecimo as a singing bird into a nest.

The three handy and handsome little books which make up the new edition just put forth by the J. B. Lippincott Co. are of an ideal size. Moreover, they are printed and put together to perfection, and, best of all, they have been edited by Mr. W. Scott Douglas, who has sympathetically excluded nothing and made much of all things. As a gift for the holidays the poet who penned the Jolly Beggars is always in order. A very full glossary of Burns's Works and an ample index carry the edition to completeness.

Two Girls. By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated by Ida Waugh.

The author of *Two Girls* has evidently known and deeply studied the manners of young people in their teens, and she has reproduced for other young people a life-like book which will please because it is true and because its truth is interesting. One hears the inflection of childish voices through the pages and seems to know personally, and like, the young folks who travel through them. We ramble on in the company of Val and Theo and Archie and Aunt Janet, with the queer old black cook Mammy Jane occasionally appearing, and go well through the year, including the diversions of the holidays. Val is a cousin of Theo, who has been left an orphan and poor; but this makes no difference in their love and the fun they have, and the tale comes out at the end as all good tales should.

The book, published by the Lippincotts, is illustrated with noticeably true pictures of home-life by Miss Ida Waugh, than whom there is no better painter of children in the artistic ranks. As a gift for Christmas the volume would be admirable both in looks and in tone.

The Double Emperor. A Story of a Vagabond Gunner. By Wm. Laird Clowes.

It has been observed that all new tendencies in letters, as well as in science and art, have a double birth. The classical school springs up spontaneously in England and in France. Constable appears almost contemporaneously with the great Gallic landscape painters of the last era. This theory is again illustrated in a minor way by the publication of two novels having much in common, of almost equal power and interest, and upon a subject quite new to fiction. That *The Double Emperor* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* are of independent creation is shown by the wholly different treatment of a kindred plot.

Daring in conception beyond the belief of the old order of novel-readers, *The Double Emperor*, by Mr. William Laird Clowes, just put forth by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is so real, so possible, and so vivid that it bears the stamp of the actual to a greater degree than most of the conventional favorites of fiction. It narrates the piratical adventures of a set of audacious Americans who steal the Emperor of Lusatia—which title thinly conceals William of Germany—and a half-dozen nobles and officers of his staff. They are carried away in the swift Cunarder *Philistia* and withheld for an enormous ransom. Meanwhile the Emperor's Double takes his place in Sandberg and helps to defeat the purpose of the adventurers who have abducted the real Emperor. The love-story of the Emperor's Double and the Princess Nanette, his sister, is delicately alternated with the stirring events upon the *Philistia*, and as these combined episodes come together at the close of the story the reader's interest is kindled into a zest unusual and inspiring. It is the reality created out of material the most fanciful which gives the book its charm. The impossible becomes entirely probable in its pages, and the daring author has achieved this with characters and accessories which we recognize as factors of the actual life of our day.

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READY FOR THE BURGLAR.—A certain clubman, who attempted to play a practical joke, was nonplussed in a very unexpected way. He says, "I am very particular about fastening the doors and windows of my house. I do not intend to leave them open at nights as an invitation to burglars to enter. You see, I was robbed once in that way last year, and I never mean to be again: so when I go to bed I like to be sure that every door and window is securely fastened."

"Last winter my wife engaged a big, strong country girl, and the new-comer was very careless about the doors at night. On two or three occasions I came down-stairs to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to frighten her. I got some false whiskers, and one night about eleven o'clock I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen, where she was. She had turned down the gas, and was in her chair by the fire fast asleep, as I could tell by her breathing, but the moment I struck a match she woke."

"I expected a great yelling and screaming, but nothing of the sort took place. She bounced out of her seat with a 'You villain!' on her lips, seized a chair by the back, and before I had made a move she hit me over the head, forcing me to my knees. I tried to get up, tried to explain who I was, but in vain. Before I could get out of the room she struck me again, and it was only after I had tumbled up the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she came up to my room, rapped at the door, and coolly announced,—

"'Mr. —, please get up. I've killed a burglar.'"—*London Tit-Bits.*

THE JUDGE'S EXCUSE.—Judge Lowry, of North Carolina, was a most learned judge, who while a practitioner at the bar unexpectedly lost a case for a client who was a justice of the peace, and in his own opinion a very learned one. The judge was at a loss how to explain the cause satisfactorily to him when they met, but he did it as follows: "Squire, I could not explain it exactly to an ordinary man, but to an intelligent man like you, who are so well posted in law and law phrases, I need only say that the judge said that the case was *coram non judice*." "Ah," said the client, looking very wise and drawing a long breath, "if things had got into that fix, Mr. Lowry, I think we did very well to get out of it as easy as we did."—*Argonaut.*

THE SIZE OF TEXAS.—You could dig a lake in the centre of Texas, put the republic of France on an island in that lake, and it couldn't be seen from the shore. You could hide England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in any part of it, and it would be two months before any one who didn't know of their location would be able to get even a suspicion of it.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN THEY MEET AND PART.—An Englishman salutes his friend with "How do you do? Good-by. Farewell." Similarly the Dutchman, "Vaar wel," and the Swede, "Farväl." A Frenchman says, "Bonjour! Au plaisir!" (i.e., "de vous revoir"). An Italian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivederci!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios! Hasta la vista!" (French "Au revoir!") The Turk folds his arms across his breast and bows his head towards the person whom he salutes. The common Arab says, "Salem aleikum" ("Peace be with you"). He then lays his hands on his breast, in order to show that the wish proceeds from his heart.—*Länder und Völkerkunde.*



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IN LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March, 1882 (a long time ago), on page 297, appeared a short poem headed "The Unwelcome Guest," by Henrietta R. Eliot. The lines were often reprinted; they made their way to England, and there were credited to the late Philip Bourke Marston. As his they gained a new lease of life and were much admired. *Sum cuique*. Marston wrote much, and Mrs. Eliot has written little. A companion-piece to "The Unwelcome Guest," also bearing her signature, appeared as "A Wish" in LIPPINCOTT'S for September, 1877. Mrs. Eliot is now a resident of Hood River, Oregon.

AN INSURANCE SWINDLER.—A man who had tried his hand at various professions and found them all failures took out an insurance policy for accident, first taking the precaution to move a couple of hundred miles and assume a fictitious name. A month later he got caught in a thrashing-machine, and by aid of the men who helped pull him out was able to put in an apparently unanswerable claim for compensation for the loss of a leg. He had no business to take him to the machine, and that was the only weak point in his case. Still, there was nothing to justify delay, and the claim was paid. If the claimant had again moved two hundred miles and kept his own counsel, all would have been well from his point of view, for in an incredibly short space of time the thrashing-machine victim was able to walk with the aid of an artificial limb.

But prosperity was too much for the schemer, who ate, drank, and was merry, and as usual under those circumstances began to talk more freely than was quite wise. In a saloon one evening he bragged loudly of how he had beaten the company, explaining that he had lost his leg ten years before, and that all he had lost in the thrashing-machine was the willow substitute, with just enough of his own flesh and bone to deceive the doctor. A good deal of wonder had been expressed at the easy manner in which he took to an artificial leg, and this lent considerable color to his story. Investigation quickly proved that he had for once at any rate told the truth. He was made to disgorge all of the insurance money he had not spent, and by this means escaped prosecution. The case is chiefly remarkable for the perfect success of the trick and the ease with which it was carried out.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

MILK-TREES.—Dr. Spruce, the renowned South American traveller, mentions a tree, a member of the dogbane family, the juice of which is used as milk. On the bark being wounded the milk flows abundantly and is of the consistency of cow's milk, of the purest white and sweet to the taste. The Indian mode of taking it is to apply the mouth directly to the wound and thus receive the milk as it flows. Dr. Spruce says he has often partaken of it without experiencing any ill effects.

In Guiana the natives employ the milk from a tree belonging to the same family as the last named; in the vernacular it is known as hyahya, and to botanists as *Tabernæmontana utilis* (so named after Jacobus Theodorus Tabernæmontanus, a German physician and botanist). The milk has the same flavor as sweet cow's milk, but is rather sticky, on account of its containing some caoutchouc.

In Pará a lofty tree, belonging to the star-apple family, attaining a height of one hundred feet, is used in a similar manner to the others mentioned. Incisions are made in the bark, and the milky juice flows out copiously about the consistence of thick cream, and if it were not for its taste, which is somewhat peculiar, could hardly be distinguished from it.—*Chambers's Journal*.

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are constructed from the musician's standpoint, as well as that of the mechanic; hence these instruments are distinguished from all others by that pure and sympathetic quality of tone that contains the greatest musical possibilities; that consummation of mechanical excellence that admits of

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while insuring the durability of the instrument; and that uniform superiority that enhances the pleasure of both performer and listener. Constructed from the very best materials, and employing only the most skillful workmanship, these instruments combine the highest achievements in the art of Piano making, and are

Comprehensively THE BEST now Manufactured.



Write For **Illustrated Catalogue.**

AMASSERS OF BOOKS.—One has a kind of contempt for the collector who has no speciality and buys without discrimination and even without inspection. Mr. Heber, the brother of the bishop, was a purchaser of this class. "A book is a book," he said, and he bought all that came in his way, by cart-loads and ship-loads and in whole libraries, on which, in some cases, he never cast his eyes. The most zealous lovers of books have smiled at his duplicates, quadruplicates, and multiplied specimens of a single edition.

Rawlinson, another English collector, had the same insensate craving, and if he had twenty copies of a book would always buy another. "His covetousness increased as the mass of his library was multiplied, and as he lived," said Oldys, "so he died, among dust and cobwebs, in his bundles, piles, and bulwarks of paper."

Of a similar disposition was the far more famous Antonio Magliabecchi, who is said to have lived on titles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio. "The old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his eighty-second year, dirty, ragged, and as happy as a king." Another Florentine of that century—Giovanni Lami—showed the same devotion to books, and died with a manuscript in his arms. "'Tis hard to part when friends are dear," says Mrs. Barbauld; and death for the bibliophile has an additional pang.—*London Spectator*.

MAY HAVE BEEN DECEIVED.—A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher,—

"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—*Lynn Item*.

DRESS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—As to dress in mediæval Europe, plain leather and woollen served for all ranks, except on splendid ceremonials. Examine the figures of the knights on the floor of the antechapel in the Temple Church in London. The originals of those forms were not brothers of the order or bound to poverty. They were the proudest and most powerful of the English peers. Yet their armor is without ornament save the plain device on the shield. The cloak is the lightest and simplest. The heavy sword hangs from a leather belt fastened with an ordinary harness-buckle. As those knights lie there, so they moved when they were alive, and when hard blows were going they had an ample share of them.

No fact of history is more certain than that the peasants born on the great baronies looked up to those lords of theirs with real and reverent affection,—very strange if one party in the contract had nothing but hardship and the other was an arbitrary tyrant. Custom dies hard, and this feeling of feudal loyalty has lingered into our own times with very little to support it.—*Froude's Oxford Address*.

NO FROZEN SMILE FOR THAT DAY.—Photographer.—"Look pleasant, please."

Sitter.—"I'll be blamed if I do! I'm a floor-walker in a dry-goods store, and this is the first day off I've had for six months."—*Boston Transcript*.



POINTS ABOUT THE EQUIPOISE WAIST.

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The bones can be removed without ripping the garment.
It fits as if made to order.*

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BURIED GOLD.—A ton of gold is annually buried in the cemeteries of the United States. A law for the filling and plugging and plating of teeth with silver bullion would come right handy in this emergency. If this use of gold for repairing of teeth goes on many thousands of years, it is easy to see that the entire stock on hand will be exhausted, and that our remote posterity will be compelled in self-defence to resort to placer mining in the old cemeteries in order to recover the precious metal that has been wasted by their ancestors.—*Reno (Nev.) Journal.*

A JOB FOR THE PREACHER.—The mountain circuit-rider met me at the foot of Hurricane Gap in the Pine Mountains, and we rode along together, and about a mile from where the roads forked we were stopped by a mountaineer with a Winchester, whom the preacher knew.

"I just stopped yer," he said to the preacher, "ter ax yer to come up to the house in the mornin'."

"Anybody sick?" inquired the preacher.

"No," and the mountaineer hesitated. "You know you have been a-talkin' ter me for a long time erbout gittin' religion, an' I been holdin' off?"

The preacher nodded and looked pleased, for there was a tone of penitence in the native's voice.

"Well, I've erbout made up my mind that I've got ter the p'int when somethin's got ter be done. Jim Gullins come by my place this mornin' an' killed one uv my dogs when I was away, an' you've heerd me say what I thought of Jim Gullins many a time afore this."

The preacher nodded sorrowfully this time.

"Well, I'm goin' down to see Jim now," continued the mountaineer, "an' if I git him I'll be ready to jine the meetin'-house when you come up in the mornin', an' ef Jim gits me you'll have a funeral to preach, so's you won't lose nothin' by it nohow. I must be gittin' along. Good-by." And, slinging his Winchester into the hollow of his arm, he hurried away through the thicket, leaving the circuit-rider and me sitting on our horses in the road, completely knocked out by the suddenness of it all, and the peculiarity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Young Housewife.—"Have you any canvas-back ducks?"

Butcher.—"Yes, ma'am."

The Young Housewife.—"Well, I wish you'd send me one. And I wish you'd have it taken out of its canvas, if you please."—*Chicago Record.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Steal a chicken, and you are a thief. Steal a thousand dollars from your employer, and you are an embezzler. Steal five thousand dollars from the government, and you are a defaulter. Rob your competitor on the Stock Exchange of ten thousand dollars, and you are a financier. Rob him of one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance. Wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a "magnate." Wreck a great railroad system, and you are a "railroad king." Conduct a negotiation by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly, "the times are out of joint."—*Religious Herald.*

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

Life is short, and the use of tobacco makes it shorter, so we want to talk to the man who wants to STOP AND CAN'T, without experiencing NERVOUSNESS, lost sleep, appetite, and a general all-gone feeling. This proves tobacco's power over the nervous system, and that you are compelled to feed the never-ceasing demand by nicotine, until at last you, like millions of other men, will have your

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You ask for proof? Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guarantee. Feel how quick No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. THE WARBLE OF THE LITTLE BIRDS ALL SPEAK OF LOVE. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.—Dr. Regnault, in a paper read before the French Association for the Advancement of Science at Pau, observed that there are two varieties of consanguinity. In the first, two near blood-relations married. This has been prohibited at all times and in nearly all nations. To the second, the customary intermarriage of the natives of a district, he applied the term topographical consanguinity. In certain races in North America, Australia, and elsewhere this is forbidden.

Dr. Regnault sees traces of this practice in the civilized world. The more the inhabitants of a district intermarry, the more severe are they against the intermarriage of blood-relations. This is seen in remote villages. On the other hand, in towns where the citizens can and do readily marry elsewhere, they trouble little about the marriage of cousins. In feudal times travelling was very difficult. The commonalty had to marry natives of their own district.

—*British Medical Journal*.

WHAT ENDURES?

What do you think endures?

Do you think the great city endures?

Or a teeming manufacturing state, or a prepared constitution, or the best built steamships,

Or hotels of granite and iron, or any chef-d'œuvres of engineering, forts, armaments?

Away! these are not to be cherished for themselves;

They fill their hour; the dancers dance; the musicians play for them;

The show passes; all does well enough of course;

All does very well till one flash of defiance.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;

If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

WALT WHITMAN.

A TIME TO LAUGH.—You know how it grates on your finer sensibilities to be laughed at to your face, especially when the laugh is of the harsh, unpolished type. And you know one or more persons who are possessed of such a laugh and such a disposition to use it. Well, there is such a person in this town. He is a very well educated man, too, and is especially good in the languages. Not long ago he was talking to a mild-mannered little woman who had asked him a question about a French sentence. He asked her to repeat it. She did so.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha! Haw, haw, haw!" And the little woman blushed.

"What is it?" she asked, very much embarrassed.

"Haw, haw—I—haw, haw—was laughing—haw, haw—at your very bad—haw, haw—pronunciation—haw, haw——"

"Haw, haw, haw!" she interrupted suddenly. "Haw, haw! ha, ha, ha, ha!" And she kept it up as loud as she could, until he began to get red in the face and feel embarrassed himself.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, when she gave him the chance.

"Haw, haw!" she responded, uproariously. "I was—haw, haw—laughing—haw, haw—at your—haw, haw—very bad—haw, haw—manners—haw, haw! Good-morning." And she turned her back on him, and hasn't spoken to him since.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Cleveland's is a pure cream of tartar powder, is in the first class and first in its class.



The leading teachers of cookery and writers on domestic science, as Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Dearborn and Marion Harland, use and recommend Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Our cook book contains four hundred receipts, covering the whole subject from soup to dessert. Mailed free on receipt of stamp and address. Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton St., New York.

Baking Powder

A DEAF-MUTE CLUB.—Paris has a number of very peculiar clubs at the present time, more perhaps than any other city. Its deaf-mute club has been frequently spoken of by tourists. It is exactly what it professes to be,—an association of deaf and dumb men, all of them comparatively wealthy.

It is usual for a man thus afflicted, and who is in a position to retain a staff of domestics, to retain these as interpreters, but in this club there is no pandering to modern ideas, and no servant is engaged unless he or she has lost the power to either speak or hear.

As a result, the establishment is as silent as the tomb, and is an exceedingly unpleasant place for an ordinary human being to wander into. To get over the apparent difficulty of communication between different parts of the house, a series of electric apparatus is used to call domestics, but instead of the usual bell there is an arrangement whereby the party called gets a slight shock.—*Paris Letter.*

IMPRISONED MITES.—A Bombay doctor is exhibiting a really extraordinary entomological specimen in a small microscope. Fourteen months ago a couple of mites from a Stilton cheese were placed on the glass of a microscope with the point of a pin, for the entertainment of some children. "I thought," writes the doctor, "no more about the subject, and put the microscope in my desk and left for the hills. About a week ago I happened to want the use of the microscope, and looked through to see if it was clean. To my astonishment, there were the mites, lively, well, and apparently very happy, and this after being between two little disks for fourteen months. I had no intention of keeping the insects imprisoned for so long, but there is the fact. They have been between the two glasses without food or fluid of any kind, packed away in a drawer, for fourteen months."—*Bombay Letter.*

LOVE AND FAITH.

On white leaves of the lily with fiery blood of rose
I write to thee a letter, a love-song I compose.

As airy and as fragrant as spring in lane and field,
The zephyr gently folds it, with dew-drops it is sealed.

The honey-bee will bring it to thee in moonlight fair;
Its sting is sharp and poisonous: dear little love, take care.

For hast thou me forgotten, and art thou not more mine?
It painfully is piercing deep in the heart of thine.

But if, in faith unbroken, in love thy heart was stout,
It will with honey sprinkle thy little rosy mouth.

Then I myself will hasten forever to thy side,
To strew thee with sweet manna, with kisses and delight.

Hungarian Song, translated by HENRY FAUST.

GOING IN FOR ATHLETICS.—Charlie.—"What have you done about the physician's advice to take physical exercise?"

Fweddy.—"Inceased the size of the chwysanthemum I weah."—*Chicago Record.*

Mellin's Food Children

everywhere are the best advertisement of Mellin's Food: with their sound bodies, straight limbs, bright eyes, plump cheeks and fresh, radiant faces, they are the highest types of happy, healthy childhood, and the best evidence that Mellin's Food fulfills every requisite of a food for Infants.

Our book for the instruction of mothers sent free on application.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

LIQUID AND SOLID AIR.—From recent experiments it seems probable that all gases under ordinary atmospheric pressure would become liquid or solid before reaching absolute zero. It is a well-known fact that after a gas has been cooled below its critical temperature it may be reduced to the liquid state by the aid of external pressure. Until a few years ago oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, air, and a few other gases had never been reduced to their critical temperatures, and hence could not be liquefied.

Air has been compressed until it was denser than water without any trace of liquefaction. And so these gases were called permanent or incoercible gases. But in 1879 Cailletet of Paris and Pictet of Geneva, working independently and by somewhat different methods, succeeded in reaching the critical temperature of some of these gases and by great pressure reduced them to the liquid form. Since then all known gases have been liquefied, and the old distinction of permanent and coercible gases has been effaced.—*Science*.

TRAVELLERS.

We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave, you say!
Yet the road is a long one we trudge, my friend,
So why should we grieve at the break of the day?
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us play;
We can keep our sighs for the journey's end.

We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave, you say!
Well, since we are nearing the journey's end,
Our hearts must be merry while yet they may;
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us play,
For perchance it's a comfortless inn, my friend.

PERCY ADDLESHAW, in *London Athenæum*.

THE MENTZ PSALTER.—The first book with a printed date is the famous Mentz Psalter, printed on vellum in 1457 by Peter Schoeffer. A second edition, also on vellum, and larger and even more magnificent than the first, was issued in 1459. On the whole, this is perhaps the most magnificent printed book that has ever been produced. For the splendor and size of its type and elaborate colored capital letters it remains quite unrivalled.

Very few copies appear to have been printed, and no other book would now probably sell for so high a price. A copy in a recent catalogue of Mr. Quaritch was marked at £5000. As Mr. Duff tells us, "The most striking thing about the Psalter is the wonderful capital letters, and how these were printed has always been a vexed question." These initials are large and are elaborately decorated with most exquisitely designed floral ornaments, printed in both red and blue. The perfect fit, or register, of the two colors makes it difficult to understand how the colors could have been applied at two separate printings, and yet there are difficulties in the way of accepting any other theory as to what the process was.—*Saturday Review*.

EXACT.—"And to think," said the visitor at the jail, "that such an intelligent-looking man should find himself here for law-breaking!"

"Yis, indeed," replied the guard, "an' fur house-breakin' as well."—*Washington Star*.



Cookies—

The cookie jar
 Stood on the shelf,
 And Johnnie thought
 To help himself,

Himself,

With

Because the cookies
 Toothsome looked,
 For Johnnie's mother,
 When she cooked,
 She cooked—

COTTOLENE

A great many mothers have found that food cooked with Cottolene is far more wholesome for the children than that prepared with lard, that often disagrees with the strongest stomach. Cottolene is a vegetable product, free from grease, odor, and all other disagreeable features of lard. Try it. Sold everywhere in 3 and 5 pound pails. Beware of imitations. Genuine has trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every pail. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, San Francisco.

A COUPLE OF IRISH LETTERS.—As Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Le Fanu received a good many amusing letters, particularly from farmers who were borrowers under the land improvement act. Here is one which came from a man to whom Mr. Le Fanu had refused the second instalment of a loan because he had misapplied the first:

"SIR,—I shpent the money all right; send me the rest, and don't be hum-boging me any more! Send it at once, I tell ye. Hell to your soul! Send me my money, or I'll write to Mr. Parnell about it. Yours affectionately,

"JAMES RYAN."

Here is one other of these letters. It was from a small farmer, who had in his hands the remnants of a loan—eight pounds—which he would neither expend nor refund. After many fruitless endeavors to make him do one or the other, a peremptory letter was sent to him, to which came the following reply:

"MY DEAR SECRETARY AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HONORABLE BOARD OF WORKS,—Asking me to give back eight pounds is just like asking a beautiful and healthy young lady for a divorce, and she in the oughtmost love with her husband, as I am with each and every one of ye. I am your sincere friend,

"JAMES CLARK."

Seventy Years of Irish Life.

TAUGHT A LESSON.—A certain pompous lady, after teasing the shopman of a millinery establishment beyond the forbearance limit, pompously ordered a spool of cotton to be sent to her house. It was agreed she should be made an example of and a warning to her kind.

She was surprised, and her neighbors intensely interested, soon after she arrived home. A common dray, drawn by four horses, proceeded slowly to her door. On the dray, with bare arms, were a number of stalwart laborers. They were holding on vigorously to some object she could not see. It was a most puzzling affair.

The neighbors stared. After a deal of whip-cracking and other impressive ceremonies, the cart was backed against the curb. There, reposing calmly, end up, in the centre of the cart, was the identical spool of cotton she had ordered. With the aid of a plank it was finally rolled, barrel-fashion, to the pavement. After a mortal struggle it was upended on the purchaser's door-step. The fact that the purchaser came out a little later and kicked her property into the gutter detracted nothing from it.—*London Million.*

FAMOUS BACHELORS.—No one need be ashamed of being a bachelor, says a contemporary writer. He produces a list of famous men who were never married. Among them are Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, Kant, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, Francis Drake, Beethoven, Richelieu, Michael Angelo, Isaac Watts, Montgomery, Cowper, Gray, David Hume, John Randolph, Washington Irving, James Buchanan, Samuel J. Tilden, Thaddeus Stevens, Alexander Stephens, John G. Whittier, Walt Whitman, and Phillips Brooks. The only comment to be made is that nobody knows how much greater they might have been had they married.—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE TORTURES OF REMORSE.—Visitor.—"Do you regret the past?"

Convicted Counterfeiter.—"Oh, no. It's what didn't pass that I feel bad about."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

For Weak Women.

There is no preparation in the world that strengthens weak mothers like Scott's Emulsion. It is beneficial in any form of emaciation or wasting, but it is especially helpful to mothers and nurses who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and also makes their milk rich with the kind of nourishment all babies need.

Scott's Emulsion

is the essence of nourishment. It prevents excessive wasting. It possesses food properties which are essential to all babies and all growing children, and which in adults makes the system strong enough to cope successfully with Emaciation, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Loss of Flesh, Blood Diseases and



Trade-Mark.

Any Condition of Wasting.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret compound. Its formula is endorsed by all physicians. Babies and children love the taste of it.

Send for a pamphlet—FREE.

Scott & Bowne, New York.

Druggists sell it.

FATHER OHRWALDER.—At the central entrance of the Refuge home we were received by an Austrian priest and conducted into a spacious apartment with whitewashed walls and marble floor. Scarcely had we seated ourselves before a tall, thin man, with sunken cheeks, long black hair, and straggling beard, entered the room and greeted us kindly.

It was hard to realize at first that this was really Father Ohrwalder; that there before us in actual flesh and blood was the patient, noble, heroic martyr who had endured such terrible sufferings for the last ten years; who had been intimately acquainted with the Mahdi and the Khalifa; who had enjoyed the personal friendship of General Gordon, Emin Pasha, Slatin Bey, and most of those whose names are as household words in connection with the Soudan; who had actually been at El Obeid at the time of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army; who was familiar with every nook and corner of Omdurman and Khartoom, and who had so lately emerged from what had been in literal truth "the valley of the shadow of death."

Plain, simple, straightforward, and unaffected, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness on the one hand or of mock modesty on the other, ready to answer all inquiries fully, freely, and without exaggeration or reserve, Father Ohrwalder might have been the most commonplace of individuals, for all the pretension which he made to the contrary.

And yet as the conversation deepened in interest and intimacy one became gradually more sensible, not only from his words, but from the expression of his countenance and from his general demeanor, that he in whose presence we were was no ordinary man.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CHEMISTRY IN INDIA.—The following answers were collected from a written examination in chemistry held in an Indian university:

Sulphur is a smelly gas. Nitrogen is a remarkable lazy gas and is good for nothing. Carbon always exists in a dark room. There is no living being in the whole world that does not contain carbon.

Gas is made by filling a poker with coal and heating it. Chlorine gives botheration to the throat. Hydrogen is a colorless, invincible gas and burns itself without anybody's help. Nitric acid is used in the preparation of current electricity. It is very bad for teachers to pour it on our hands.

Soda is formed by heating castor oil and potash. Caustic soda is used in the manufacture of soda-water, and this is used in medicine for purgative purposes. Caustic soda is used as a summer drink. Quick-lime is made by pouring water on slaked lime. We can eat this substance (CaO); it has the power of digesting food.

Lime is used as a kind of gum for builders to stick bricks together.—*Chemist and Druggist.*

NOT READY TO DIE.—It was a very old and weary animal that the countryman drove up to the curb.

"Say, mister!" shouted a boy, "want me ter hold yer horse?"

"Hold my horse?" repeated the stranger, in a confused sort of way.

"That's what I said."

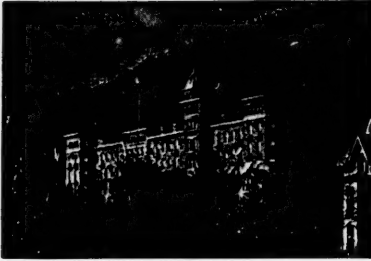
After a critical glance the answer came:

"No, I guess not. I don't think he's goin' to fall down yet."—*Washington*

Star.

The Jackson Sanatorium,

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ESTABLISHED 1856.

Especial provision for rest and quiet, also for recreation, amusement, and regular out-door life.

Culinary Department under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chautauqua Cooking School.

Hillside location in Woodland Park, overlooking extended views of the famous Genesee Valley region, unsurpassed for health and beauty. Charming walks and drives. Lakes, glens, and waterfalls in immediate vicinity. Clear, dry atmosphere, free from fogs and malaria. Pure spring water from rocky heights. Perfect drainage and sewerage.

Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone, etc.

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Mention this Magazine. **J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary, Danville, New York.**

A DELIGHTFUL home for those seeking health, rest, or recreation. Under the personal care of experienced physicians.

Elegant modern fire-proof main building and twelve cottages, complete in all appliances for health and comfort. Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. Skilled attendants. All forms of baths; Electricity, Massage, Swedish Movements, etc. Delsarte System of Physical Culture. Frequent Lectures, and Lessons on Health Topics.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. of Philadelphia.

Safe Investments. Low Rate of Mortality. Low Expense Rate.

Unsurpassed in everything which makes Life Insurance reliable and moderate in cost.

Has never in its entire history contested a death loss.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN used to say that you could fool some people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all of the time. This explains why people come back to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

A LONDON 'TATER MAN.—The face of this street-merchant looked like a well-baked, mealy potato, and there was a general air of warmth and smugness about him going well with his honest calling. My first query was as to the success of his occupation in a pecuniary sense.

"Well," he replied, "'spuds,' as the people generally calls 'taters round 'ere, is allus a favorite vegetable. But trade 'as fell off to wot it was. Trade starts in middle o' Orgust and ends about last o' April. A scorchin' 'ot summer, as last was, is awful bad for business. I went into 'taters as a boy 'bout fifteen years old. I'm five-and-thirty now, and I make a tidy livin' out o' it. The trade was just a-startin' as a reg'lar callin' when I begun, so you see it ain't more'n twenty year old,—that is, done as it now is. The female sect a-takin' up the line 'as 'urt us wonderful."

Here he sadly shook his head, and I felt my face flushing up in shame for my sex, who are crowding the men out of life's race in occupations of all descriptions.

"But," he continued, his optimism coming to the rescue, "you got to take the sweet 'long o' the bitter, whether it be feelin's or beer. A man has 'as a jolly 'eart and gives hout a cheerful call needn't starve at anything he turns hisself to do for a livin'. I used to carry a bigger can, fitted with a charcoal stove, and did my own bakin', as many does now. But this 'ere invention is better. You gets your spuds baked at the baker's shop for ninepence the 'undred-weight. Then you pops what you wants into your pot, which hangs over your fire, close to a biler for your 'ot water. The steam is what keeps your taters 'ot. Then at one end you carries your butter and salt, at t'other end your extra coals, and there you are 'as roight as roine.'"

The words I have spelled as pronounced by my informant. Translated into good English, it is a favorite saying of humble Londoners, and reads simply "as right as rain."

I learned that customers are of all classes. Often the potatoes are purchased late at night by a good sort of bohemians for a quiet midnight supper. But the majority of customers are of the working people. The little red-hot bed of charcoal seen through the holes in the fire tin was a ruddy gleam "to illustrate" the atmospheric dullness. On my asking how many men and women, all told, sell baked potatoes in the London streets, the answer came, "Well, there's about four 'undred of us, all told."—*Boston Herald*.

ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.—In London, in Leadenhall Street, there is a church bearing the strange name of St. Andrew Undershaft,—a name that would not be intelligible to any one without a knowledge of the history of the locality.

It seems that some four hundred years ago every May-day a high shaft or pole was set up opposite the south door of St. Andrew's and adorned with flowers. So tall was the pole that it was actually higher than the church steeple, which was therefore literally under the shaft. Now, there being several churches dedicated to St. Andrew, this one was further described as Undershaft to prevent it from being mistaken for any of the others. The old May-pole having been denounced as an idol by an over-zealous curate in the reign of the boy king, the inhabitants of the district sawed it in pieces for firewood.

Thus is it that in the name of a still existing church is preserved an interesting bit of by-gone history which otherwise would probably have passed away forever.—*New York Journal*.



When a Woman Proposes

to wash clothes without Pearlina, her husband or her employer ought to interfere.

She is not only wearing out her own health and strength with useless rubbing and scrubbing, but she is wearing out the clothes with it, too.

This rub, rub, rub isn't needed. Put **Pearlina** into the water, and you'll find half the work done by the time you are ready to begin. It's **Pearlina** that loosens the dirt and does the work—not you with your washboard. Just a little rinsing, and it's all over.

Beware

send it back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—
JAMES PYLE, New York.

Carl L. Jensen's

CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS are nature's only cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. They prevent dulness after eating, and induce a refreshed feeling of renewed energy. Delivered by mail to any post-office in the United States on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. Samples mailed free. Address the CARL L. JENSEN COMPANY, 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at all druggists'.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.—Mrs. Chatter.—"Your husband is looking so much better now, Mrs. Sharp. Has he been cured of his insomnia?"

Mrs. Sharp.—"Oh, yes, quite effectually."

Mrs. Chatter.—"How was he cured, pray?"

Mrs. Sharp.—"Well, you know they have been rebuilding the interior of our church, and I had the old pew brought around to set up in the bedroom. He finds it just as conducive to repose as ever."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

NEVADA'S MONSTER TREE.—The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed, but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem.

This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and compared to it "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral is but a wand." As for the story of its discovery, it is thus told by Dad Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well known people:

"Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the then unknown country beyond Honey Lake and Surprise Valley. There were in the party lawyers, butchers, and shoemakers, but we were one-sided on one point: each individual felt positive that this was the turning-point of his existence, and that bright, shining gold in unlimited quantities would reward the rather unpleasant jaunt.

"The Indians—we called them Bannacks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section, we travelled toward Baker County, Oregon, through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the water-ways. Close to the Baker County line we came to an opening in the rocks, about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices five hundred and six hundred feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified tree-stumps of different heights and sizes.

"In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat embedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrification. At its butt this tree was quite sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape-line. It was just six hundred and sixty-six feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amber-like beads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of one hundred feet or more.

"Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the centre seemed transparent and the growth-marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I ever have seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building.

"I don't often tell this story, because people don't believe it, but I could go to the place now without the least trouble and point out this wonder."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

HIS FAVORITE ANIMALS.—Sunday-School Teacher.—"Do you love animals?"

Boy.—"Yes'm."

"That's right. I'm glad you do. What animals do you like best?"

"Snakes."

"Goodness! Why do you like snakes?"

"'Cause it ain't wicked to kill 'em."—*Good News*.

TEN REASONS FOR USING DOBBINS ELECTRIC SOAP.

- THE REASON WHY** it is best from a sanitary point of view, is because of its absolute purity.
- “ “ “ it is unscented, is because nothing is used in its manufacture that must be hidden or disguised.
- “ “ “ it is cheapest to use, is because it is harder and dryer than ordinary soap, and does not waste away; also because it is not filled with rosin and clay as make-weights.
- “ “ “ no boiling of clothes is needed, is because there is no adulteration in it—being absolutely pure, it can do its own work.
- “ “ “ it leaves clothes washed with it whiter and sweeter than any other soap, is because it contains no adulteration to yellow them.
- “ “ “ it washes flannels without shrinking, bringing them out soft, white, and fleecy, is because it is free from rosin, which hardens, yellows, and mats together all woollen fibres, making them harsh and coarse.
- “ “ “ three bars of it will make a gallon of elegant white soft-soap if simply shaved up and thoroughly dissolved by boiling in a gallon of water, is that it contains pure and costly ingredients found in no other soap.
- “ “ “ it won't injure the finest lace or the most delicate fabric, is that all these ingredients are harmless.
- “ “ “ we paid \$50,000 for the formula twenty-five years ago, is that we knew there was no other soap like it.
- “ “ “ so many millions of women use it, is that they have found it to be the best and most economical, and absolutely unchanging in quality,

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Send your full name and address to Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by return mail, and get, *free of all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars, if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention. Mention *Lippincott's Magazine*.

“BUT,” says PROFESSOR TOTTEN, of YALE COLLEGE, “thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electropoise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agent nor in any way financially interested in the matter.” In his book, “Our Race,” vol. vii., page 228.

The Electropoise is an instrument by means of which an entirely new system of treatment is applied. Its use polarizes the body, oxygen is absorbed through the pores of the skin, disease is burnt out, vitality is renewed, health is restored. Do not be misled by its name. It is not an electric battery, generates no current, produces no shock. This Nineteenth Century Discovery—the Electropoise—is as far superior to the drugs and pills of our fathers, as is the limited express train with its safety, despatch, and comfort, to the old prairie wagon with its dangers, delays, and discomforts.

A descriptive book to your address for the asking.

ELECTROLIBRATION COMPANY,

1122 Broadway, New York City.

Electropoise.

TRADE MARK.

Chronic cases, incurable by other remedies, have yielded to the Electropoise.

IRREGULAR LYNCHING.—He was a second-hand bad man. He was simply a copyist. He carried this to such an extent that he even tried that hackneyed, played-out, discarded bit of cowboy playfulness that was once looked upon as fixing at once the title of bad man on the cheerful chap who tried it,—the forcing of a tenderfoot at the point of a revolver to drink liquor he didn't want. Dodge made an effort at this trick one night at Lordsburg. Instead of the tenderfoot tremblingly swallowing the liquor, he laid hands on Bob. He took his revolver away from him, and then good-naturedly whacked one of the would-be bad man's ears off close to his head with his hunting-knife.

After that Bob lost caste faster than ever. He became known as One Ear Dodge, and he got lots of hints that folks around there only wanted one thing to make them perfectly contented and happy, and that thing was One Ear Dodge's perpetual absence. But he wouldn't take hints, and got to be a bigger nuisance than ever. There was a big cattle-ranch just over the line in Old Mexico, and one day a lot of stray cattle came strolling in among us. Their brands showed that they belonged on the Mexican ranch. One Ear Dodge had been unusually disagreeable for a day or two, and was hanging around, ugly and broke. When the boys saw whose cattle the strays were, they said it would be a good thing to get One Ear to drive them back to their owner. The matter was suggested to him.

"S ther' anything in it?" snorted Dodge.

"Big reward in it, of course," was the reply.

The upshot of it was that One Ear got on his pony, rounded up the strays, and started with them for their owner's ranch. After he had been gone an hour or so, one of the boys said, as if he had just happened to think of it,—

"One Ear will have to drive them cattle onto and across that Mexican range before he gets to the ranch, won't he?"

The reply was that he would.

"If any of them Mexican ranchers should see him doing it they might think it looked suspicious, mightn't they?"

"Naturally they might," was the reply. "But maybe they won't see him."

That was all there was said on the subject just then. One Ear Dodge didn't come back that day, nor the next. Along toward night the next day some of the boys came together again.

"Well," said one of them, "I guess they must 'a' seen One Ear."

"Looks that way," was the quiet reply.

Then the subject was dropped. Two or three days later word came from over the border that some Mexican ranchers had captured and strung up a one-eared cattle-thief, taken in the act.

"Yes, they seen One Ear," said one of the boys. "I was afeerd maybe they would."

And I said then, and I say now, that maybe One Ear had a right to be lynched, but I wouldn't have done it that way. It wasn't regular.—*New York Sun*.

A THIEF'S BOGUS BABY.—A shoplifter, recently convicted, carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as gloves, laces, etc., to the spacious baby, which usually gained much in weight during these little excursions.—*London Tit-Bits*.

MRS. HALLAM'S COMPANION.

BY

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES,

AUTHOR OF "TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE," "LENA RIVERS," "GRETCHEN,"
"MARGUERITE," "THE HEPBURN LINE," ETC.

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